Nov. 14, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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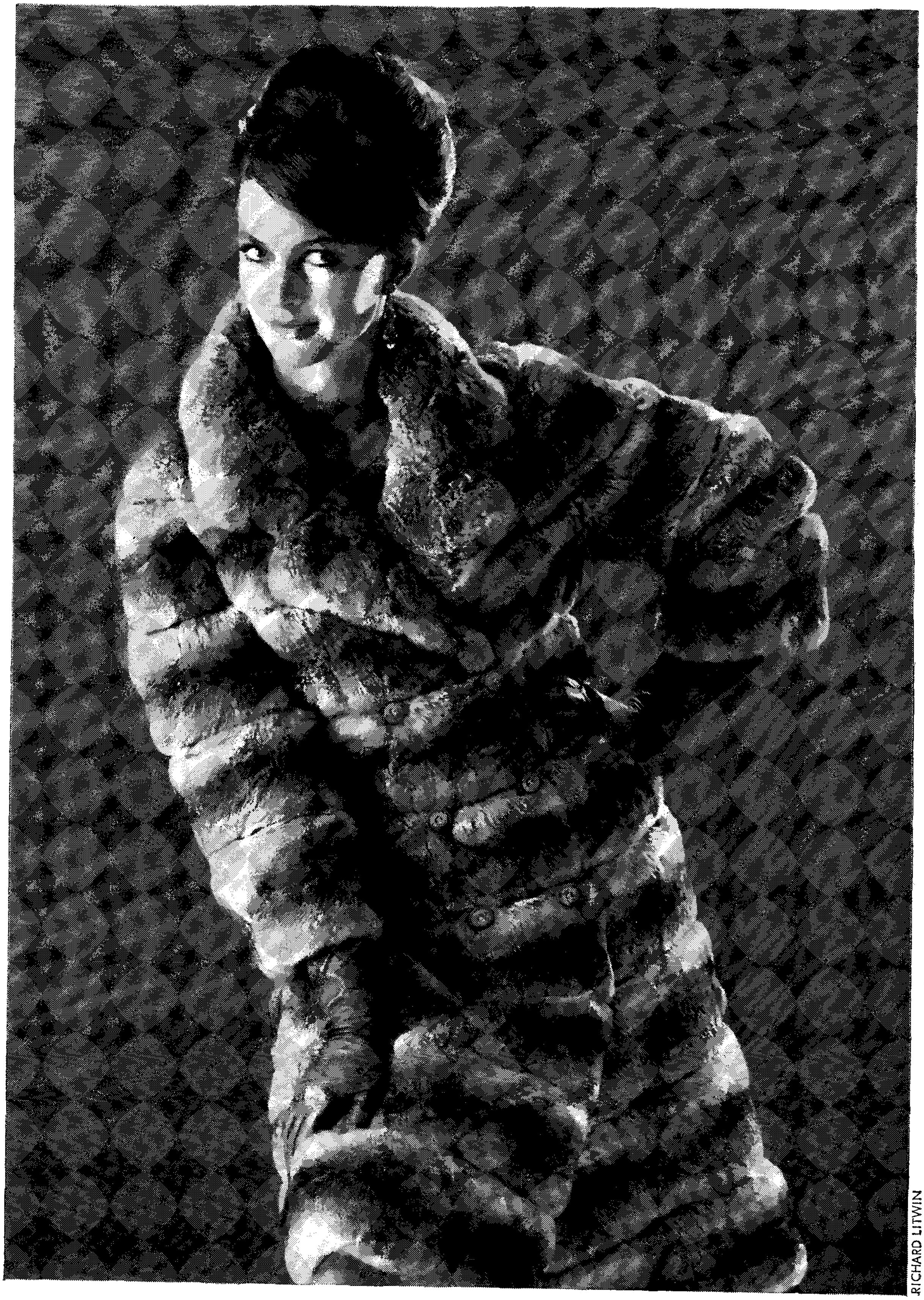
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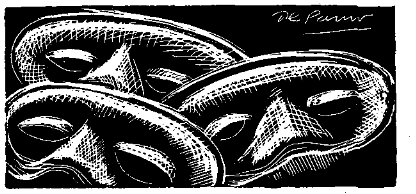
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—Although it isn't long on plausibility, this comedy by Ira Wallach is full of bright moments as it describes the difficulties encountered by a far-out scientist and his family when, with a job in view, they pretend to be conformists. Fred Clark is utterly satisfactory as the job-seeker, and his associates in the enterprise are also meritorious. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. David Carradine now heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. Circle 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 28.)

The Physicists—Three gentlemen, purportedly scientists and purportedly mad, are in residence in an insane asylum even more peculiar than most. Friedrich Dürrenmatt's drama is somewhat murky as it reflects the imminence of our atomic demise, and the author takes his time in approaching his dénouement, but the theatrical effects are occasionally interesting. Hume Cronyn, Robert Shaw, and George Voskovec portray the three inmates, and Peter Brook is responsible for the staging. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Severed Head—There are lively lines in this comedy by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley, but the play's intent is hard to determine. Robin Bailey, Heather Chasen, Sheila Burrell, and Paul Eddington head an apt cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—A parcel of sorely mixed-up characters in Greenwich Village. Gabriel Dell, Rita Moreno, and Alice Ghostley figure prominently in Lorraine Hansberry's play. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

I Was Dancing—Burgess Meredith and Orson Bean in a comedy adapted by Edwin O'Connor from his novel of the same name. The director is Garson Kanin, the producer David Merrick. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luv—A comedy by Murray Schisgal, starring Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Alan Arkin. Mike Nichols is the director and Claire Nichtern the producer. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Ben Franklin in Paris—A very genial Robert Preston plays Philadelphia's No. 1 boy in this new-day variation on the Shubert musicals of a bygone era. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fade Out - Fade In—The good old foolish days in the Hollywood of the thirties. Not a very original idea. The book is by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music is by Jule Styne. With Mitzie Welch and Jack Cassidy. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

	Page
BOOKS	244
THE CURRENT CINEMA	148
FOOTBALL	202
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	235
MUSICAL EVENTS	231
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	197
THE RACE TRACK	146
THE THEATRE	143

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Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a revue based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction. Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, and Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—A funny, rueful, and satiric description of how some of the troops conducted themselves during the interminable stalemates of the First World War. Joan Littlewood has directed the cast with a fine-honed precision and a lot of ingenuity. The old war songs are still compelling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**hello, dolly!:** Nip-ups with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Ronnie Welsh is the ambitious youth, and Jeff De Benning is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** Young Mr. Twist, more or less. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a new edition of his one-man show, now turned into a two-man show, with Leonid Hambro. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Something More!—A musical taken from Gerald Green's novel "Portofino P.T.A." Nate Mon-

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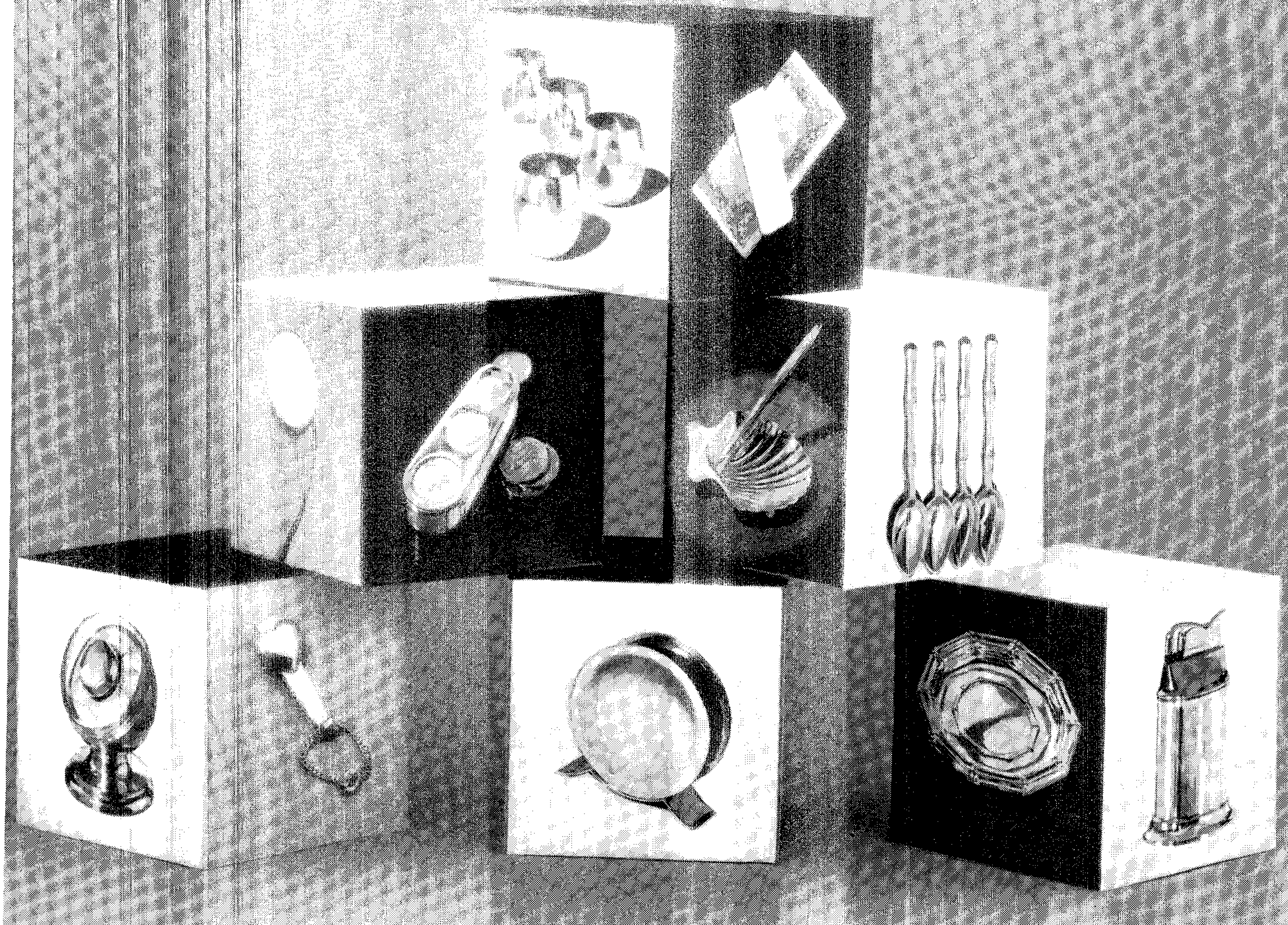

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Coin holder, $10. Pen with shell base, $15. Bamboo coffee spoons, each $5. Thermometer, $12.50
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

aster wrote the book, Sammy Fain composed the score, Marilyn and Alan Bergman did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Arthur Hill, Barbara Cook, Ronny Graham, and Joan Copeland. Directed by Jule Styne and produced by Lester Osterman. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Conversation at Midnight—A play by Edna St. Vincent Millay, with an all-male cast of seven led by Eduard Franz and Larry Gates. Staged by Robert Gist and presented by Worley Thorne, in association with Susan Davis. Opens Thursday, Nov. 12. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Bitos—Jean Anouilh's play (translated by Lucienne Hill) imported from London, with Donald Pleasence and Charles D. Gray in the leading roles. Directed by Shirley Butler and produced by Harold Prince, in association with Michael Codron and Pledon Ltd. Previews through Friday, Nov. 13. Opens officially on Saturday Nov. 14. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, starring Diana Sands and Alan Alda. A presentation of Philip Rose, Pat Fowler, and Seven Arts Productions, directed by Arthur Storch. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 17. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 18. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

P. S. I Love You—Geraldine Page in a comedy adapted by Lawrence Roman from André Roussin's "Un Amour Qui Ne Finit Pas." The producers are Morton Gottlieb and Helen Bonfils, and the director is Henry Kaplan. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 17-18. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 19. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Zizi—Roland Petit's Paris revue, with a company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians headed by Zizi Jeanmaire. Presented by Columbia Theatrical Enterprises and Claude Giraud Productions. Opens Saturday, Nov. 21. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama, "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. Performances Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12-13, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ "The Changeling," some seventeenth-century hokum cooked up by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, has nothing to recommend it. Elia Kazan put the company through its awkward paces. Performances Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2 and 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's "Incident at Vichy" will be the second in this season's series of four plays. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 8:30. Opening on Thursday, Dec. 3. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—The opening performances of a five-week engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan that will run through Sunday, Dec. 20. "Iolanthe": Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore": Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8; Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

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Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Nov. 14: "Madame Butterfly." . . ¶ Starting Friday, Nov. 20: "Aïda." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. Nice singing and dancing by a refreshing young cast. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

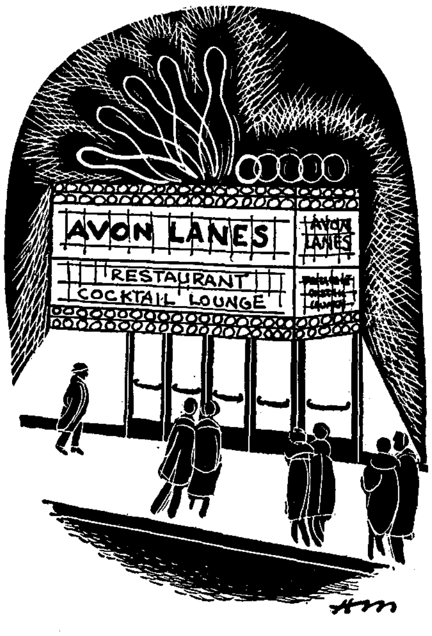
The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera of social protest, which was first done here in 1937. The performances, under Howard Da Silva's direction, are quite good. The opera is another matter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Faustus—A prankish and tiresome production of Marlowe's masterpiece. Except for James Ray's Mephistophilis, there are no performances worth mentioning. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



Kiss Mama—A volatile Italian family in New York is a source of innocent merriment in this comedy by George Panetta. Tom Pedi, Francine Beers, Val Bisoglio, and Julius La Rosa are most helpful as members of the second generation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Old Glory—Dramatizations by Robert Lowell of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" and Herman Melville's "Benito Cereno." Of the two, Melville's classic tragedy about a Spanish slave ship in 1800 is an easy winner—a marvellous story turned into a good play well performed. "My Kinsman," whatever its merits as literature, makes an annoying curtain-raiser. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Othello—This production, which is approximately the same one that played in Central Park last summer, has its ups and downs. Bette Henritze's fine Emilia is one of its ups. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of bright, sharp satires about Eden and Hell, one of them set at the World's Fair and the other in Las Vegas. Will Holt is the author of both, and he has written some extremely effective songs for the second play. His cast does him proud. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Chilean National Ballet—A company of thirty-eight, plus an orchestra, in the final performances of the engagement. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8, and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 13-15, at 8:15: "El Hijo Prodigo," "Alotria," and "The Green Table." . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 14-15, at 2:15: "Calaucan," "Alotria," and "The Green Table." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Yuriko—In a program of modern dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2:30.)

American Dance Theatre—A company of thirty, appearing for the first time, in a repertory of modern-dance works, by Doris Humphrey, José Limón, Donald McKayle, and Anna Sokolow. (New York State Theater, Lincoln

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MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The song recitals of Rosemary Clooney, which happen at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, move so well without jet propulsion that it is to be wondered why other singers still feel it necessary to blast their audiences into eternity with microphone and band. Miss Clooney's pleasant surprise is supplemented by the orchestra of Lee Evans, which sounds real good. Dancing is available all evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The neighborhood has changed quite a bit, but the favorite sidewalk sport is, as always, "Who's Got the Status?" Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra do the honors. In the Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler keeps a Viennese fiddle close to his chin. Darkness on Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—The last of the midtown landmarks with the look and the air of the days when prohibition thought it was being enforced. Many of the principals and bit players have been replaced, but the casting is still in character. The music of Angelo's trio begins at nine; it is interspersed with the piano and songs of Bobby Gosh, who has a late-night sound.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—It's unlikely that this gold-and-plush example of the shipbuilder's art will float, but it is steady enough to make a dance floor. There, every evening but Sunday, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers get to work at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight). The music and its delivery range from 1864 to 1964.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a fine little architectural conceit, looks as Roman as can be, and sounds it, too, when I Cavalieri di Roma sit down on the bandstand, on which they pass most of the time between eight and one. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The chipper little Café Pierre is the home of a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers, who do a hand gallop every night. Alex Geraldo, who chants to his own guitar, does stay away on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Robert Goulet, handsome is as handsome does, gives a whole lot of ballads a hearty, throaty welcome; as an after-dinner and after-supper theatre speaker, though, he just won't do. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling band and Mark Monte's picadors provide dance music through the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He stays home Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Two rooms with a view, in one of which the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails, in the other of which the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The altitude is sixty-five floors, the music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the chef sticks it out to the end.

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St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The orchestra of Peter Duchin, a copious cascade, and the group put together by Quintero, a truly noble Latin contingent, make sure that there is never a quiet moment in the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger*, affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—If the Egyptian deities that are so prominent in the decorative scheme could only talk, what would they say of the *laissez-faire* dance festival in which the youth of the nation indulges night after night? The music is canned but crisp, the evenings are long—eight to four.

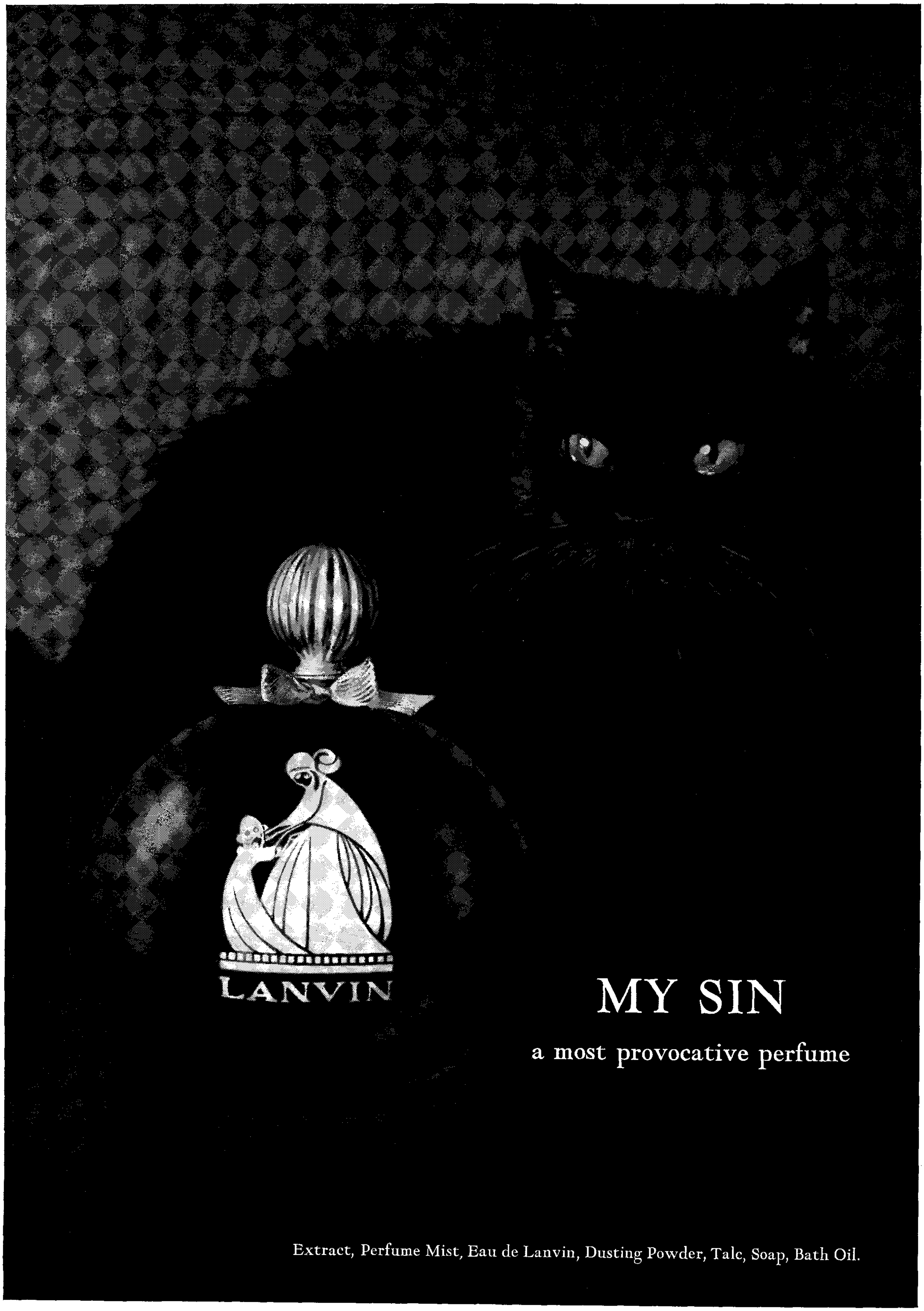
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room gets a hot tin roof when, at dinner and supper, Leslie Uggams arrives to vibrate in tune with the ballads she bites into—a strenuous exercise for one so young and pretty. A top-ranking Meyer Davis band, chivvied along by Emery Davis, and the small group run by Horace Diaz work all evening. Closed Sundays.

Note—The land of the free is reproduced by **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of Central Park, and no trees or statuary hinder one's choreographic imagination. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting solution includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-forty-five until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven-fifteen), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): There are nightingales in the shrubbery of this Florentine garden, where Aldo Bruschi, a fine big bullfrog, offers vocal counterpoint as his feathered friends essay Puccini and other noble Romans in their occasional outbursts. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, dean of the drawing-room pianists, does lightning arabesques that never strike twice in the same place. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner, the effervescent piano of Otis Clements from then on, and, after ten-thirty, the piano and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the Short sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Ten-thirty is starting time. No dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita*, and *dolce* is the threnody of the street musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Via Veneto West, but all roofed over, so the elements cannot impede either the diners or the troupe of strolling musicians. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (421-3448): A very new Andalusian town house, and a thing of beauty. In the largest of its four rooms, José Luis Franco's guitar, small but brightly glowing, keeps company with the décor from about eight o'clock on and on. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a jazz duo. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A rambling and picturesque *ranchero* that is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—strolling Latin singers and players on patrol from five-thirty to eleven during the week, and a real conflagration of singers and dancers from one to nine on Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after eight-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Light hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance. Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, is a balladeer of sentiment pure and majestic. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

concertinagoers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp in action. It is plied, from seven to nine, by the concert-bred Daphne Hellman from Monday through Wednesday, and by Joyce Rosenfield the rest of the time. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The dark eyes here are all Muscovite. The most burning pair belongs to Marina Fedorovskaya, who has Russian arias to match. Broody violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed, from eight-thirty until one or two, by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an ebullient throwback to the "Naughty Marietta" sort of soubrette, chants at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's trio chips in with mild and mannerly dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): It's the wine cellar of the Hotel Stanhope, and just large enough for Al Valenti, his guitar (American), and a few mild tipplers to congregate. Nine-thirty to one, except Mondays, is the extent of the music. No dining. . . . **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): Ralph Strain is in town again to play his slow, romantic, those-were-the-nights piano from seven-thirty until two every night but Sunday at the far end of the dining room.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The extravaganza called "Diamond Fair" and all the nymphs, dryads, and seraphs it contains come to an end on Wednesday, Nov. 18, and one evening later another shivaree, "Tonight's the Night," composed of exactly the same sort of ingredients, rises from the ashes of the old one. François Szony and Nancy Claire, who clothe adagio dancing in an Olympian grace, will do a *pas de deux* from the first of these spectacles to the second one. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Up from the Corn and the Cornball Belts comes Connie Francis to give her cantatas the Golden Gloves treatment. Mickey Freeman, the humorist of the occasion, must have acquired his jokes when he was majoring in ancient history. The Copa girls are blooming and bountiful and gaga. On Thursday, Nov. 19, a new cast of characters takes over—Nipsy Russell, a sharpshooting, man-of-the-people wit, and Kaye (who used to be Kay) Stevens, a dealer in ballads and banter. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there is never a shortage of shouting and tumult. The quartet of Erskine Hawkins, on view from ten to four without ever a night off, is one reason. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Sarah Vaughan, who doesn't believe that songs have to be decorated like Christmas trees, is demonstrating how nice they are in their native state; Mongo Santamaria's band makes the music. On Thursday, Nov. 19, there'll be a change—Shelley Berman, one of our foremost lay analysts, and Della Reese, a two-fisted soprano. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Let them call it "Minsky's Follies of '65," but what we have here—girls who are long, lithe, and luxurious, wits (Irving Benson and Jack Mann) who are robust and rowdy, dancers who are dancers, singers who are singers, and a pantomimist (George Carl) who is next to peerless—comes under the head of vast improvement in any comparison with burlesque of the profession's middle ages. Sundays through Fridays at eight-thirty and midnight and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dancing.

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CABARETS

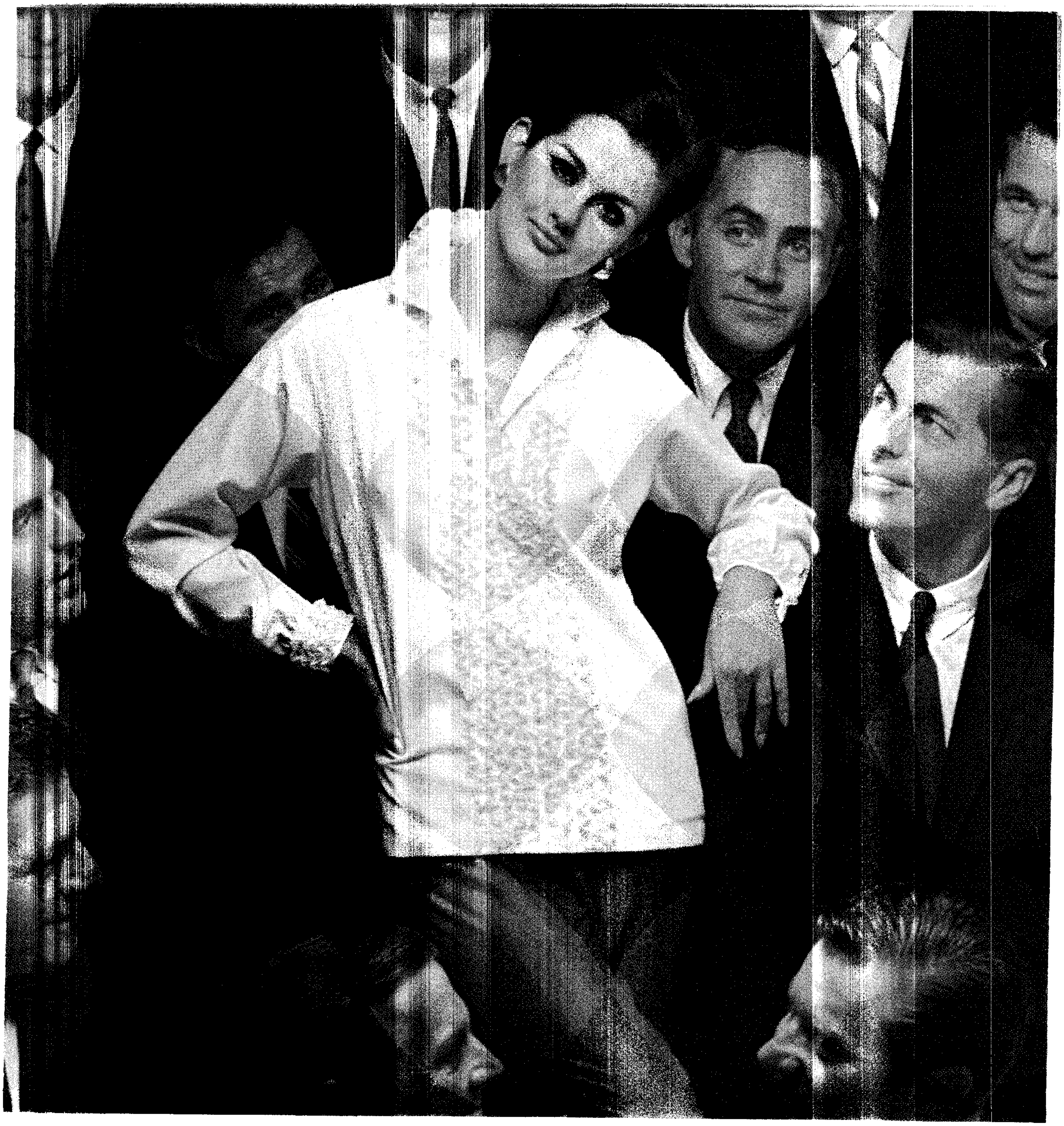
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In prankish parables and Damascus-steel poesy, "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the latest and maybe the greatest Julius Monk revue, makes burnt offerings and burnt effigies of very nearly all the people and problems that beset the admirers of civilization. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the best of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Ferocious enthusiasm is the motive of the mixed bag of Latinos—singing, stamping, strolling, swooping around with fiddles—that, glorying in its innocence, occupies the stage in the back room twice on weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, at ten-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, a fully packed voice that operates on the command level, is shivering the timbers of this spreading Village chestnut tree; Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn are contributing eloquent double piano. As for the humorists who appear onstage, one can only wish that they'd take vows of silence. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best moments of "The Game Is Up," the revue that lives here, involve R. G. Brown, who sees life through the eyes of a sensitive, disingenuous child. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer are likewise never becalmed by the occasional doldrums in the script. It happens at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "Cambridge Circus," the joint effort of half a dozen young, earnest, but not wholly efficacious Britishers, makes some points and misses some. The plan of attack is most nights at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven, and Mondays not at all.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): More in sorrow than in anger is the attitude of the intense piano of Bill Evans, whose Hamlet soliloquies are the absorbing essence of his threesome. Roland Hanna's duet plays in between. They work out every evening but Monday, and every Sunday afternoon beginning at four. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Josh White, one of the founding fathers of folk music, and the trio led by John Hammond III, a good young blues singer himself, get A for attendance—every night. Buffy Sainte-Marie, the Cree folk musician, sings Sunday and again on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; Gloria Lynne, who likes Tin Pan Alley, chants for the last times on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14. On Tuesday, Nov. 17, a new schedule: the Swingle Singers, the Parisian group that devotes itself to scatting the classics in the brightest of all possible manners, will move in; Josh White will move out. Mondays are set aside for visiting performers. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with a band headed by Max Kaminsky (Bob Wilber, Bill Jones, and Jake Hanna are components), not to mention Red Allen's blasters. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Charlie Mingus, the apocalyptic bass fiddler, and his eleven-man squad of acolytes withdraw on Sunday, Nov. 15, along with John Coltrane's quartet and Flip Wilson, a wit who can be taken or not. On Tuesday, Nov. 17, Carol Sloane will start her somersaulting career through her ballads, while the quintet led by Al Cohn and Zoot Sims begins its interesting counterpoint, and Horace Silver's fivesome commences a long dialogue in which little will be said. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The latest (the seventeen-thousandth) changing of the guard—or vanguard, considering the music the participants indulge in—removes the quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer on Thursday, Nov. 19, and inserts John Coltrane's crew, now at Birdland, the next evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sound of the twenties, thirties, and sixties, as remembered by Peanuts Hucko, who has a constantly varying assortment of fellow-sympathizers at work with him (Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman should be participating). Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Randy Weston, now in control of a sextet, and Walter Bishop, who has a trio, are thinking modern as hell every night but Monday, when a quartet headed by David Amram takes charge. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Mary Lou Williams, who knows every phase of jazz piano, principally because she has invented so much of it. There is also John Bunch, whose airy involutions make the interlude piano step lively. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. No music Sundays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Seacoast-of-Maine scenery, seacoast-of-young-Bohemia aura, and a staff outfitted in H.M.S. Pinafore uniforms, all of which makes a novel setting for a small, articulate period-piece dance band that starts at nine-thirty and quits rather late in the morning. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails: on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual twists and turns to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd ellipses at ten every evening but Sunday. . . . **BROKEN**



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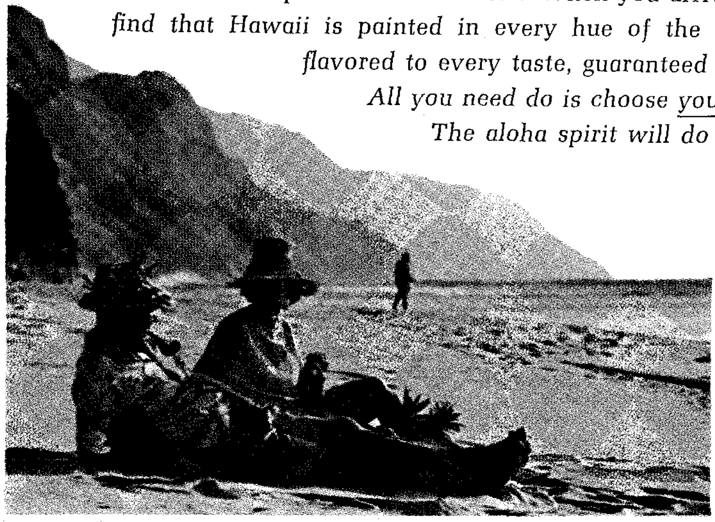

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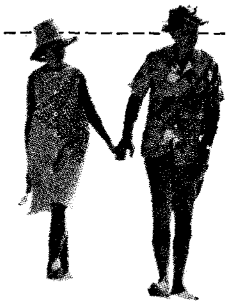

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DRUM, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris, for whom this nineteenth-century bar-and-grill is a proper setting, has seven men recalling yesteryear, and with vigor. Sundays, another group has the run of the shop.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Nov. 28. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Dec. 5. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—"Man, Beast, and Nature," a showing of oils and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St.)

PETER BLUME—Two paintings, "Winter" (on which he has worked for two years) and "Children in the Tree," together with preparatory (and other) drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure studies; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

DANIEL BRUSTLEIN—Portraits, landscapes, and other subjects; through Dec. 5. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Drawings (1915-64); through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—"Circus," an exhibition of ink drawings (1931-32) that is running concurrently with his show at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MINNA CITRON—Abstract oils, constructions, and collages; through Nov. 28. (Tasca, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

HOWARD COOK—Oils and collages; through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—Paintings by this New Realist; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—New paintings of Maine; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED FARR—Bronzes cast in the lost-wax process; through Dec. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Optical abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT GLEIZES AND THE SECTION D'OR—Paintings by Gleizes, against a background of paintings and sculptures by Léger, Lhote, Archipenko, and other participants in the 1912 exhibition the "Salon de la Section d'Or;" through Dec. 5. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES HARVEY—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID V. HAYES—Semi-abstract figure and animal sculptures in forged steel and bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

GOTTFRIED HONEGGER—Paintings and reliefs by this Swiss-born artist; through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Paintings in white (1952-60); through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Landscapes; through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS MOLLER—Semi-abstract oils of Maine; through Dec. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Abstractions by a Nicaraguan artist; through Dec. 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH NOLAND—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND PARKER—Non-objective paintings; through Nov. 28. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Posters; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Griffin, 32 E. 58th St.) . . . ¶ Portraits of Dora Maar, painted between 1937 and 1943; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

SERGE POLIAKOFF—Abstract oils and gouaches by this Paris artist; through Dec. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RUDY POZZATTI—Prints and drawings; through Nov. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

ROBERT RICHENBURG—Abstractions; through Nov. 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

FRANK ROTH—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ETHEL SCHWABACHER—Portraits and abstract pastels; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Greenross, 41 E. 57th St.)

JASON SELEY—Welded-steel sculptures; through Dec. 3. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

DAVID SMITH—Stainless-steel and painted-steel constructions, bronze planes, and lost-wax bronzes; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

BYRON THOMAS—A retrospective of paintings (1929-64), mostly figurative landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHONY TONEY—Figure and landscape paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—Portraits of relatives, friends, and family retainers, in an exhibition marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Dec. 15. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

JOHN VON WICHT AND ROBERT CRONBACH—Paintings by the former and sculptures by the latter; through Nov. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ÉDOUARD VUILLARD (1868-1940)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty paintings by the French artist; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

WILHELM WOELLER (1907-54)—Expressionist paintings and drawings, plus sculptures, by this German artist; through Dec. 5. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

KARL ZERBE—Recent acrylics; through Nov. 28. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

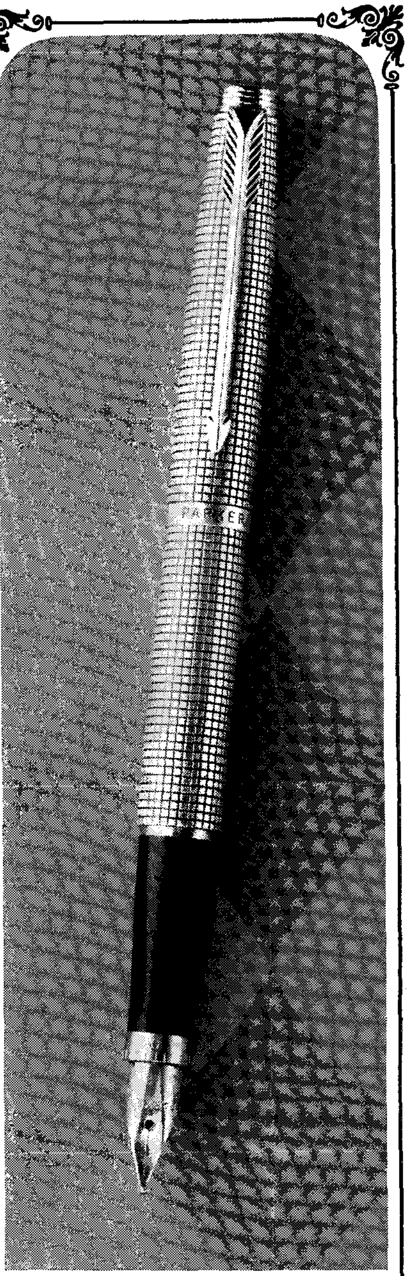
LEHMAN COLLECTION—A second chance to tour the Robert Lehman mansion at 7 West 54th Street, with its collection of paintings, furniture, glass, and tapestries. (Monday, Nov. 23, from 2:30 to 5:30; Tuesday, Nov. 24, and Thursday, Nov. 26, from 9 to midnight; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28-29, from 2:30 to 5:30. Twenty-five-dollar admission charge, which goes to the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University; for information about tickets, call TE 2-8138.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their annual exhibit, made up of pieces by seventy-two members, including Cleo Hartwig, Louise Nevelson, and William Zorach; through Nov. 26. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Selected oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through Dec. 2. (Pepsi-Cola Building, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. Closed Saturdays.)

AFRICAN ART—"Magic and Religion in African Art," an exhibition of masks, statues, and various implements in wood, ivory, and cast bronze; through Nov. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA AMERICAN HERITAGE**, 63 E. 57th St.: This new gallery, devoted to art of the 1880-1930 period, in its



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

opening exhibit has works by (for instance) Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Ernest Lawson; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The fifty-first annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Nov. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Homer D. Martin, and other artists of the Hudson River School; through Nov. 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"Black on White," a selection of original prints, from Goya to the present, is the first offering in the gallery's new quarters; through Nov. 28. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

Europeans; Group Show—The first of two twenty-fifth-anniversary exhibitions, this one presenting works chiefly by Expressionists. Oskar Kokoschka, Gustav Klimt, and Egon Schiele are three of the artists represented. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations ranging from anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts to prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by the French modernist Pierre Bonnard; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres in the round; through Feb. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty woodcuts and lithographs and a dozen illustrated books from the past twenty years by Antonio Frasconi; through Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A painting or sculpture apiece by more than twenty artists (Robert Motherwell, Ben Shahn, and Theodore Roszak among them), each of whom has also selected for this exhibit one work by a younger artist; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ "Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A survey of paintings (1928-64) by the French artist Jean Hélion, tracing his development from earlier abstraction to current realism; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures from the collection of Caroline and Erwin Swann, including pieces by Francis Bacon, Degas, Miró, and Rodin; through Nov. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabile-mobiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show (ending Saturday) of Calder drawings at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent American sculptures by John Chamberlain, Lee Bontecou, Richard Stankiewicz, and four others; through Nov. 29. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York City: Host to the World, 1679-1900," a display of engravings and lithographs of city views and landmarks, as well as invitations, menus, and theatre programs illustrating how the Prince of Wales, in 1860, and other prominent guests have been entertained. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings, drawings, and black-and-whites by Edward Hopper; through Nov. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 8: A new production of Fokine's ballet "Les Sylphides," staged by Dame Alicia Markova; and "Don Pasquale," with Gianna d'Angelo, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Gladys Kriese, Sándor Kónya, Paul Schöffler, Karl Dönch, Ezio Flagello, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Nicolae Herlea, Flaviano Labò, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, and Calvin Marsh. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, and Barry Morell. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Manon," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Verreau, Gabriel Bacquier, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Sándor Kónya, Anselmo Colzani, Elfego Esparza, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Carlotta Ordassy, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Joann Grillo, Dimiter Uzunov, Cornell MacNeil, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: The ballet "Les Sylphides;" and "Don Pasquale," with Gianna d'Angelo, Luigi Alva, Fernando Corena, and Frank Guarrera.

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 12: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 13: "Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 14: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 14: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 15: "Don Giovanni," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Fledermaus," in English, the final performance of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursdays, Nov. 12 and 19, at 8:30; Fridays, Nov. 13 and 20, at 2:15; Saturdays, Nov. 14 and 21, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3.

Warsaw Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: Witold Rowicki conducting, with Wanda Wilkomirska, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: Stanislaw Wislocki conducting, with Wladyslaw Kedra, piano.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Nadia Reisenberg, piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra—Thomas Dunn conducting—A varied program, with Charles Bressler, tenor, and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ An all-Bach program, with Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; and Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

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Chamber Orchestra in the third and fourth in a series of six concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8:30, Vienna Classics, no soloists; and Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30, Modern Winds, with Robert Gerle, violin, and Norman Shetler, piano.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting, with Carroll Glenn, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Concert Opera Association—Thomas Scherman directing the American première of Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda" in concert form, with Irene Jordan, soprano; Grace Hoffman, mezzo-soprano; and Josef Traxel, tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Association will hold a preview of "Maria Stuarda" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700) on Friday, Nov. 13, at 8.

Clarion Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with instrumental and vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 21-22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Zara Nelsova, cello, and Grant Johannesen, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Esther Glazer—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 5:15.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Howard Lebow—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Deller Consort—Renaissance and baroque vocal music by this group appearing here for the first time. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Eugene List—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin, with members of the American Symphony Orchestra directed by Gerhard Samuel. The first in a series of four concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by Robert Hall Lewis, Josef Alexander, Karl Kroeger, and Leslie Bassett, performed by Stanley Drucker, clarinet; the American Chamber Ensemble; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Jan Gorbaty—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Margaret Roggero—Mezzo-soprano. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:40.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30, the first in a series of six varied programs. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30, the first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs.)

Judy Collins—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:40.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Richard Tucker—Tenor, with members of the City Center Orchestra directed by Julius Rudel, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 16, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

IRISH REGIMENTS—The Regimental Bands and Pipe and Drum Bands of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Royal Ulster Rifles, and the Royal Irish Fusiliers, plus Irish dancers from the Women's Royal Army Corps. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 18-20, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Cal Tjader and Herbie Mann, in a benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8. For tickets, call JU 6-7700.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 12, at 6:30: Boston vs. Philadelphia and Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

BOXING—Dick Wipperman vs. Oscar Bonavena, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 13. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Cassius Clay vs. Sonny Liston, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. Monday, Nov. 16.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 14:** Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Duke, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 21** (all at 1:30): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick.

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7:30.)

HUNT RACING—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 14.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 12. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 14, and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 14. The Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 14.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2:30.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 21, at noon and 2:30.)

BALLET—The Westchester Ballet Company presenting "Peter and the Wolf" and "The Dream Toy Shop." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 11.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Folk Tales." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Nov. 21. at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Jefferson." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MERRI-MINES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 14-15, at 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Tom Sawyer." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:30.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 11.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Messages from Space;" through Nov. 30. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

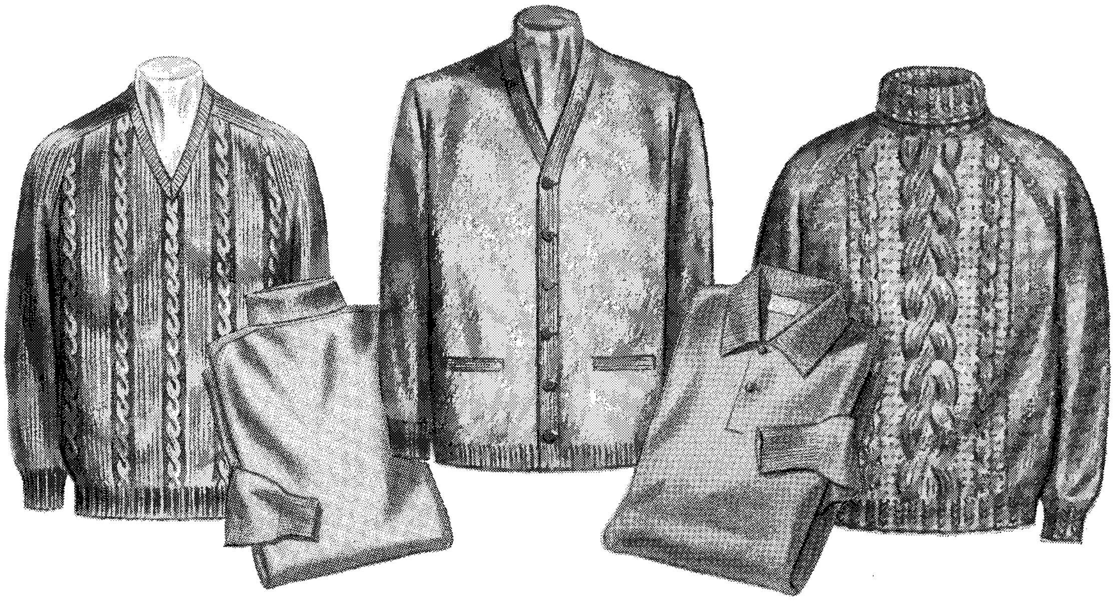
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—At the **POETRY CENTER,** Y.M.H.A.: Harold Pinter reading from his short stories and poetry, Thursday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Margaret Webster in "No Coward Soul," her solo program concerning the Brontë sisters, Sunday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ John Malcolm Brinnin and Peter Davison reading from their own works, Monday, Nov. 16. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM AUDITORIUM:** C. Day Lewis reading from his own works. (1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Thanksgiving Flower Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 18, from 12:30 to 4.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL EXHIBITION—First editions of his fifty-one books, four paintings signed W.S.C., three hundred photographs, a palette and paint brushes, and other memorabilia, in a show arranged to celebrate Sir Winston's ninetieth birthday. Through Nov. 30. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; and Wednesday, Nov. 18, from 10 to noon.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations, belonging to the Marquise de Rosanbo and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8: American historical books and manuscripts, including letters and documents of Washington, Jefferson, John Adams, and Wilson; George Washington's copy of the Constitution; and the Olive Branch Petition of 1776. The property of the Heritage Foundation. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: Modern paintings and sculptures by such artists as Boudin, Picasso, Renoir, and Epstein; from the collection of Robert Q. Lewis and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 13.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Babo 73—A crude, practically homemade political satire by Robert Downey, unexpectedly full of laughs. (Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker St., SP 7-3810; through Nov. 16. Mondays through Thursdays at 9 and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at 7, 10, and 1 A.M.; and Sundays at 5, 8, and 11.)

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Nov. 18, tentative.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. *The leading roles are played by actors* who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Nov. 18.)

From Russia with Love—Another ample chapter in the dangerous life and incessant lecheries of Secret Service Operative 007, ably embodied by Sean Connery. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Nov. 17.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; through Nov. 15. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 1 and 4:45 and Sunday at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Let's Talk About Women—A nine-episode comedy, with Vittorio Gassman being funny at least seven times. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Nov. 18, tentative.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey—A bitter comedy about an Irish misfit in Montreal. Starring Robert Shaw and Mary Ure, who are, as the Irish say, tremendous. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 17.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Night Watch—Jacques Becker has directed a gifted group of non-professional actors in a thrilling account of an attempted escape from a French prison. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 17.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 17.)

The Pumpkin Eater—An odd, delightful study of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A stylish British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320. Showings daily at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at midnight. *No one will be admitted after the film starts.*)

The Soft Skin—The latest François Truffaut picture is a fine, gentle study of adultery and its consequences. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Topkapi—How to steal crown jewels, in another of those adult-education courses by Jules Dassin with, as his capable assistants, Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 13-16.)

REVIVALS

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; and Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 12.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; and Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 17.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 12.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 13-15.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Nov. 17.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 13-15.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Nov. 18.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 13-16.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 12.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 17.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 17.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charlie Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 18.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 17.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 17.)

My Name Is Ivan (1963)—A Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy (Kolya Burlaiev) for the Russian Army in the Second World War. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 17.)

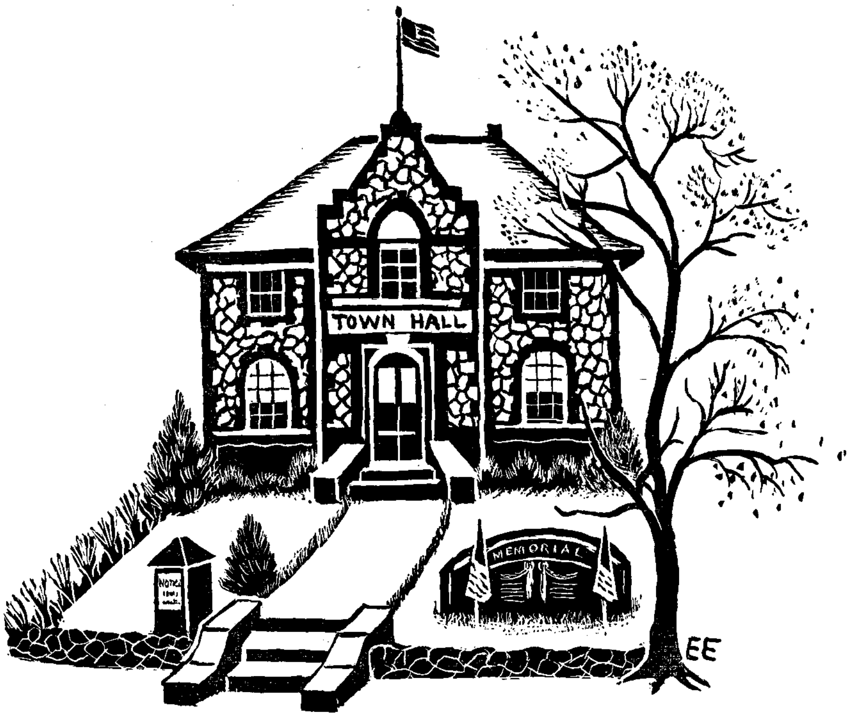
The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 16.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 13-16.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, and many others. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 14.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 13-16. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 16.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 14: "In Again, Out Again" (1917), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Nov. 15-18: "So This Is Paris" (1926), a silent American film, with French titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOPKAPI.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Roustabout," Elvis Presley, Barbara Stanwyck.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Nov. 17: "Kitten with a Whip," Ann-Margret, John Forsythe; and "Sing and Swing," David Hemings.
From Nov. 18: "Malamondo," a documentary film; and "Creation of the Humanoids," Don Megowan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews. (After 8:30 on Monday, Nov. 16, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Nov. 16: "Young Swordsman" (in Japanese).
From Nov. 17: "Unholy Desire" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 18 (tentative): "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Nov. 15: **IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.**
Nov. 16-17: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 18: "Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 17: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.**
From Nov. 18: "Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 17: "Kitten with a Whip," Ann-Margret, John Forsythe; and "Sing and Swing," David Hemings. (After 6:30 on Monday, Nov. 16, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight.)
From Nov. 18: "Malamondo," a documentary film; and "Creation of the Humanoids," Don Megowan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 17: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris.
From Nov. 18: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 17 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.
From Nov. 18 (tentative): **BECKET.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Nov. 17: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Nov. 18: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 17: "Kitten with a Whip," Ann-Margret, John Forsythe; and "Sing and Swing," David Hemings. (After 7:30 on Monday, Nov. 16, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight.)
From Nov. 18: "Malamondo," a documentary film; and "Creation of the Humanoids," Don Megowan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE PUMPKIN EATER.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through Nov. 15: "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.
From Nov. 16: "Guns at Batasi," Richard Attenborough, Jack Hawkins.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Nov. 17: "Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.
From Nov. 18: "Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Nov. 12: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.
Nov. 13-15: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.
Nov. 16: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival.
From Nov. 17: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Finest Hours," a documentary film on the life of Winston Churchill, narrated by Orson Welles.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 17: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**
From Nov. 18: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 17 (tentative): "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris; and "Jolly Bad Fellow," Leo McKern.
From Nov. 18 (tentative): "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 17: "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris.
From Nov. 18: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 17: "Station Six-Sahara," Carroll Baker, Peter Van Eyck; and "Stop Train 349," José Ferrer, Sean Flynn. (After 7:30 on Monday, Nov. 16, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight.)
From Nov. 18: **CLEOPATRA.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 17: "Roustabout," Elvis Presley, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Stage to Thunder Rock," Barry Sullivan.
From Nov. 18: **BECKET**; and "The Buccaneer," revival, Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 12: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
Nov. 13-16: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.
From Nov. 17: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.

Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-3810)
Through Nov. 16: **BABO 73.**
From Nov. 17: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 17: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Nov. 18: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 17: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris.
From Nov. 18: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 17: **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival; and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.
From Nov. 18: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 17: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell; and "The Avenger," Steve Reeves. (After 7:30 on Monday, Nov. 16, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight.)
From Nov. 18: **BECKET**; and "The Buccaneer," revival, Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 14: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
Nov. 15-17: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," revival, Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "Bye Bye Birdie," revival, Janet Leigh.
From Nov. 18: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian); and "The Safety Match" (in Russian), revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Moon-Spinners," Hayley Mills.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Nov. 12: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "Chelkash" (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 13-14: "The Inspector General" (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 15: "The Little Humpbacked Horse," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet; and "Morning Star" (in Russian), revival, a ballet film.
Nov. 16: "Khovanschina" (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 17: "Eugene Onegin" (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 18: "Boris Godunov" and "Aleko" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Days with Jean-Marc" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Inheritance," a documentary film on the American workingman, narrated by Robert Ryan.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Nov. 18 (tentative): **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian).

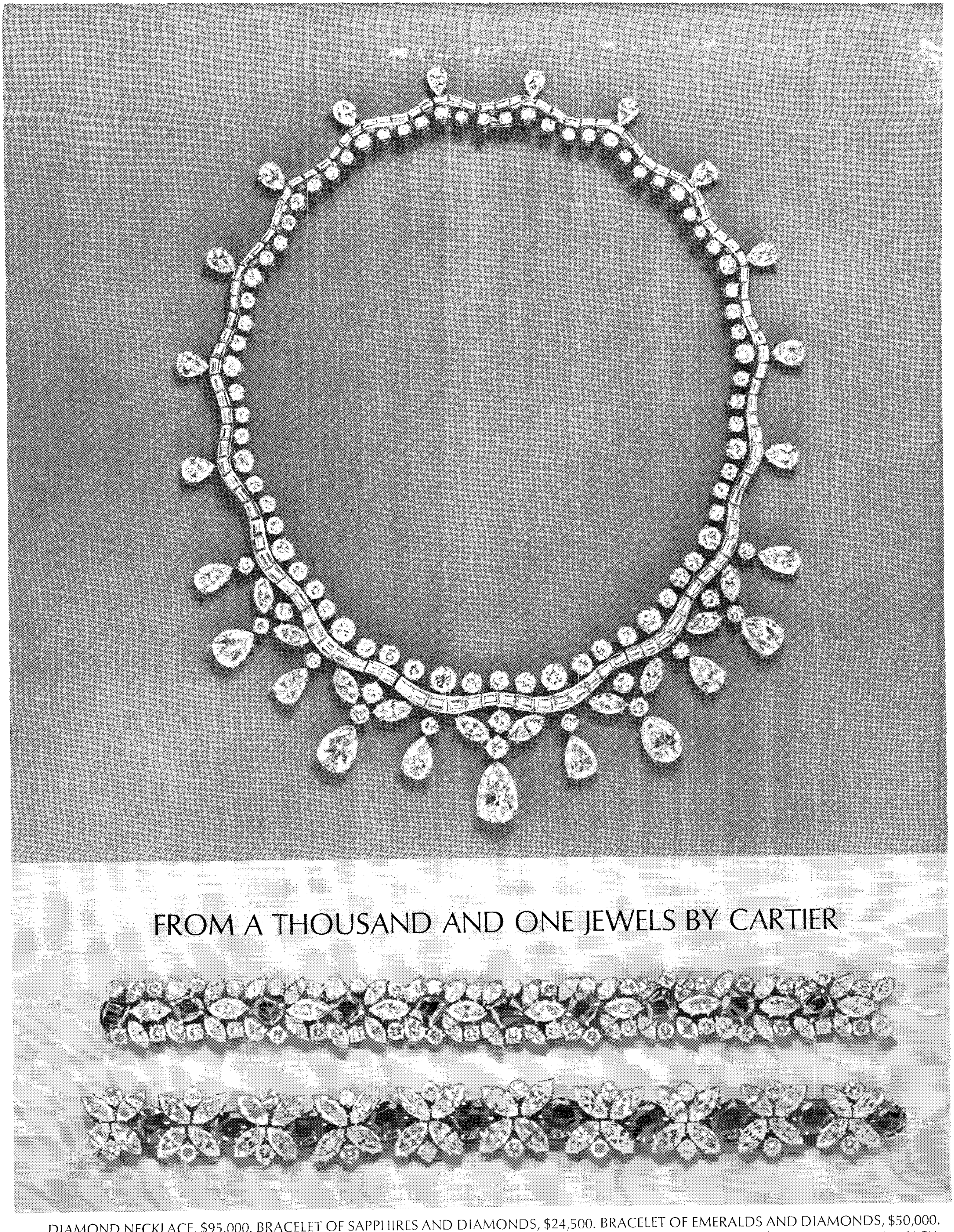
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE SOFT SKIN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 18: **LIMELIGHT**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 17: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven.
From Nov. 18: "Invitation to a Gunfighter," Yul Brynner; and "The Great Escape," revival, Steve McQueen.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 12: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.
Nov. 13-16: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian); and **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 17: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 17: "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris; and "Jolly Bad Fellow," Leo McKern.
From Nov. 18: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).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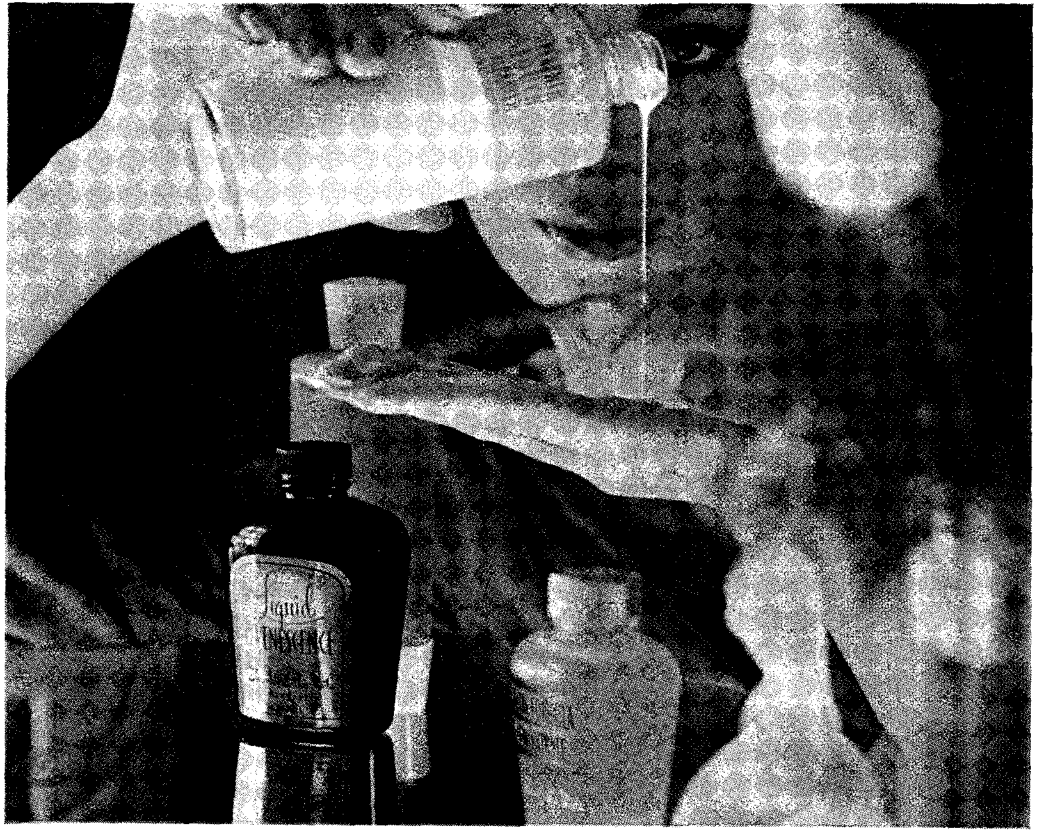

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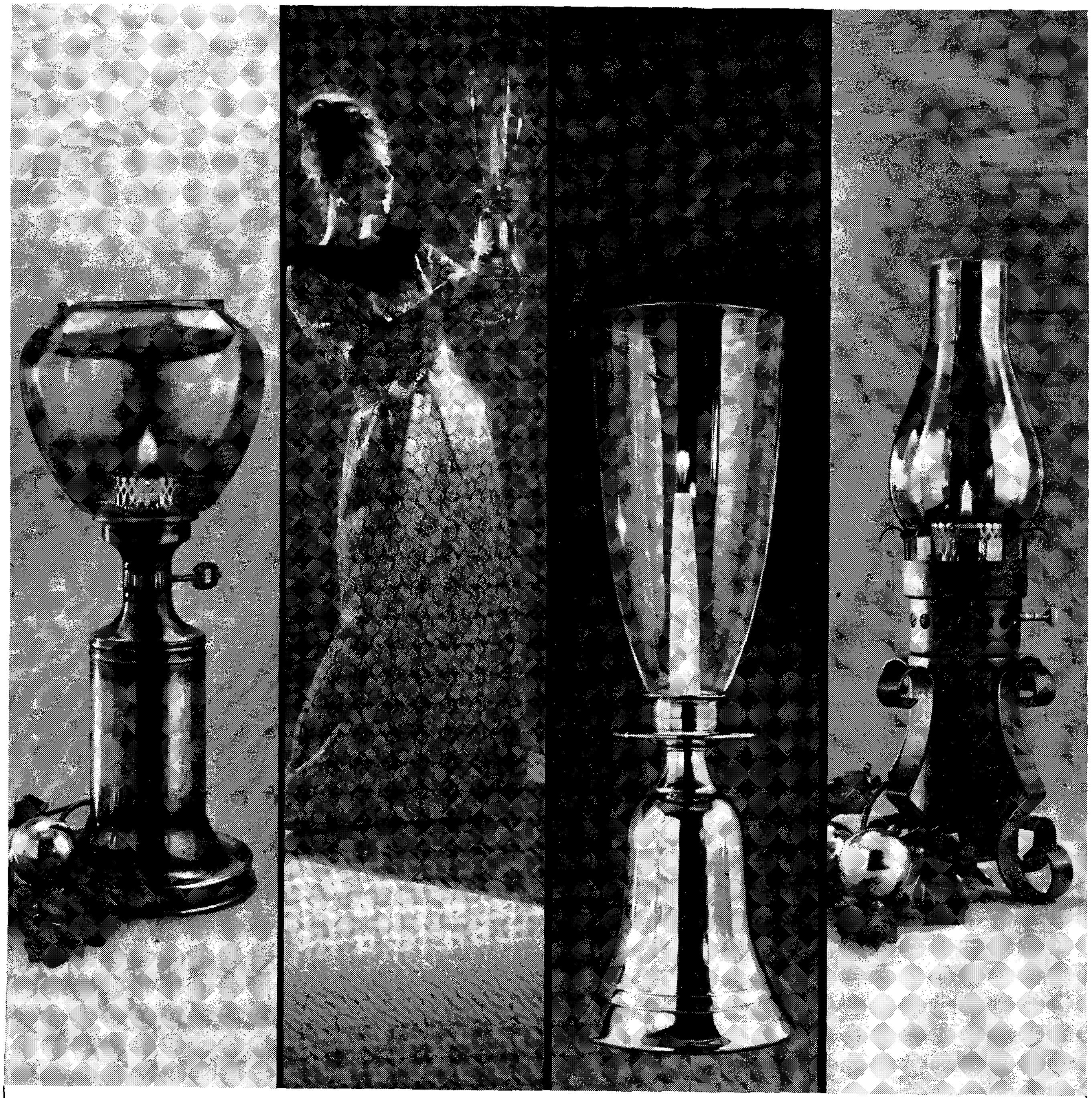
This new imported Italian vermouth is different. Bittersweet, *not over-sweet* . . . a subtle, but great advance in Italian vermouth. People use Noilly Prat Italian to make sensational Manhattans—they pour it on the rocks to make the smartest, most continental of aperitifs. *It's bittersweet . . . and you'll love it!*

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

AND FOR
DRY MARTINIS—
famed Noilly Prat
French Vermouth
extra dry,
extra pale.



S.F.A'S "REVOLUTIONARY" HURRICANE LAMPS—
COLONIAL DESIGNS FRAME THE MODERN CONVENIENCE OF BUTANE GAS

The adjustable flame of our charming "Prepo" lamps radiates a warm, friendly glow for 30 to 60 hours on a single filling...with no wax drip or smoke and not a trace of an oily odor. Graceful simplicity defines our trio, and each distinctive, beautiful finish is protected by a baked-on acrylic film. From the left: Antique finished brass with an amber globe, 45.00; bright brass in the Williamsburg tradition, 45.00; black wrought iron with an amber chimney, 30.00. Additional cans of fuel, each 1.50. Guest and Gift Shop.

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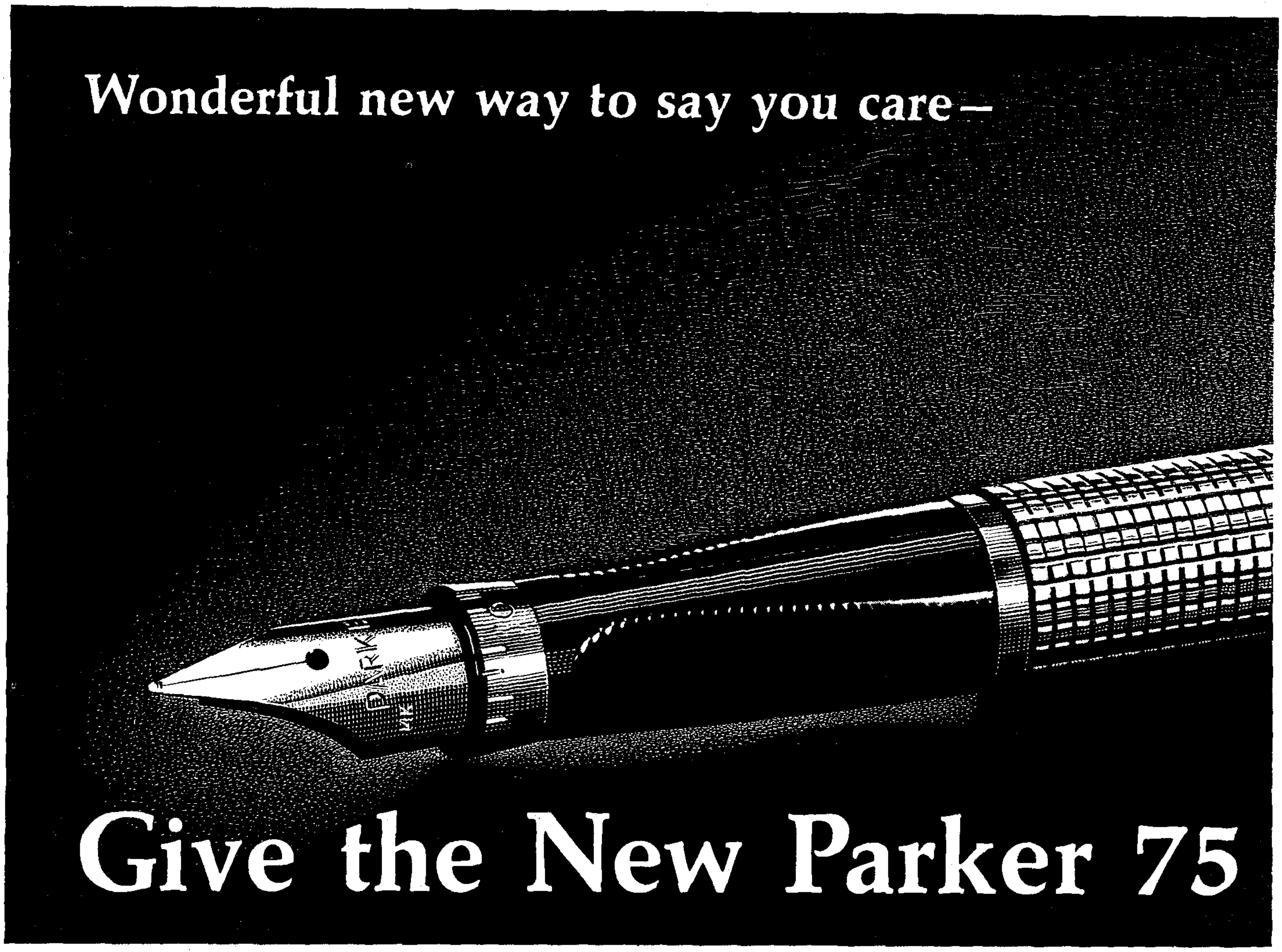


The first personal-fit pen
tailored to write his own way

Magnificently sculptured in sterling silver, this newest Parker can be tailor-made to the writer—to conform precisely to his handwriting, to become as personally his as his fingerprints. It costs $25.*

He takes the Parker 75 from his pocket, and once again he is reminded of you—of your thoughtfulness, of your clearly evident admiration for him, and of your good taste, most of all.

For with the Parker 75 you succeeded in giving him a gift that is personal, memorable, and fully in accord with his own standards of judgment. No other gift can be so completely custom-fitted to the individual who receives it.

The beautifully sculptured grip nests his fingers in its curvatures. There is less pressure as he writes. His fingers do not tire; each letter flows easily and gracefully.

The point can be adjusted to the exact angle at which he writes—his hand stays relaxed. The angle is set by a dial as carefully calibrated as the lens on a $400 camera.

The grace and beauty of his writing is enhanced by the cushion flexing of the 14K gold point. Point sizes are available for all writing styles from broad, bold strokes to Spencerian tracery.

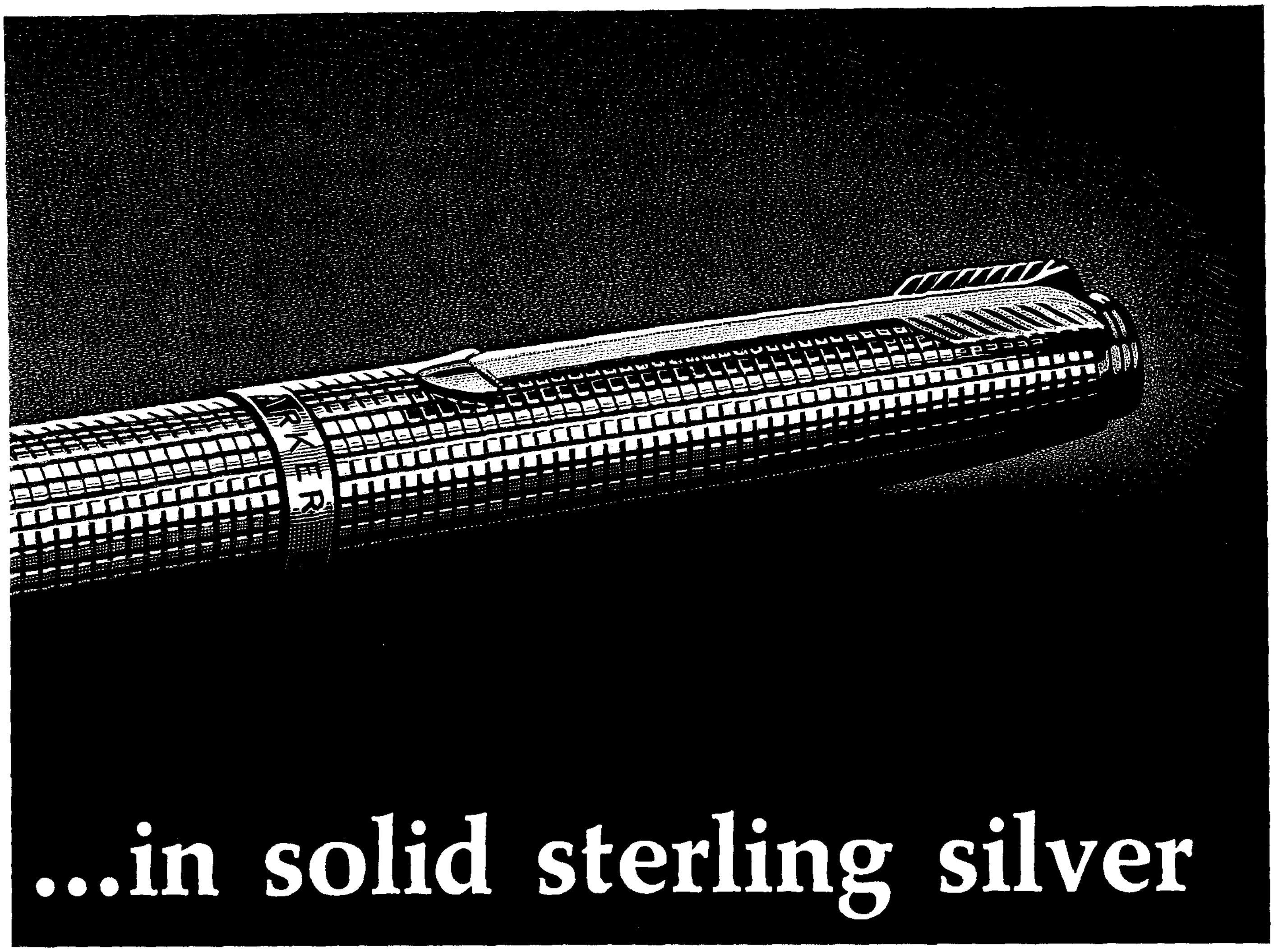
He chooses the filling method he prefers when you give him a Parker 75. It fills cleanly with a large-capacity cartridge or, with the handy converter, it fills from an ink bottle.

The engraved case of the Parker 75 was inspired by the artistry of a London silversmith. It is sterling silver, deep-engraved and subtly antiqued for quiet elegance.

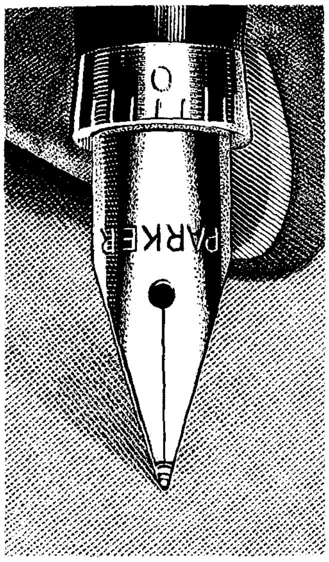
We urge you to see the Parker 75 at better department stores, jewelry, pen, or stationery stores. If you can't find one, write us—The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

*Plus Tax

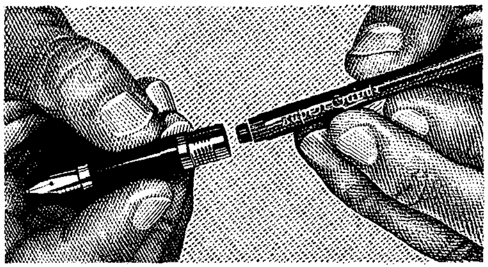
PARKER
Maker of the world's most wanted pens


PARKER
...in solid sterling silver

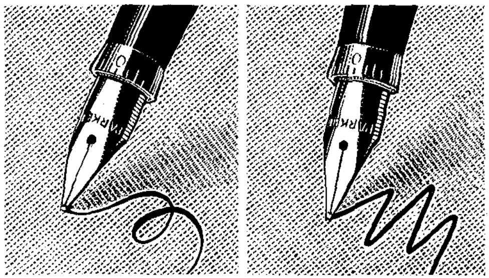
1964 ⊕ THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WIS., U.S.A.



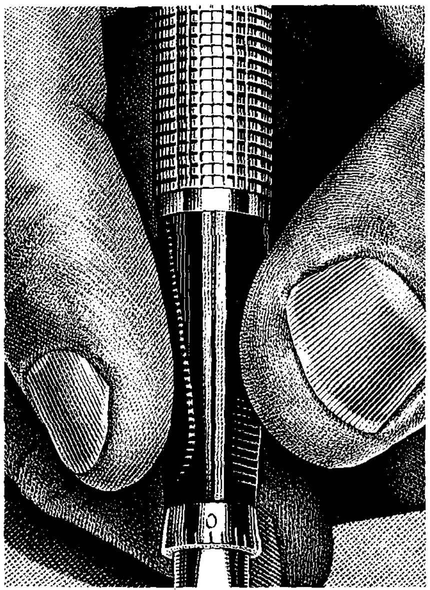
Set the calibrated dial to the exact writing angle most suitable and most comfortable.


Parker Quink

Choose the filling method: load quickly with a cartridge, or from an ink bottle with converter.


PARKER
PARKER

Select a 14K gold point with exactly the flexibility and width (stub to needle point) desired.



Fingers nestle in the sculptured grip... write relaxed for hours without cramping.

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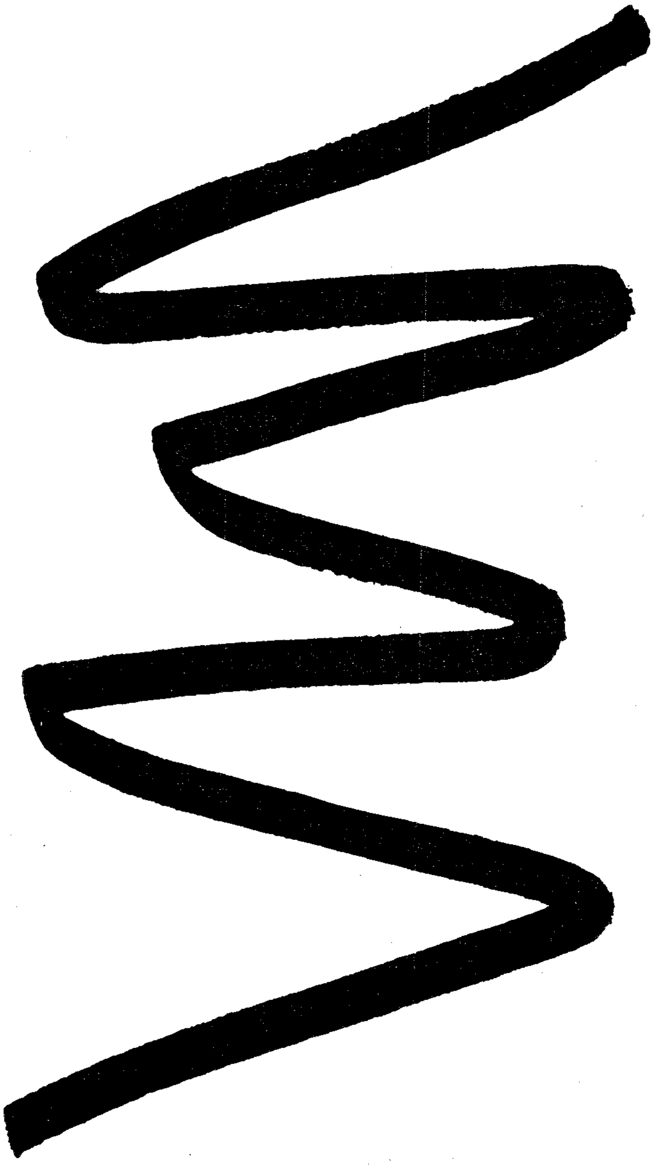
"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber.



These are wrinkles. You can forget about them when you wear DACRON®.

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Refillable Spray Cologne or Perfume, each 5.00.
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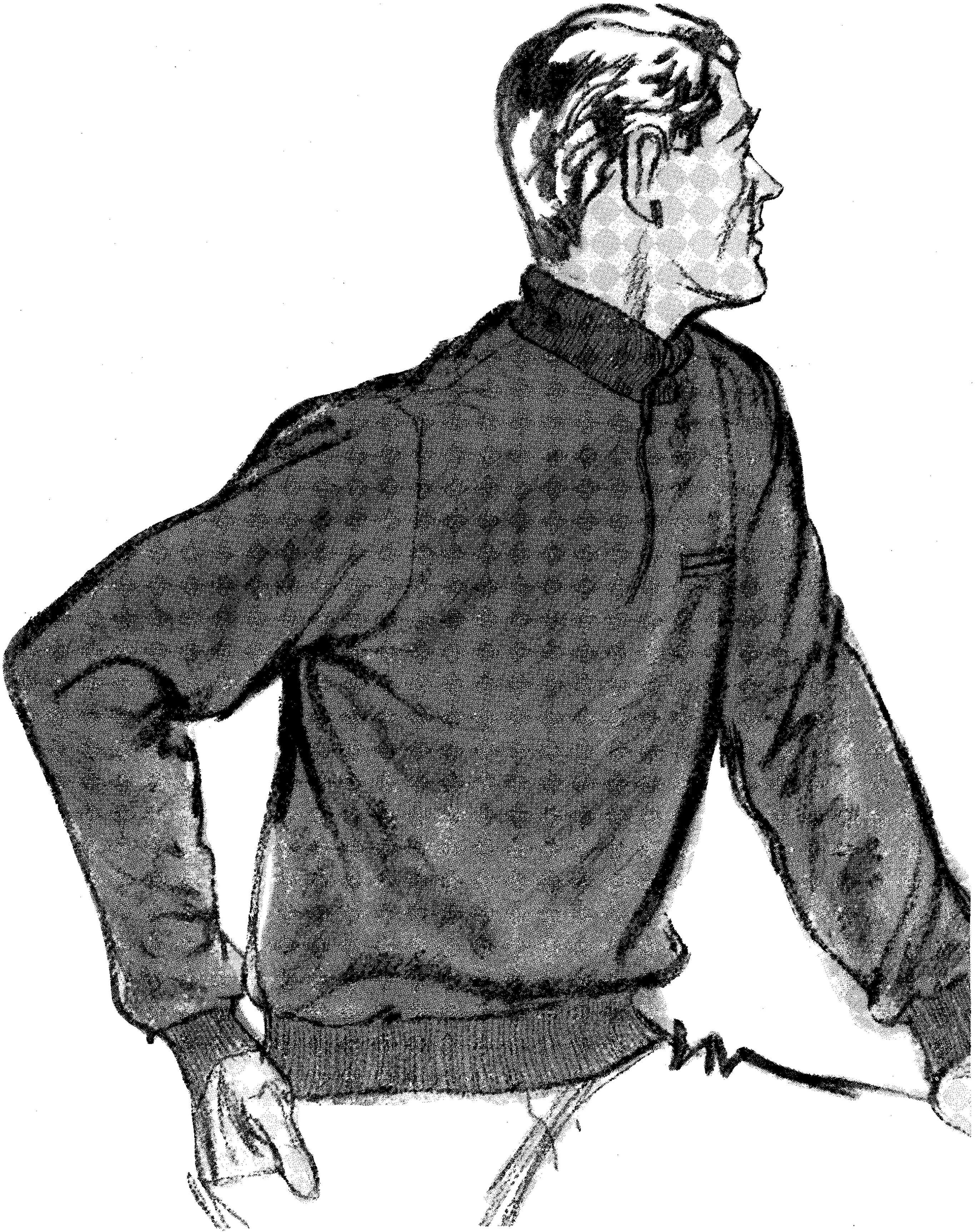
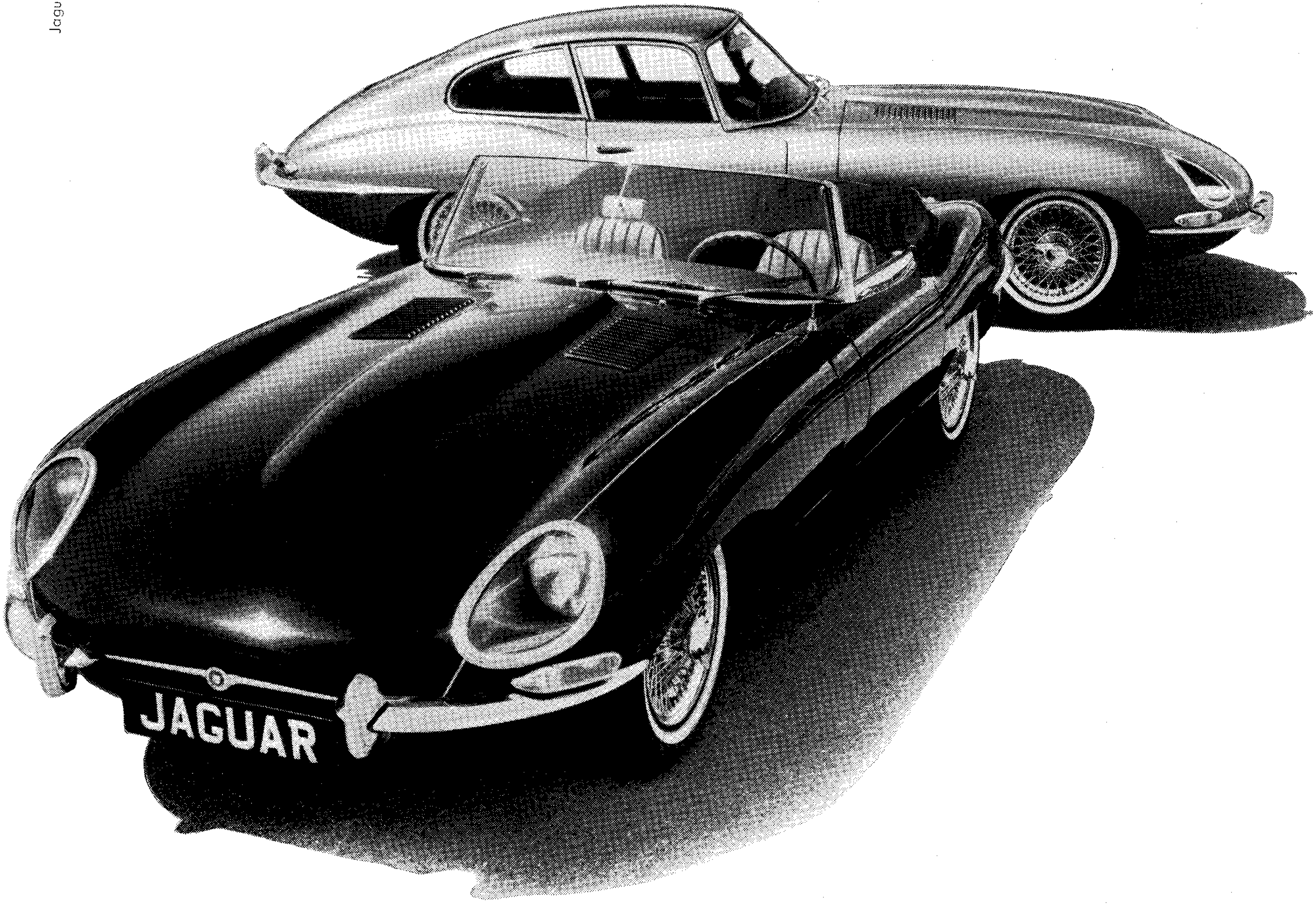


Jaguar Cars Inc., New York.

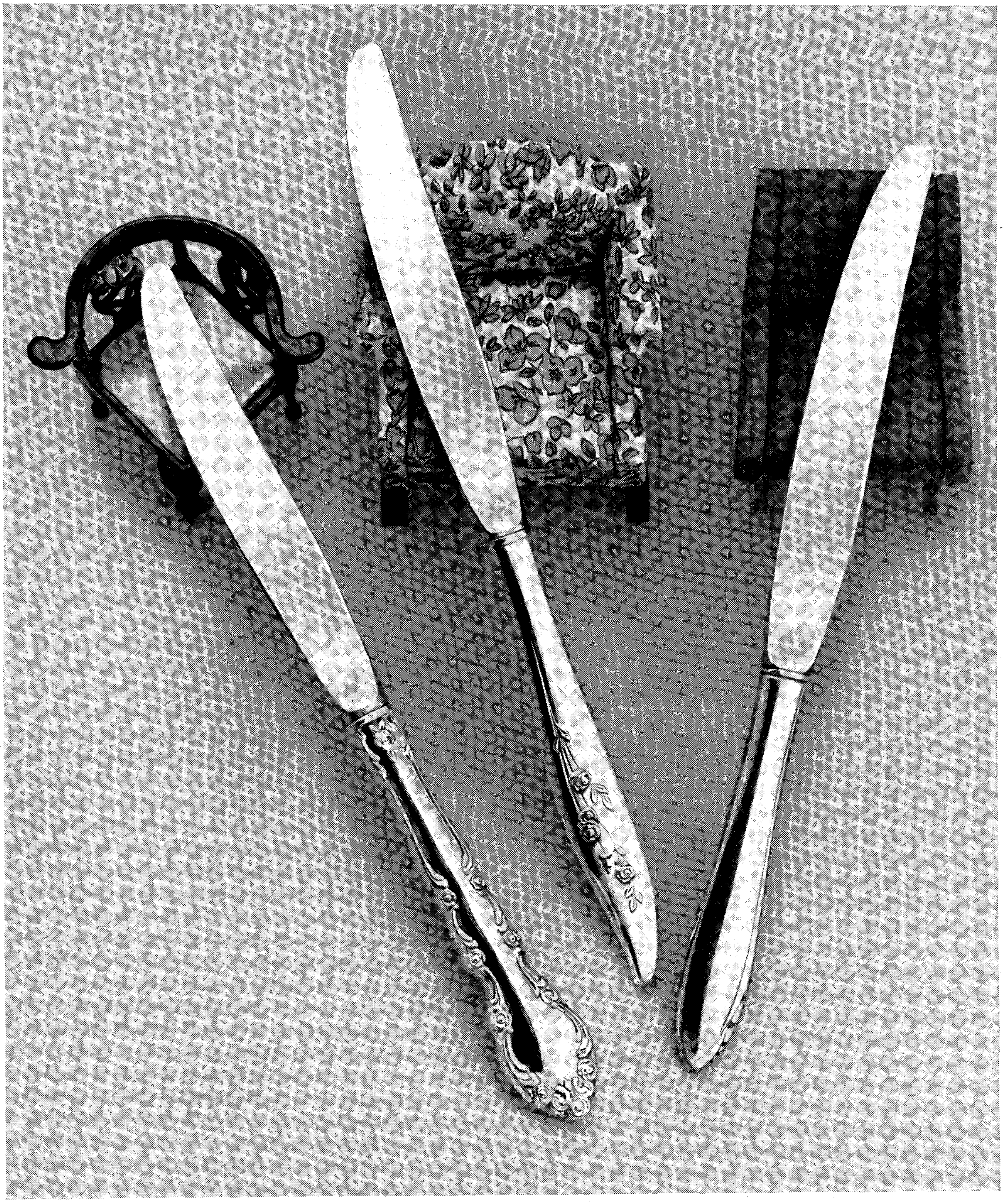


Can you spot the changes in this different breed of cat?

Probably not. For the 1965 Jaguar XK-E has the same sleek silhouette that has made this the most dynamic and best-looking car on the road today.

Under the hood, it's another story. The 1965 XK-E is equipped with a new, more powerful version of the race-proven XK engine, for even quicker response and acceleration. It features driver-proven four-wheel disc brakes for safe stops at high speeds (some things we don't change); a four-speed synchromesh gearbox that handles as smooth as a friendly kitten; all-around independent suspension to iron out roads and flatten corners; newly designed, more comfortable bucket seats. In short, the new XK-E is a driver's car.

To find out what's new about the different breed of cat, spend five minutes behind the wheel of a 1965 Jaguar XK-E. Roadster $5,525 (P.O.E.), Coupe $200 more. (If you're going to Europe, money-saving overseas delivery can be arranged.) See and drive the Jaguar XK-E at your dealer's.



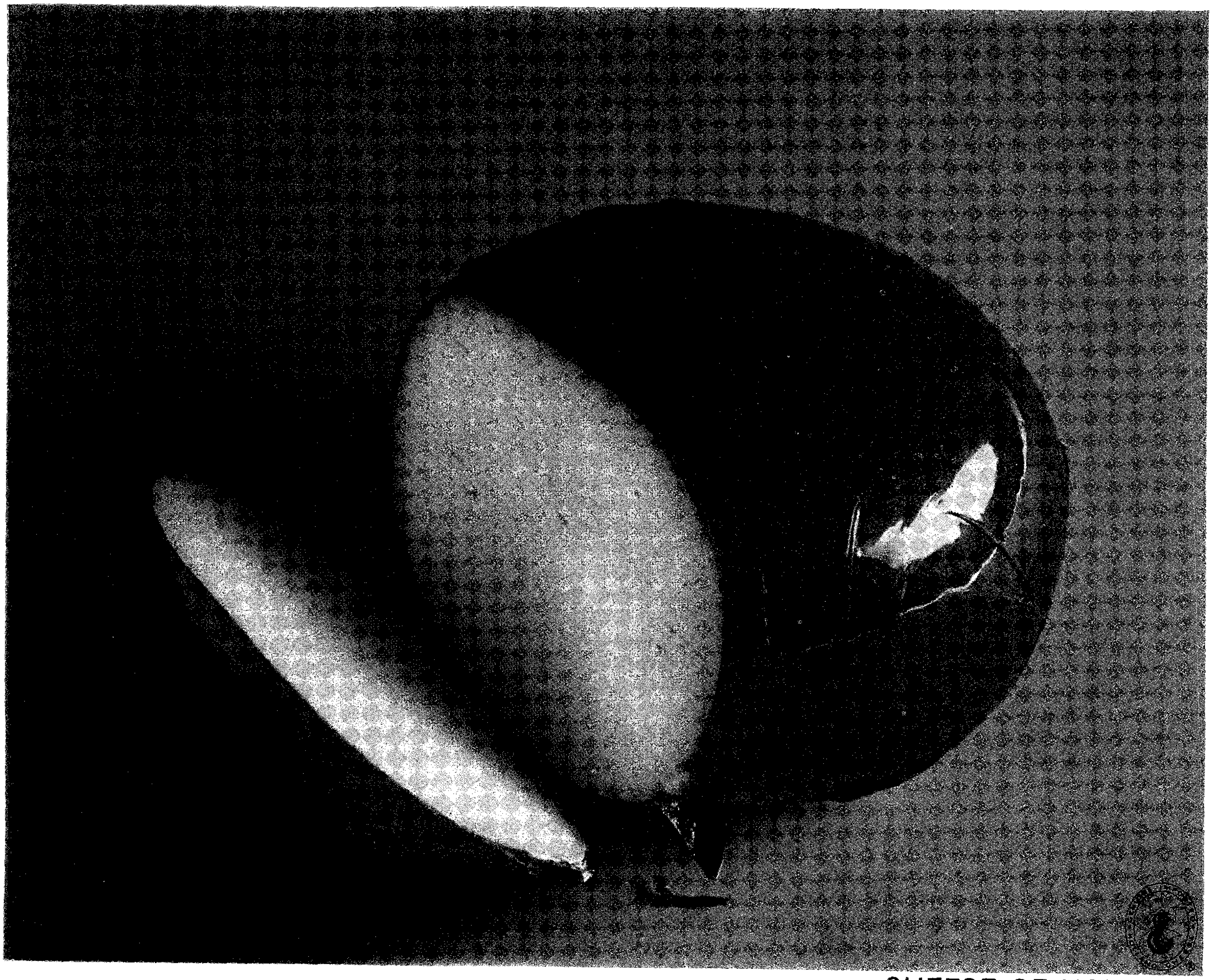
Traditional, floral or proudly plain...choose the one you love

Whatever your temperament, whatever your taste, there's a superb pattern for you in Heirloom® Sterling. Stately, swirling traditionals like Grandeur (left). Romantic florals like Young Love (center). Clean-lined contemporaries like Lasting Spring (right). Select that special one. Start your service. Let family and friends know your preference...A four-piece setting, in patterns shown, costs only $34, Federal Tax included. For name of dealer nearest you and complete brochure on all Heirloom Sterling patterns, just write to Oneida Silversmiths, Dept. NY-11, Oneida, N.Y.

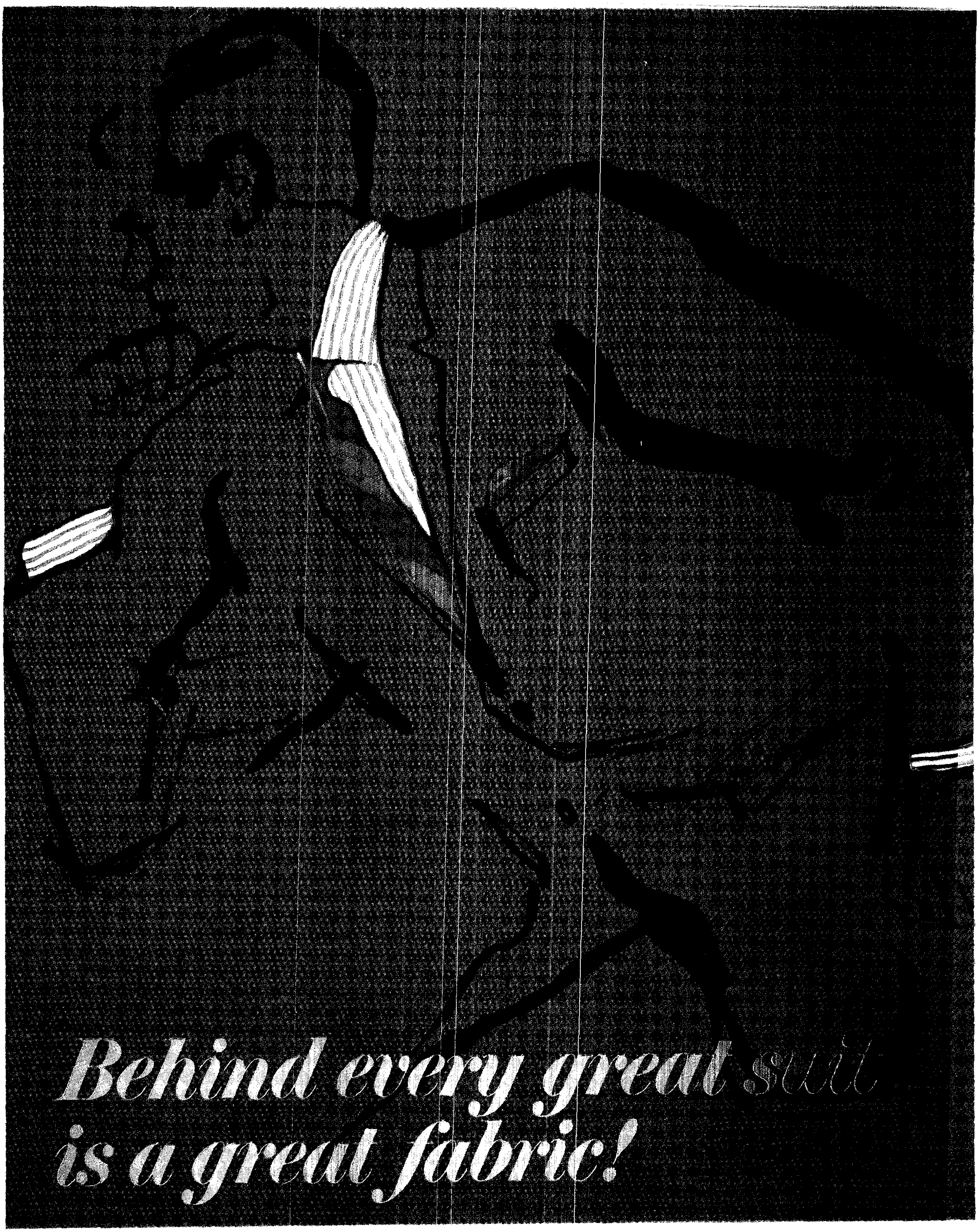
HEIRLOOM STERLING BY Oneida SILVERSMITHS

There is a small city in Holland called Gouda.
That's where creamy, delicate Gouda cheese was born.
There aren't any other cities called Gouda.
There isn't any other real Gouda cheese.

The only real Rembrandts come from Holland, too.



CHEESE OF HOLLAND



MICHAELS STERN CHOOSES RAEFORD TO MAKE FAMOUS COURIER CLOTH®.

No arbitrary choice, this. A fabric as fine as Courier Cloth could only be entrusted to one of the world's finest mills. That's America's own Raeford. And this wisdom of the choice is reflected in the excellence of the product. Trust the manufacturer whose suits are made of Raeford worsteds. He uses great fabrics...to give you great suits. Raeford Worsted Company. A division of Burlington Industries.

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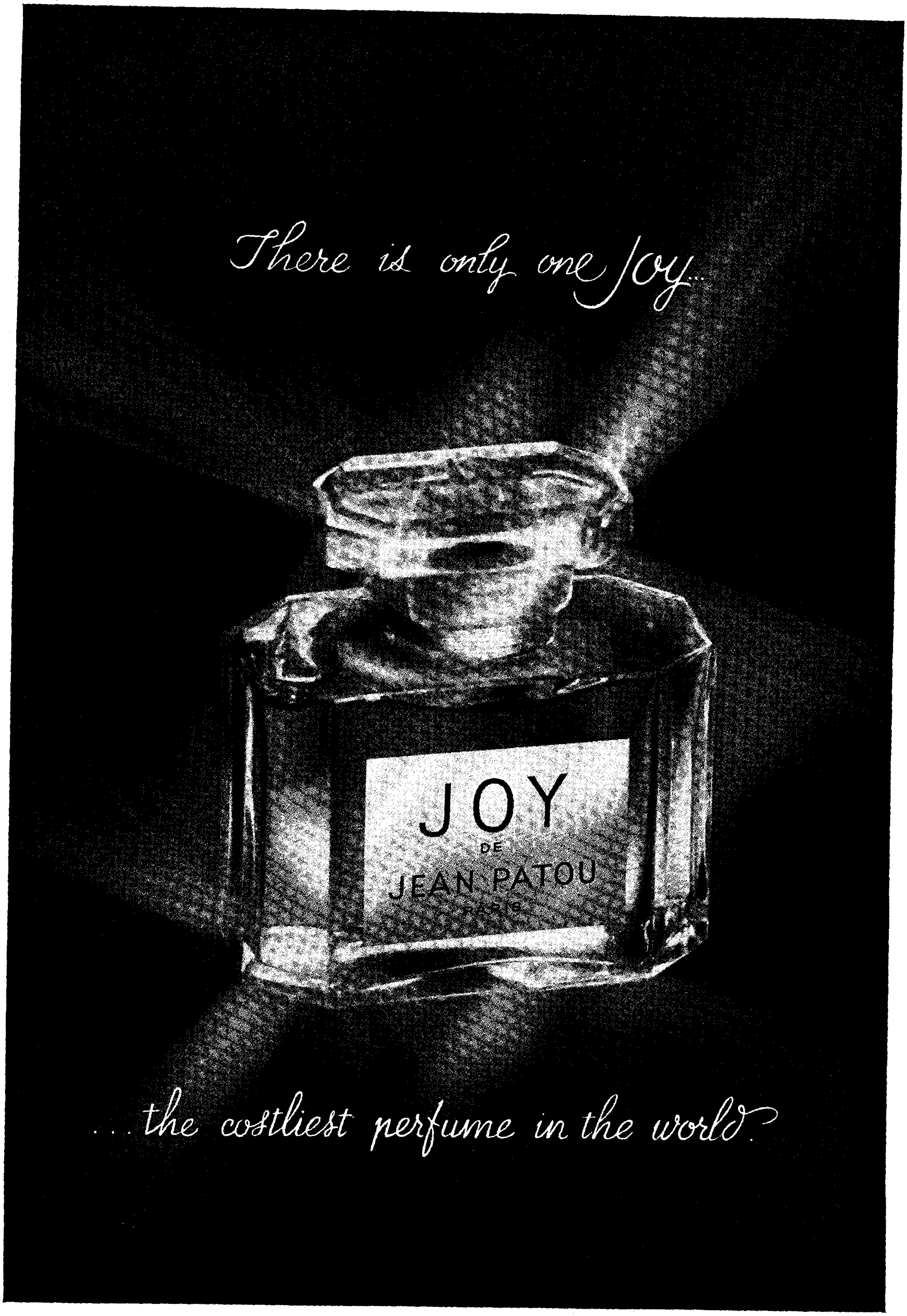
Countess Mara designs for one man in a million

"No man really needs a necktie yet every man can always use some." The truism should be amplified: a man welcomes a Countess Mara tie not because he needs it but because he enjoys it. Enjoys the tonic effect on his appearance. No wonder some men wear a new Countess Mara tie for luck: it's such a happy change. The world-famous designs of Countess Mara range in price from $7.50 to a few exalted masterpieces that sell for as much as $100. All have that indispensable symbol—her embroidered monogram. Countess Mara, 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York

25 YEARS OF CRAVAT FASHION Countess Mara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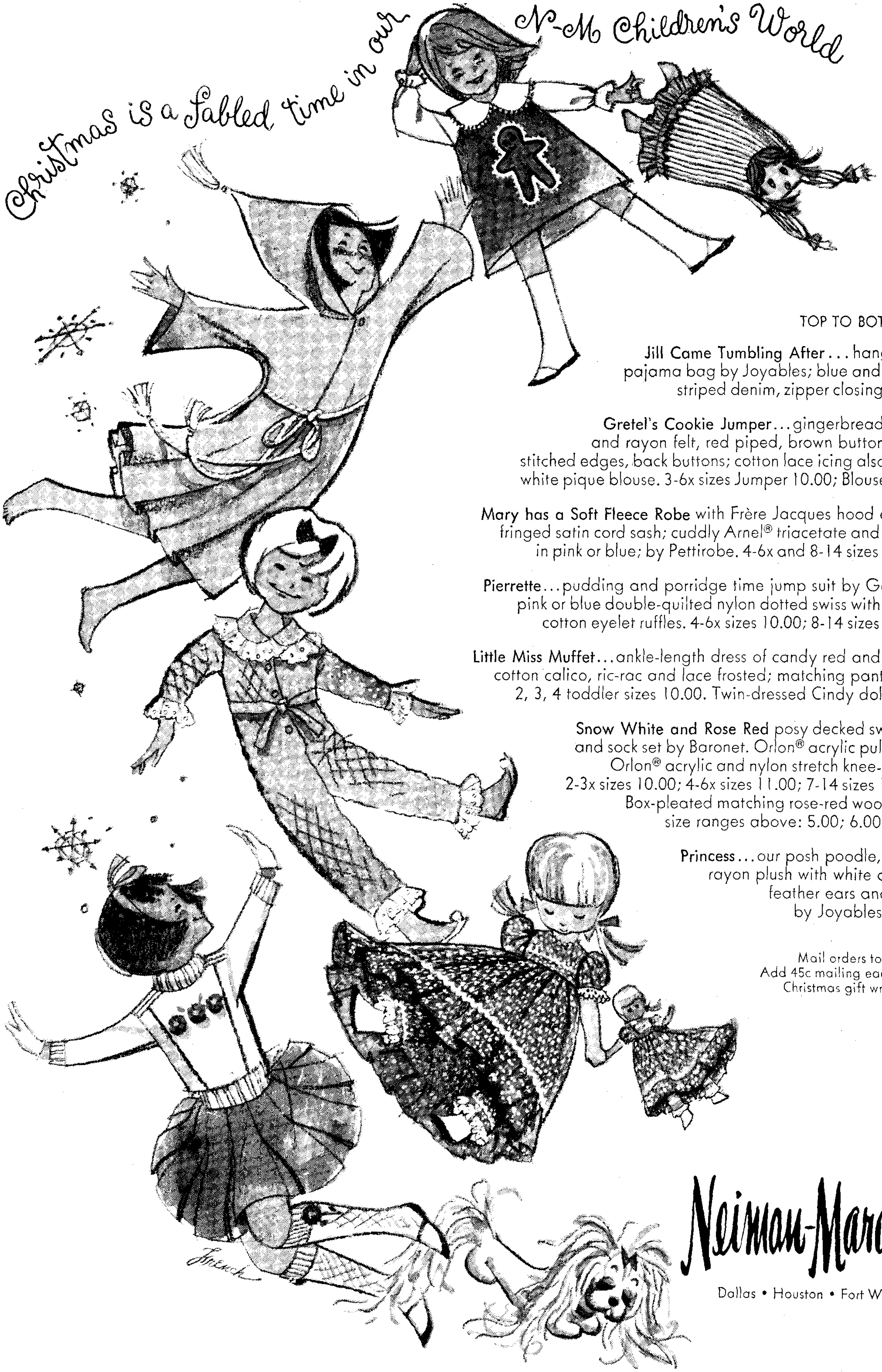
...the costliest perfume in the world.


Christmas is a fabled time in our N-M Children's World
French

TOP TO BOTTOM:

Jill Came Tumbling After... hangered pajama bag by Joyables; blue and white striped denim, zipper closing. 3.00

Gretel's Cookie Jumper... gingerbread wool and rayon felt, red piped, brown button trim, stitched edges, back buttons; cotton lace icing also trims white pique blouse. 3-6x sizes Jumper 10.00; Blouse 6.00

Mary has a Soft Fleece Robe with Frère Jacques hood collar, fringed satin cord sash; cuddly Arnel® triacetate and nylon in pink or blue; by Pettirobe. 4-6x and 8-14 sizes 15.00

Pierrette... pudding and porridge time jump suit by Geisha; pink or blue double-quilted nylon dotted swiss with white cotton eyelet ruffles. 4-6x sizes 10.00; 8-14 sizes 12.00

Little Miss Muffet... ankle-length dress of candy red and white cotton calico, ric-rac and lace frosted; matching pantalets. 2, 3, 4 toddler sizes 10.00. Twin-dressed Cindy doll 8.00

Snow White and Rose Red posy decked sweater and sock set by Baronet. Orlon® acrylic pullover; Orlon® acrylic and nylon stretch knee-socks. 2-3x sizes 10.00; 4-6x sizes 11.00; 7-14 sizes 12.00. Box-pleated matching rose-red wool skirt, size ranges above: 5.00; 6.00; 8.00

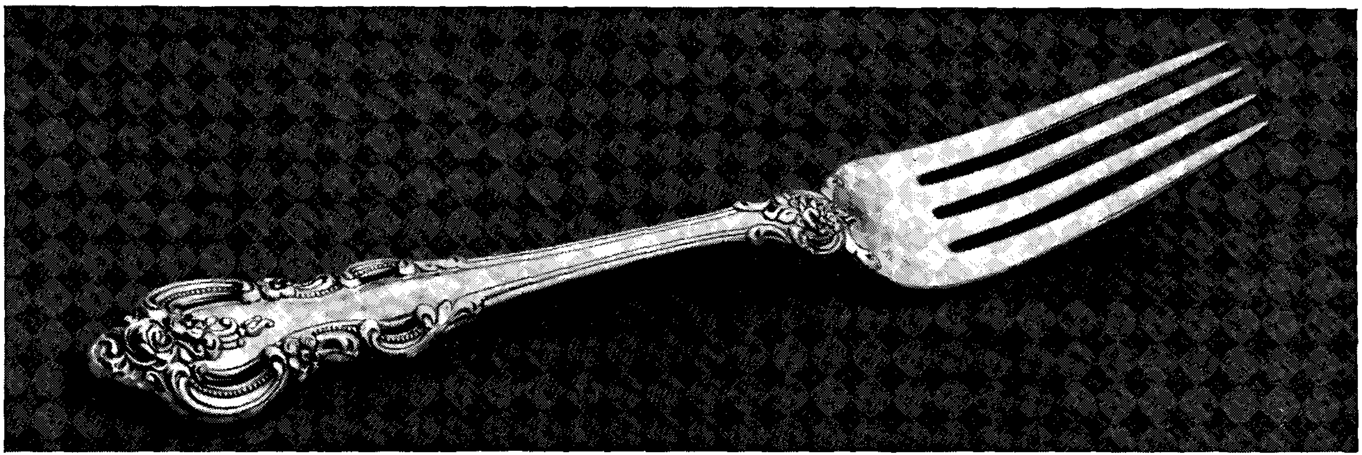
Princess... our posh poodle, white rayon plush with white ostrich feather ears and tail; by Joyables. 8.00

Mail orders to Dallas
Add 45c mailing each item
Christmas gift wrap 75c

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

We made
this sterling
silver tankard
circa 1802.
(It's not for sale.)



El Grandee, 4-piece place setting, $39.25

This sterling silver fork was made at Towle yesterday.

(No extra charge for the 162 years of craftsmanship.)

WILLIAM MOULTON IV made this tankard in almost the exact spot where Towle silversmiths work today in Newburyport, Massachusetts. He also introduced a talented apprentice, Anthony F. Towle, who was to carry on his great tradition.

You can see the Towle tradition of quality and beauty in every Towle piece. You can feel it. You can sense it. For, like its ancestors, every Towle piece is made to be admired—and used. In the dining room. In the breakfast room. You can even put Towle in your dishwasher; its *solid* silver.

Take a good look at Towle before you buy. Study its elegance. Pick up a piece. Balance it. Examine its perfect design, its grace, its grandeur that could come only from the oldest silvermaking tradition in America—it dates from 1690.

But hurry. You've already missed 274 years of great silver.

Legato	Candlelight	Old Master	King Richard	French Provincial	Fontana	Charlemagne	Craftsman	Debussy
$35.75	$35.00	$35.00	$39.25	$35.00	$35.00	$39.25	$35.00	$39.25

Prices for 4-piece place setting (teaspoon, fork, knife, salad fork) including federal tax.

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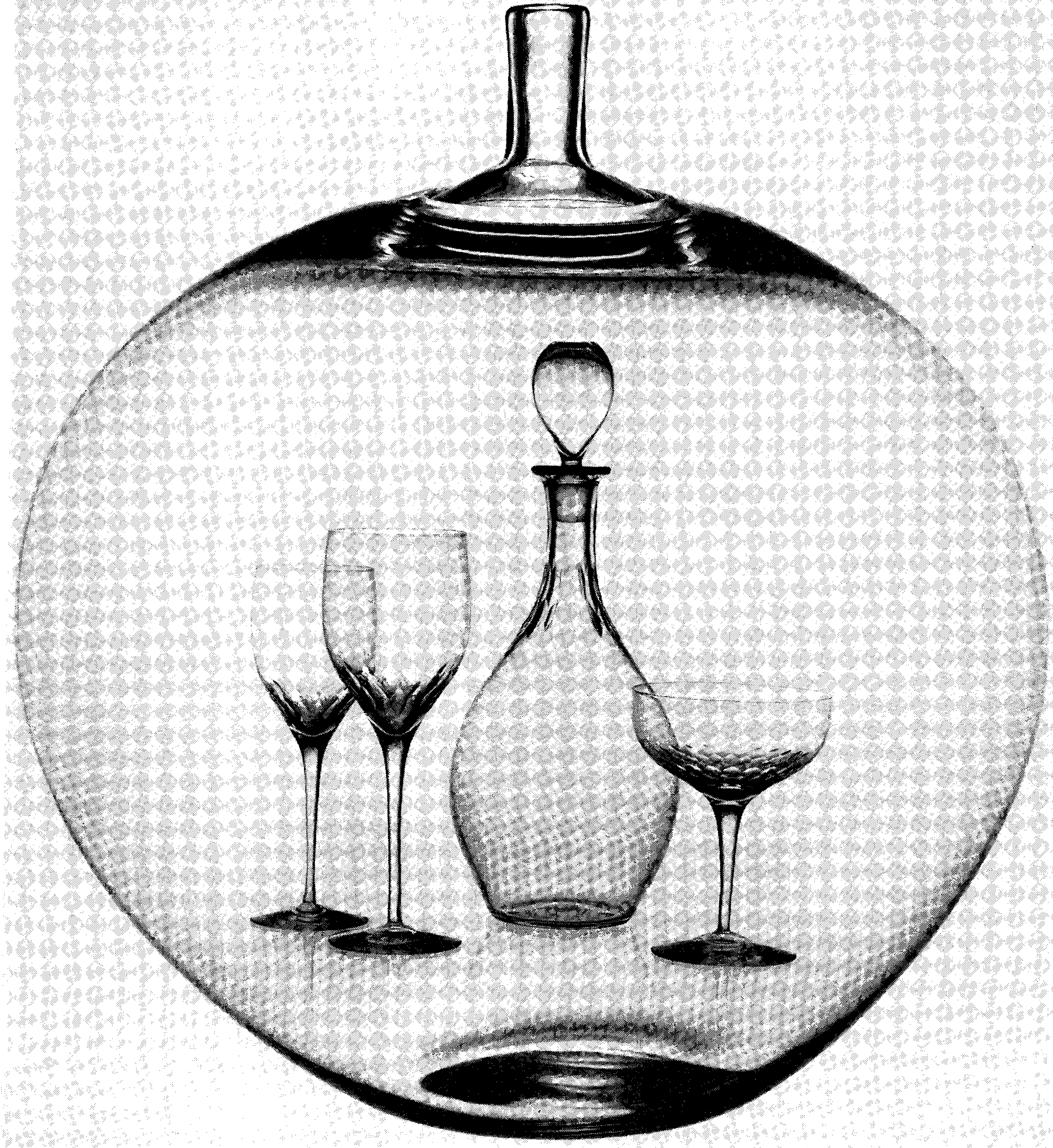

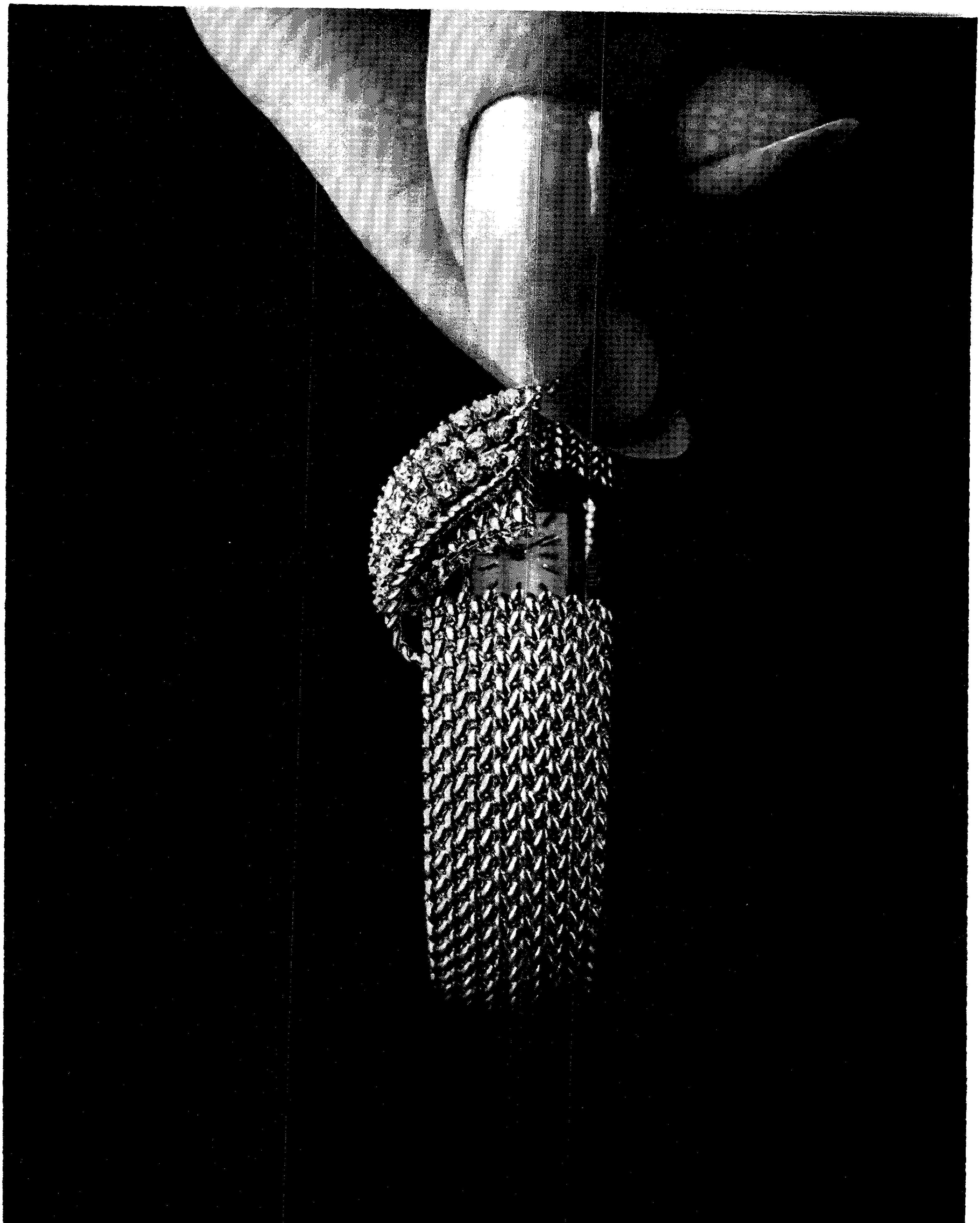

Get her to the church, train, plane, game, dentist's, beauty salon, restaurant, theater and party on time.

Give her Movado—the proud product of a fourth-generation watch family. Winner of 203 international first prize
Movado is inspected more than a thousand times to promise her up-to-the-minute accuracy.
So if suddenly she becomes punctual, by George you did it.

14K gold bracelet cover watch with full-cut diamonds $975. Movado watches for both men and women begin at $75. For brochure and jeweler nearest you, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MOVADO

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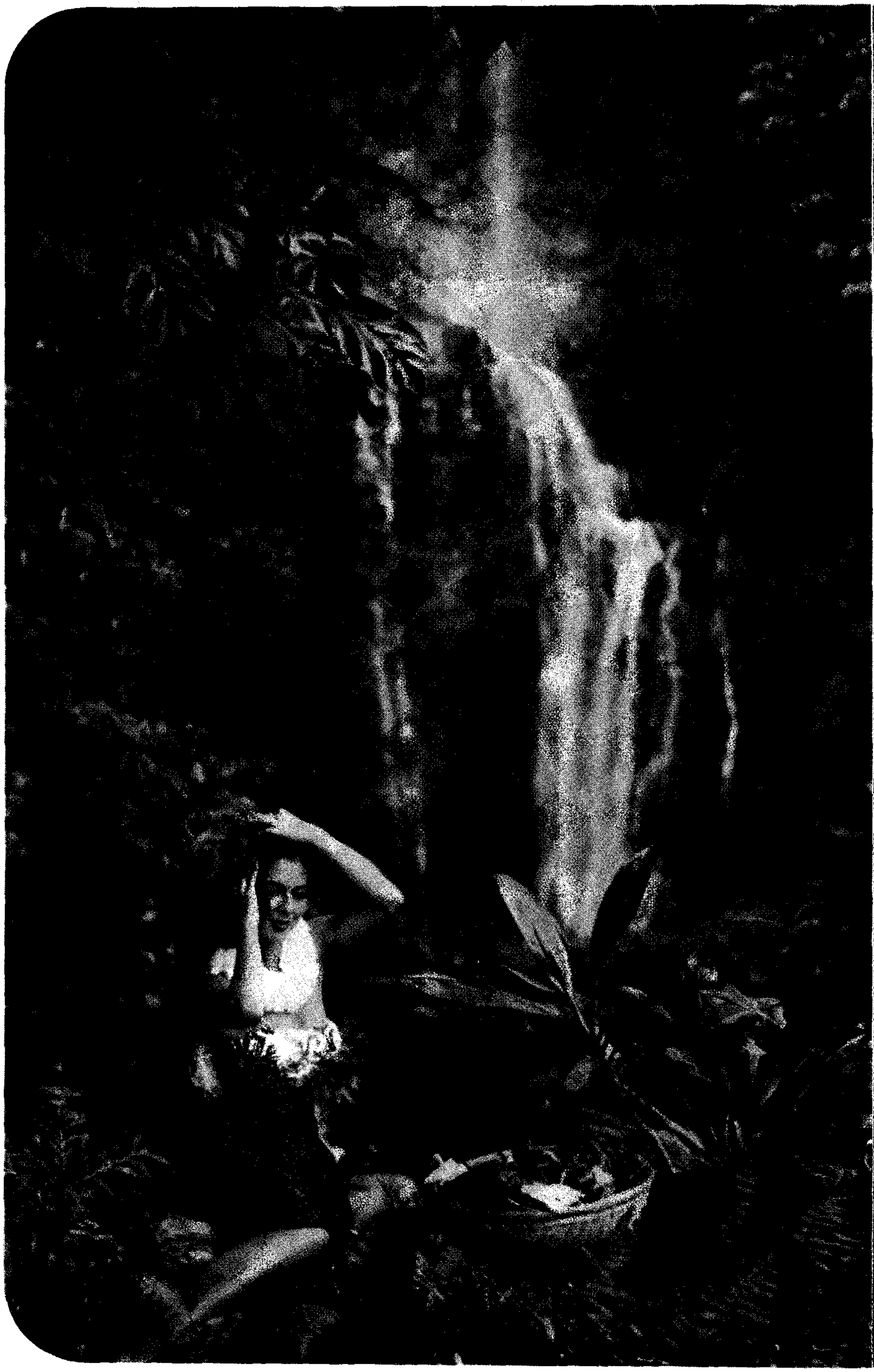
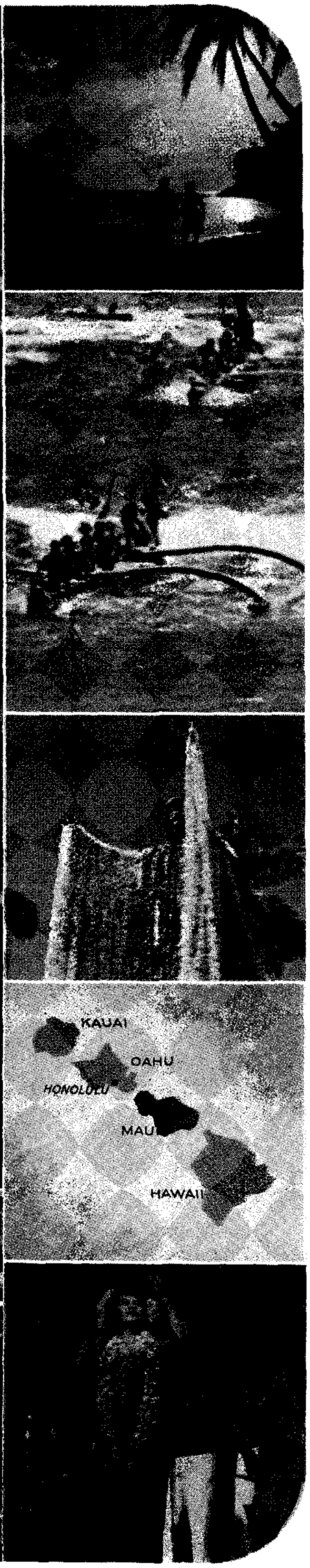




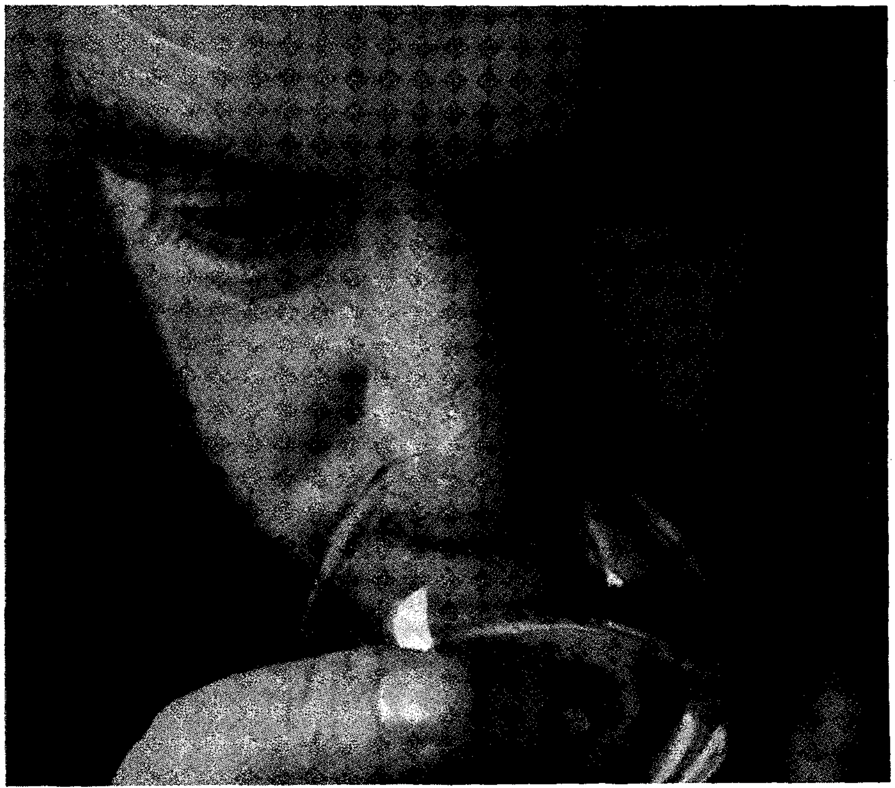
Polynesian beauty at Wailua Falls on Maui

The sorcery starts as soon as you see **MAUI** in the Islands of **HAWAII**

Maui works a special kind of bewitchment — she warms your heart with famous hospitality, then dazzles your eyes with Island beauty. Her spell lasts forever. Happily, Maui and all the Islands of Hawaii are close at hand, within easy reach in time and cost — just 4½ hours by jet, 4½ days by ship from the West Coast. Tomorrow you can be here. ■ *Visit in January or February and escape winter and the crowds. Special events: Chinese and Japanese festivals.*

See Your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or write to **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** Dept. A-3, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815, for full color illustrated folder · Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

This man isn't just sniffing a glass of whisky. He's blending the world's finest Scotch.



You could say George Thomson trained all his life to be our master blender. He began his apprenticeship at 15. He is shown in the Sample Room at our Kilmarnock blending house in Scotland.

Each of the 101 distilleries in Scotland produces a malt whisky that has its own personality and distinctions. It's George Thomson's responsibility to decide which of these "single malts" have the maturity and character to go into Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Using his meticulous, authoritarian sense of smell alone, Mr. Thomson selects more than 40 of the finest of these for rich flavor and smoothness. And he blends them so that the unique flavor of Johnnie Walker Black Label always remains the same.

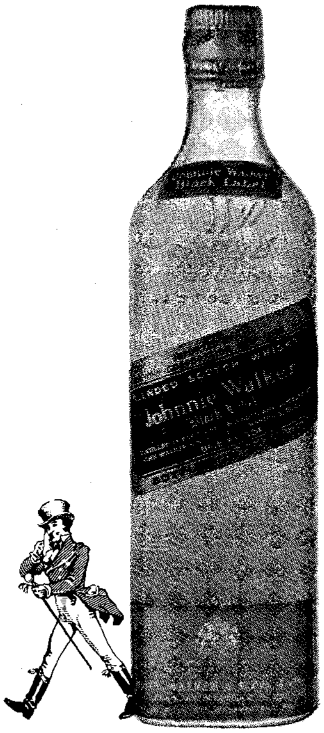
The final step in the master blender's art. To this sumptuous blend of mature, flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Every bottle of this incomparable whisky is a tribute to George Thomson's mastery of the art of making Scotch.

Do you buy premium-priced Scotch? If you're paying for "the best," you really ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Its superiority is recognized throughout the world by authorities who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually rationed there. Fortunately, current U. S. quotas of Black Label permit you to obtain a reasonable supply.

Ask for Black Label tonight. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
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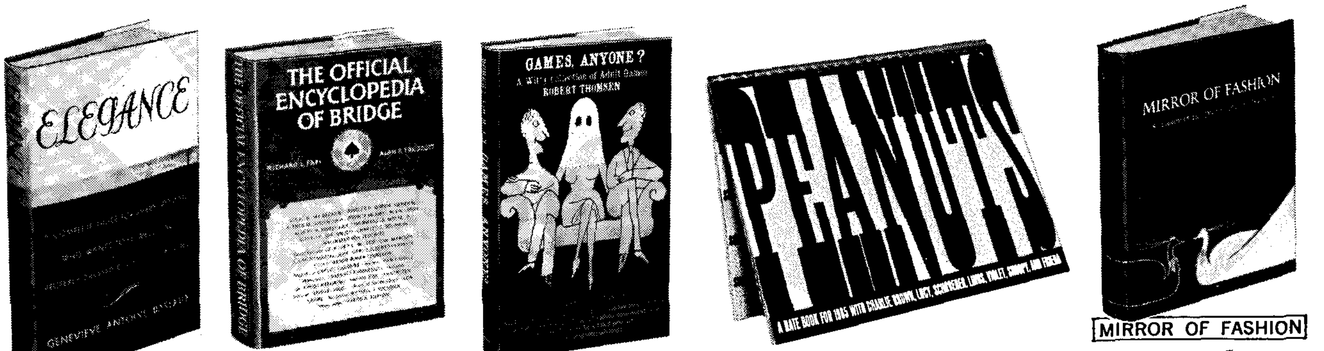
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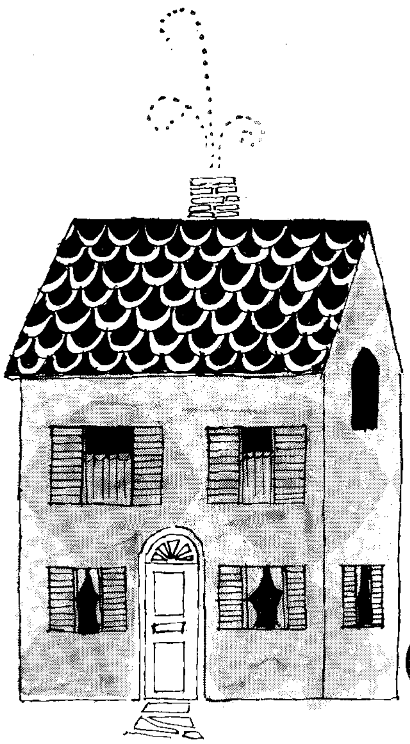

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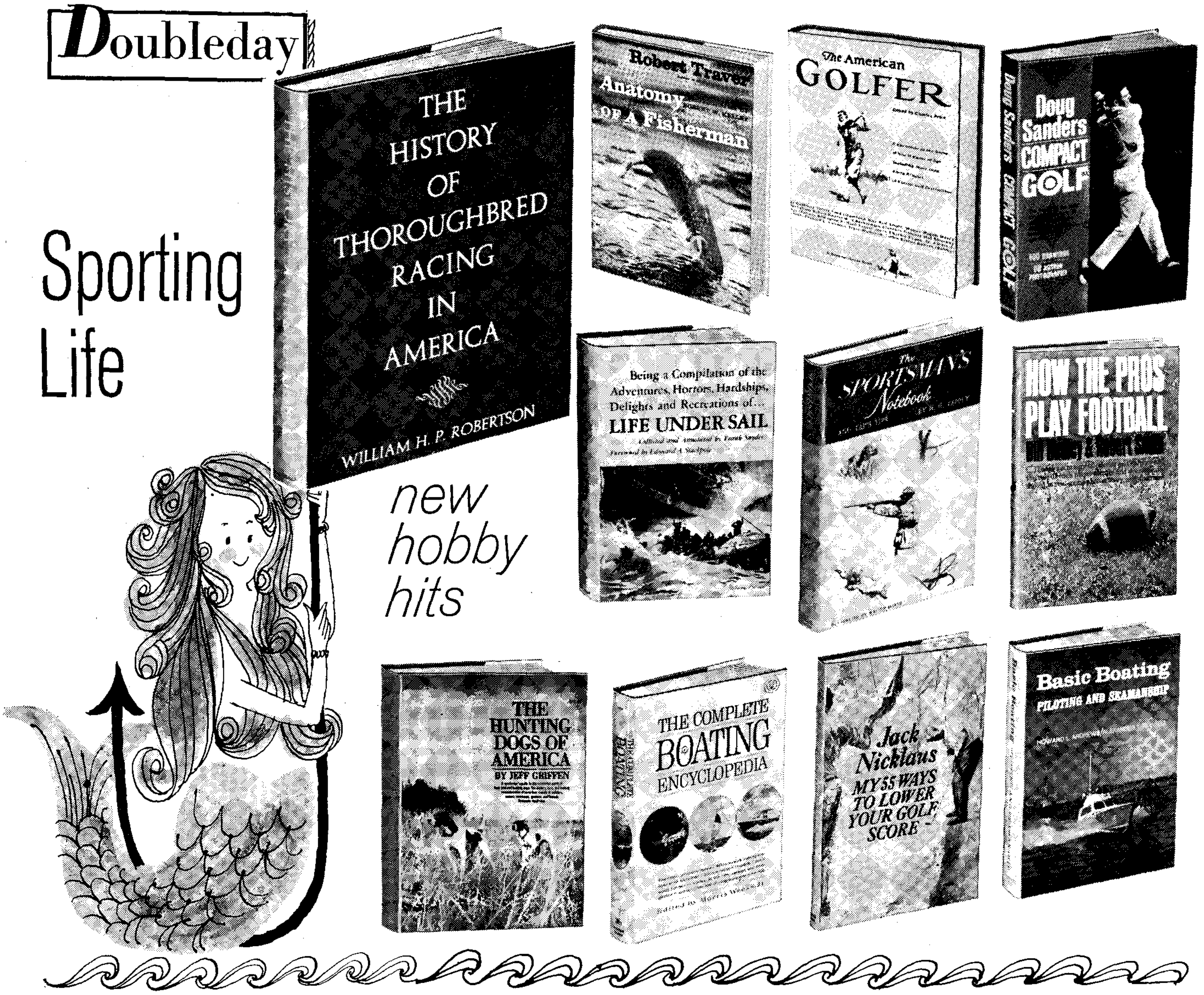
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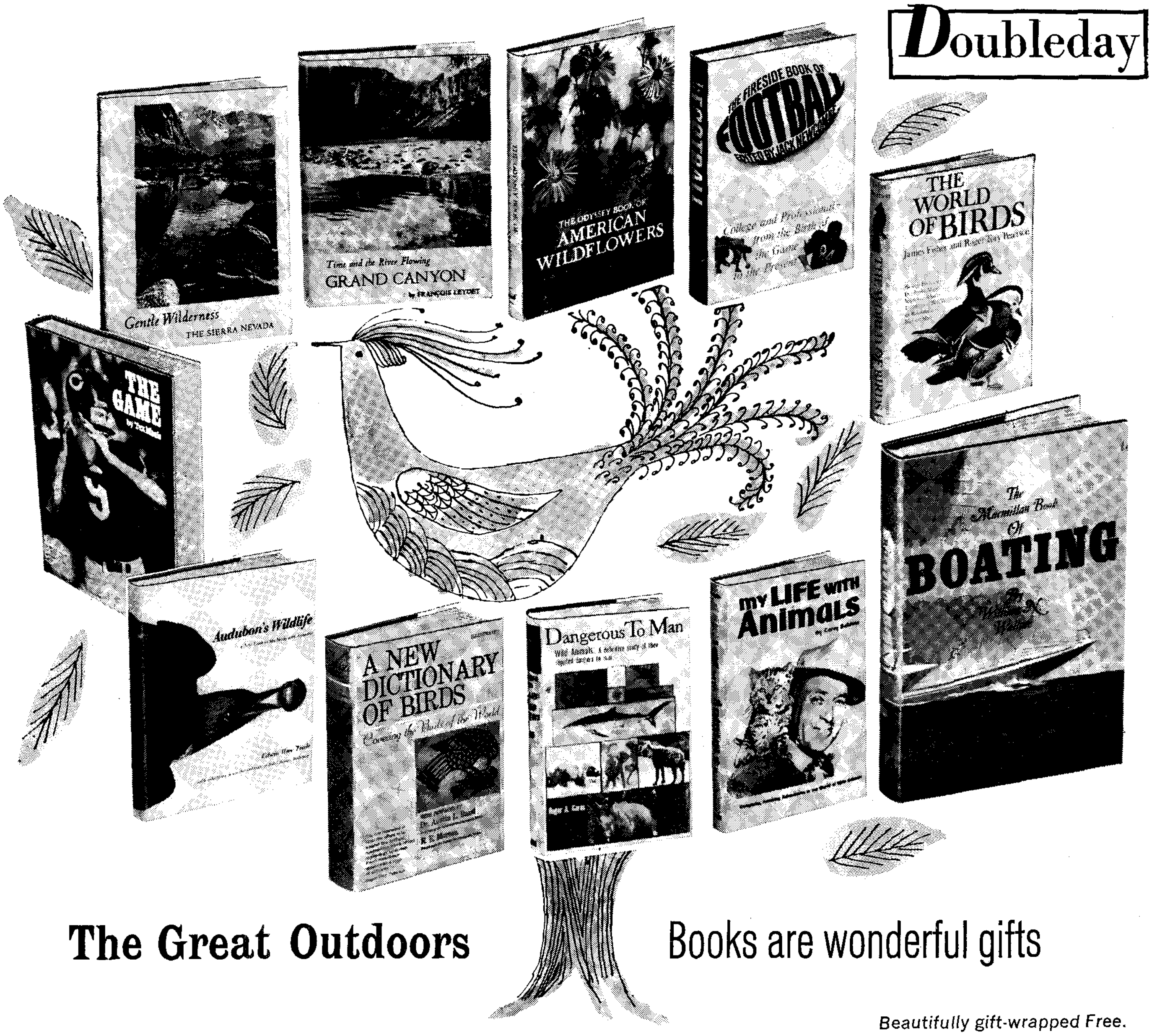
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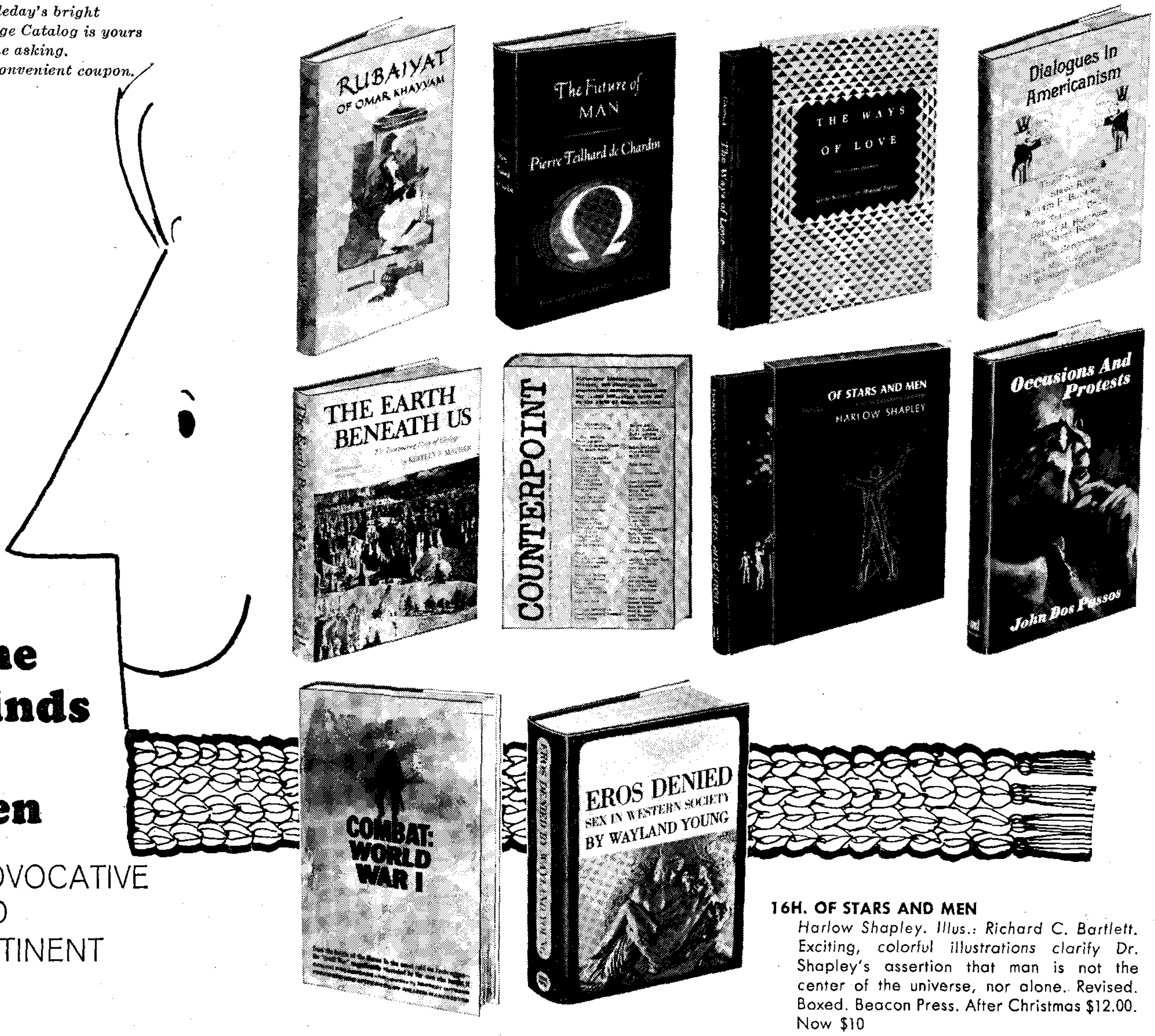

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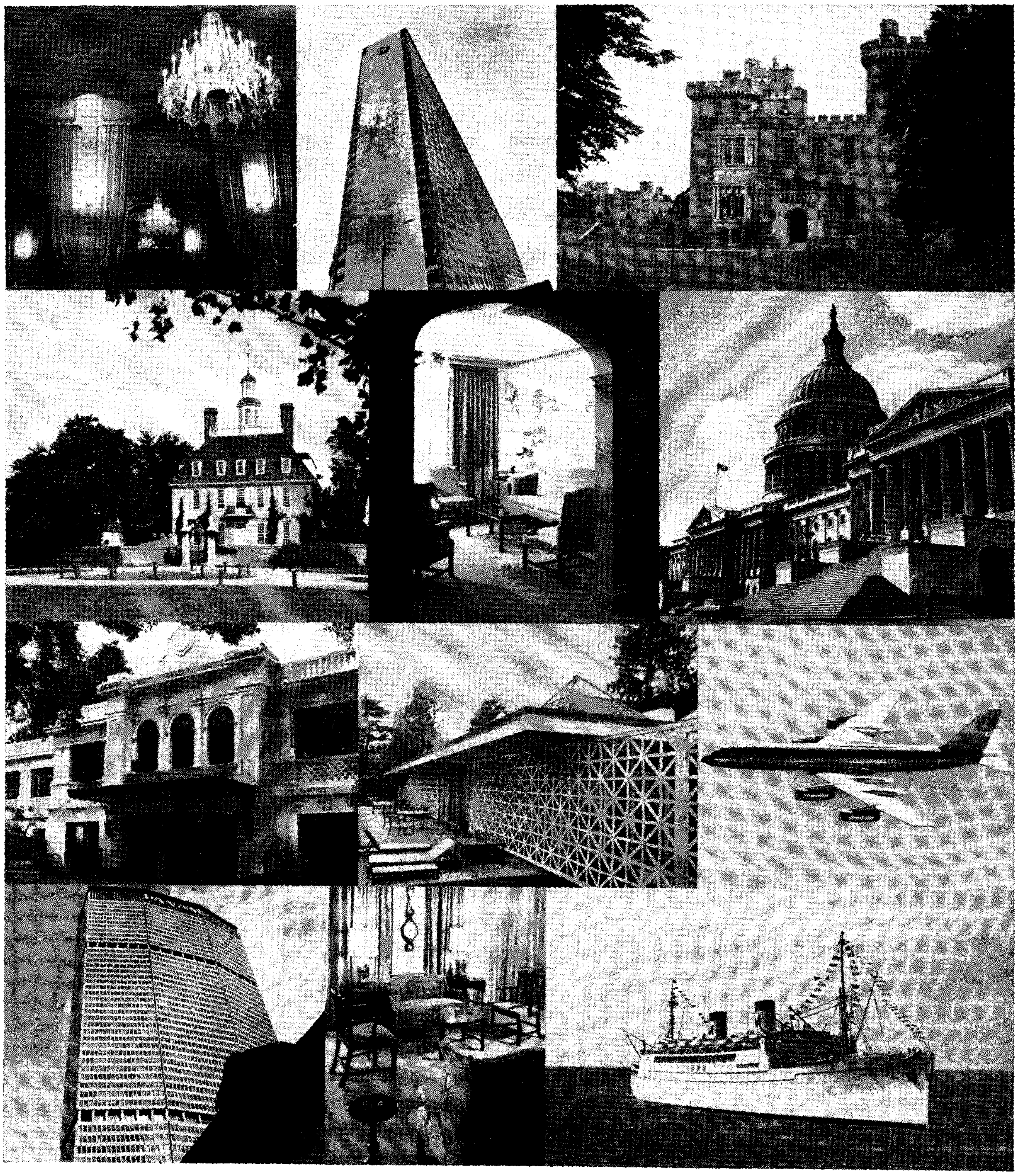

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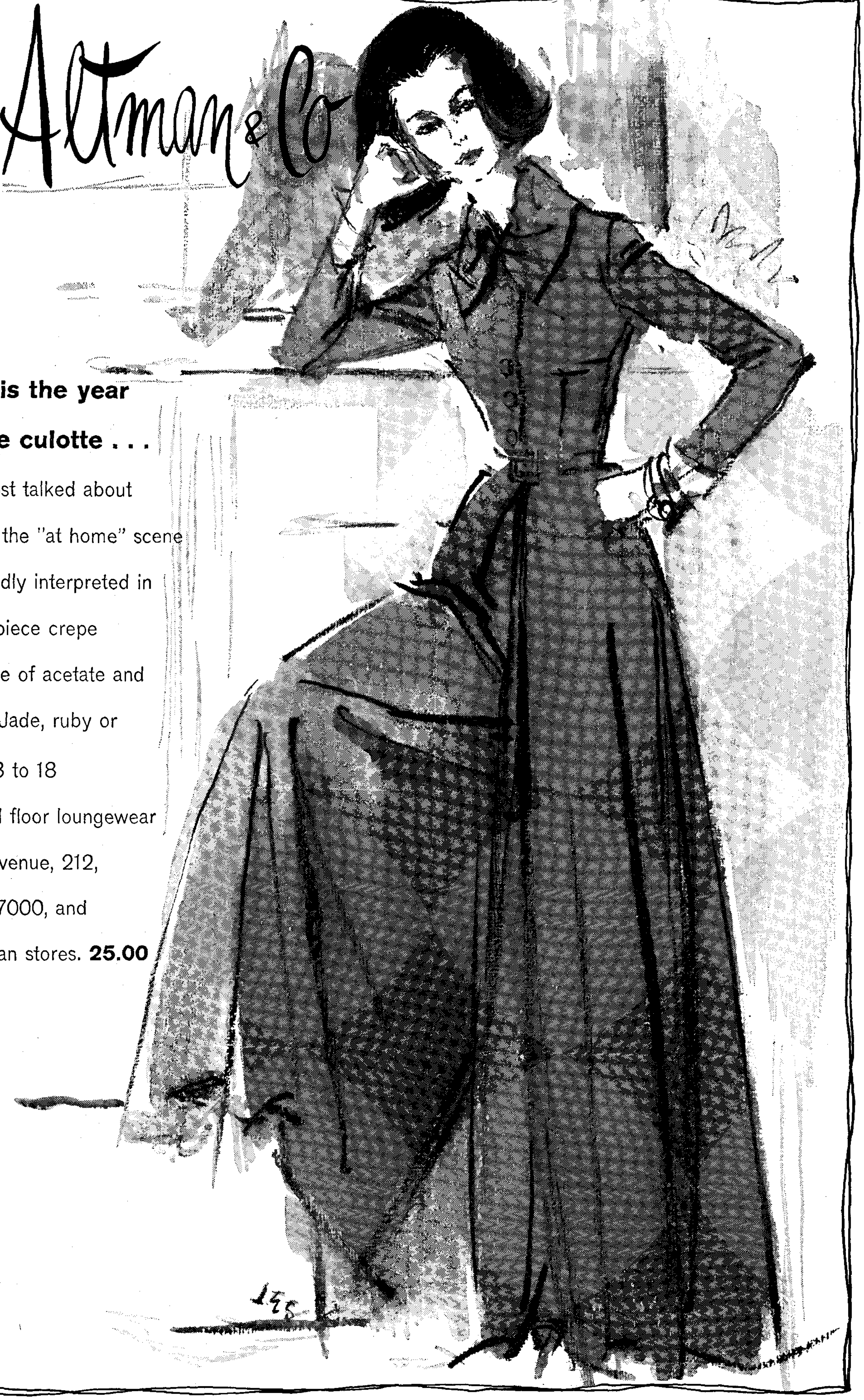

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

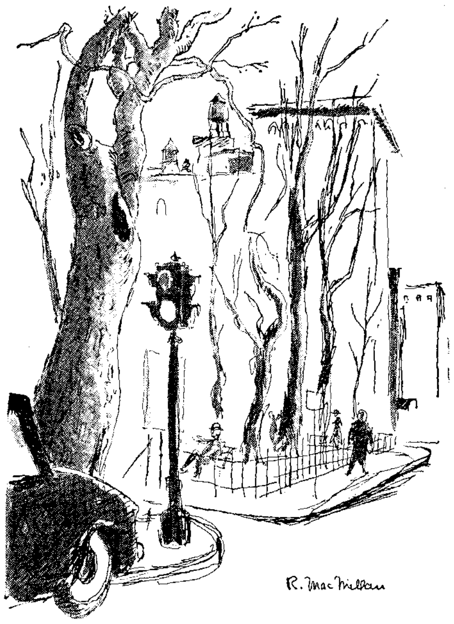
NO BONES ABOUT IT NOTE: Pennco Distillers, of Schaefferstown, Pennsylvania, has just flung on the market a hundred-proof bourbon whiskey called Wild Times.

New Consul-General

THIS department has been saying hello, and goodbye, to His—and later Her—Britannic Majesty's Consuls-General for several decades, and we've just had lunch with the latest incumbent, Mr. Frank S. Tomlinson, who has been a Foreign Service officer since 1934 and a C.M.G. (Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George) since 1954. The distinguished Companion, a big-faced, big-mustached, big-shouldered, sensible-looking man of fifty-two, received us with *his* distinguished—and very pretty—companion, Mrs. Tomlinson, in the apartment, on Beekman Place, that his government maintains for its Consul-General, and we joined the Tomlinsons in a sherry. "My childhood was spent in the lonely, beautiful, romantic country of Yorkshire, on the moors," Mr. Tomlinson said. "I graduated from University College, Nottingham, in 1931, and four years later went to Tokyo as Probationer Vice-Consul. That sounds rather tentative, doesn't it? I stayed in Japan several years—I became Acting Consul in Kobe and Yokohama, and then Vice-Consul—and was back in England when war broke out. I've been here several times—first in 1938, when I was returning to England, and then in 1940, when I was on my way back to the Far East as Vice-Consul in Kobe. I next became Vice-Consul in Saigon, where I was interned for nine months. I was put in a nice house—a bit crowded, but there were servants—and I was only occasionally questioned. I went to San Francisco in 1943 as Director of Pacific Relations in the British Political Warfare Mission; we sent broadcasts to Japan and Japanese-occupied countries in Japanese, Mandarin, Cantonese, Burmese, Malayan, and English. I was Consul in Washington in 1945, and Counsellor of our Embassy there in 1951, in charge of Far Eastern Affairs. I dealt with Dean Rusk, and I also saw a lot of John Foster Dulles. In between these American posts, I served in Manila as Acting Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires, and in the Foreign Office in London. After returning from Washington, in 1954, I spent a year at our Imperial Defence College, which I believe corresponds to your National War College."

A maid refilled the glasses, and we asked our host what he did at the College.

"I was a schoolboy," he said. "I attended a series of lectures. One gets to know people there. Most of our P.M.s have gone there, and many scientists and historians, as well as military men. There are always four Americans there—from the Army, Navy, Air Force, and State Department. One learns to understand the jargon the military use. I'm wearing my I.D.C. tie, as it happens."



We got up to take a closer look at it and descried a dragon bearing a trident. We asked the Consul-General what this signified.

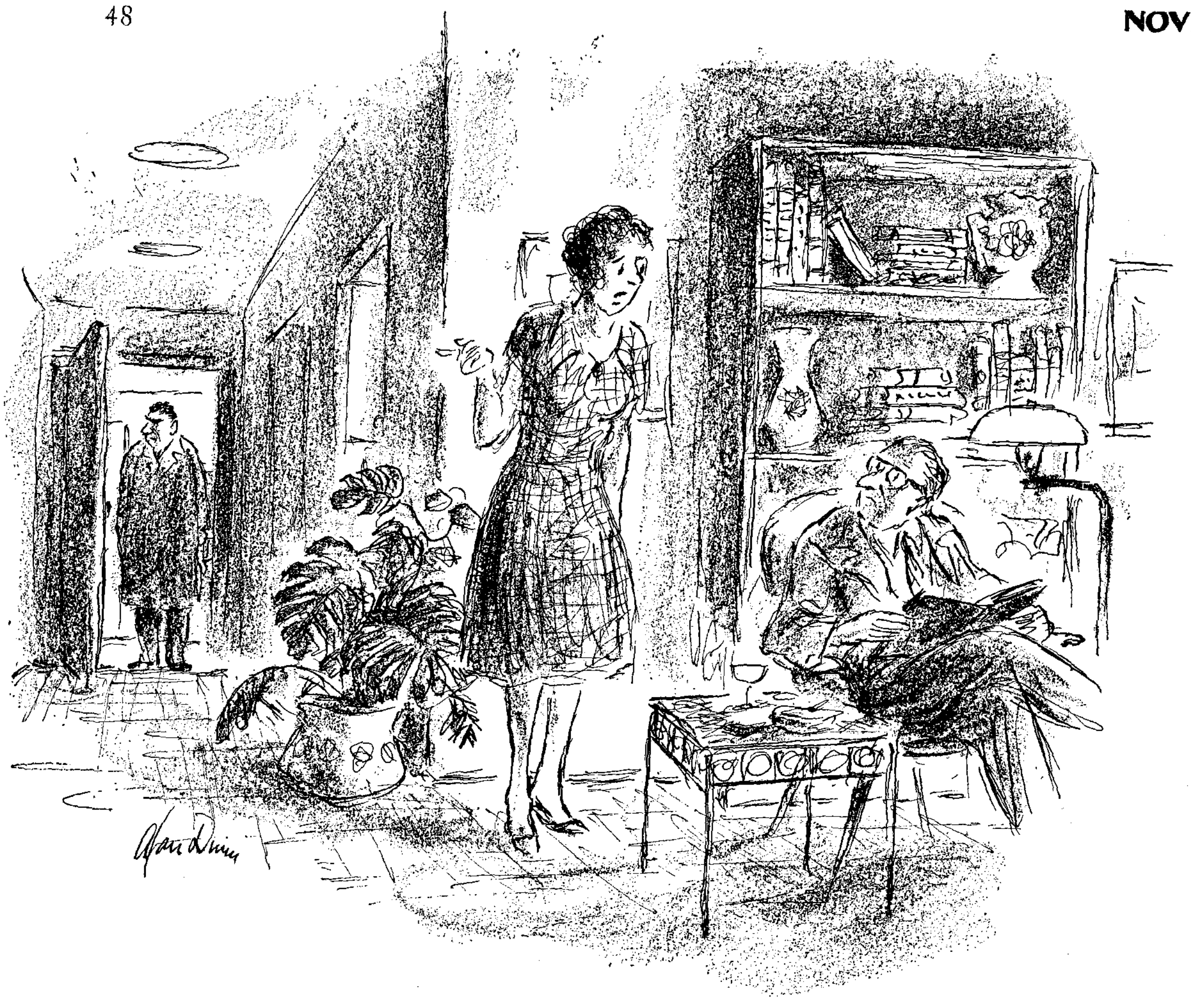
"I haven't any idea," he said, and we followed him and Mrs. T. into the dining room, where we sat down to excellent *prosciutto* and melon, boiled salmon, trifle, and Pouilly-Fumé.

"The marketing here is wonderful, but you have to know that what we call minced meat is ground meat," Mrs. Tomlinson said. "And our drawing pins are your thumbtacks. I had never been here before. It's much cleaner than I expected, and not as rushed, and there aren't as many Martinis. Tommy has brought over fourteen cases of Pouilly; one of his hobbies is wine. Another, which I share, is music. We're going to 'Tosca' tonight."

"My wife is an economist," Mr. Tomlinson said. "Her father retired from the Bank of England when she was ten, and moved to Sydney for the sun. She took her degree at the University of Sydney, with First Class Honors, and went into External Affairs, in Canberra. I met her a few years before I went to West Berlin as Minister and Deputy Commandant. She resigned in order to marry me."

We asked about West Berlin, and Mr. Tomlinson said, "Well, when I went there, in 1959, it was run by the United States, France, and Great Britain; I was the chief civilian on the British side. I left in the spring of 1961, took a holiday, and, in August, resumed work as the United Kingdom's Deputy Permanent Representative to NATO, in Paris. I was the new boy from Berlin, where the Wall had just been built. I worked harder on Berlin in Paris than I did in Berlin."

We adjourned for coffee to a small library, where a canary burst into song. "He's singing for you," Mrs. Tomlin-



"There's a shifty-looking man at the door who wants to know if we'd like some non-fluoridated water."

• •

son said to us, diplomatically. "We've been here two months, and he's hardly sung before. We inherited him from Sir Alan Williams, Tommy's predecessor. We kept calling him Percy, and we've just found out his name is Dusty."

"Perhaps that's why he hasn't sung more," Mr. Tomlinson said.

•

LETTER, *in toto*, from a young lad doing time at a New England academy:

Dear Ma:
I have to write a letter.
Love,
Fred

Pelican

John James Audubon, who had nothing to say about canaries, once wrote of the white pelican, "May this splendid bird wander free and unmolested to the most distant times, as it has already done from the misty ages of unknown antiquity." Well, the white pelican *has* wandered free to distant times (though not unmolested), and while we can't vouch for the misty ages of antiquity, it has wandered to misty places as well. Late on a brilliant autumn afternoon a couple of weekends ago, we drove out to Jamaica Bay, murky with smog and the vaporous outpourings of jets soaring steeply from Kennedy Airport, to check on the report that a white pelican had landed at the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge, which, with twelve thousand acres, takes up most of the bay. White pelicans—as distinct from the smaller, brown pelicans, which pretty much stay put in Florida and the Gulf of Mexico—summer in the northwestern part of the continent, up to the sixty-first parallel, and migrate diagonally across the prairie states to winter along the Gulf. The one at Jamaica Bay is the only white pelican ever sighted within the city limits, though since 1885 there have been seven sightings of white pelicans on Long Island, the largest gathering being at Shelter Island on October 12, 1926, when a flock of six flew in. According to our Roger Tory Peterson "Field Guide," the white pelican (*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*) is a huge bird weighing over fifteen pounds and having a wing span of up to nine and a half feet. The birds are white, with black primary feathers on their wings. "*Habitat:* Lakes, marshes, salt bays, beaches. *Voice:* Adults virtually silent (in colony, a low groan). Young birds utter whining grunts." They are awkward birds, with big heads and ungainly orange-yellow bills.

The fen was salty and breezy; herring gulls and terns skirled and skeeked overhead, and almost every minute a jet plane lofted from Kennedy Airport, made a sharp left over the bay, and hurtled high out over the Atlantic, etching the pale-blue sky with black trails. Jamaica Bay, from the air an unprepossessing mud flat, was alive with tawny colors—the yellows of reed grass, the silvery green of autumn olives, the brownish reds of a plethora of berries. The bay is bisected by a causeway to the Rockaways—Cross Bay Boulevard—which passes over a marshy island, and there we parked. In the parking lot we found Mr. Herbert Johnson, dressed in a green Parks Department uniform with a pair of maple leaves on his lapels, checking the permits of visitors to the sanctuary. Mr. Johnson, a tanned, outdoorsy man, has been superintendent of the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge since its foundation, ten years ago, and during that time he has been host to two hundred and twenty-eight species of birds. The white pelican, which arrived September 26th, had been good for business, Mr. Johnson told us, accounting for a twenty-per-cent increase in visitors to the sanctuary; he said he had checked seven hundred birders through so far that day. A departing birder accosted Mr. Johnson, saying, "A lovely day, well spent," and moved off toward his car, his binoculars jouncing against his leather jacket. We asked Mr. Johnson where we could find the pelican, and he referred us to the West Pond, a fresh-water lake.

Scrambling up a sandy path, we ra headlong into an old acquaintance, Mr Richard Edes Harrison, the cartogra pher, whom we had last seen countin ducks in the Central Park reservoi and who was dressed protectively in marshy colors—brown trousers, red-brown jacket, green tie. He sported a thick mustache and beard, milkweed white, and carried a pair of sticks. "People don't appreciate marshes," Mr. Harrison said, leading us to the top of a knoll that is the highest point in the bay. "I regard them as nature's lawns." Mr. Harrison began fastening his two sticks together, end to end, and we looked at the view. Due west across the dank bog, directly under the lowering sun, was the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, a network of twigs on the horizon; across the smog of Queens, murkier than the swamp, was the Manhattan skyline, a distant forest; and to the south the reedy skeleton of a roller coaster jutted from the low-lying Rockaways. Mr. Harrison lashed his binoculars to the upper end of the two sticks. "A monopod," he explained. "I made it from the light wood of the century plant. You need a monopod to steady ten-power binoculars." We asked him to tell us what he saw, and he obligingly peered into the rushes. "Black duck," he reported. "Mallards. Green-wing teal. Baldpate. Pintails. One red-head duck. Ruddy duck. Brant. Thousands of greater and lesser scaup. The greater scaup is the English sparrow of the duck world." We borrowed the glasses to see if we could spot the pelican, but just as we got them into focus, Mr. Harrison snatched them back, saying, "Oops! There go some widgeons."

We left Mr. Harrison to his widgeons and hastened along the path, meeting a number of homing bird watchers, all with cameras or binoculars, or both, slung around their necks, and all dressed in muted corduroys, gabardines, or tweeds. One lady, Mrs. Martin Rakow, told us, "I'm a photographer. I don't know anything about birds. I photograph people watching birds. I can't tell one bird from another. They all look like ducks to me."

Presently, we found a white-haired lady, in a reddish-brown skirt and a black parka, seated on a log by the shore of the West Pond. She was Mrs. Robert Kaufmann, and she was training her binoculars on a flock of five snow geese—rare in these parts—which had waddled to within ten yards of where she sat. Mrs. Kaufmann introduced us to her granddaughter, Miss Kathleen Marx, who told us of a dead bird, a lesser yellowlegs, farther out on the path. We asked about the pelican, and Mrs. Kaufmann reported that just a little while before, a group of boys had chased it away from the West Pond with stones.

We hurried back along the path to the parking lot, where we reported the disappearance of the pelican to Mr. Johnson. "I saw him winging over Cross Bay Boulevard ten minutes ago," he said. "He's probably settled down on the East Pond."

Mr. Johnson offered to go with us to the East Pond, but first he showed us the sanctuary's register, in which birders daily catalogue their finds. We glanced at some entries for the preceding day:

Eared Grebe, Horned Grebe, European Widgeon, and about 45 others.
Snowy Owl. Flying & perched on sign in Tern Colony—West Pond.
1 Redhead Duck.
10 Hooded Merganser.
1 Eared Grebe.
7 Horned Grebe.
646 Ruddy Duck.
Owl—Bird passed directly over our heads & had every field mark of a snowy owl.
PELICAN!!!

We headed for the East Pond, and when we reached it, a dirty subway train rattled across a causeway on its far side. Small canvasback and black ducks, as immobile as decoys, flecked the pond, and in their center, like a wisp of whipped cream, floated the pelican, its huge question mark of a head folded against its feathery back, the tip of its yellow bill lolling in the water.

"I saw him soaring this morning," Mr. Johnson said. "His wings were outstretched, motionless. Then he got caught in a thermal, and shot hundreds of feet straight up in the air—a wonderful sight."

The pelican spread its wings, stood up in the water, and lumbered over a tussock of marsh grass. It crashed into the water on the other side, scattering ducks in all directions.

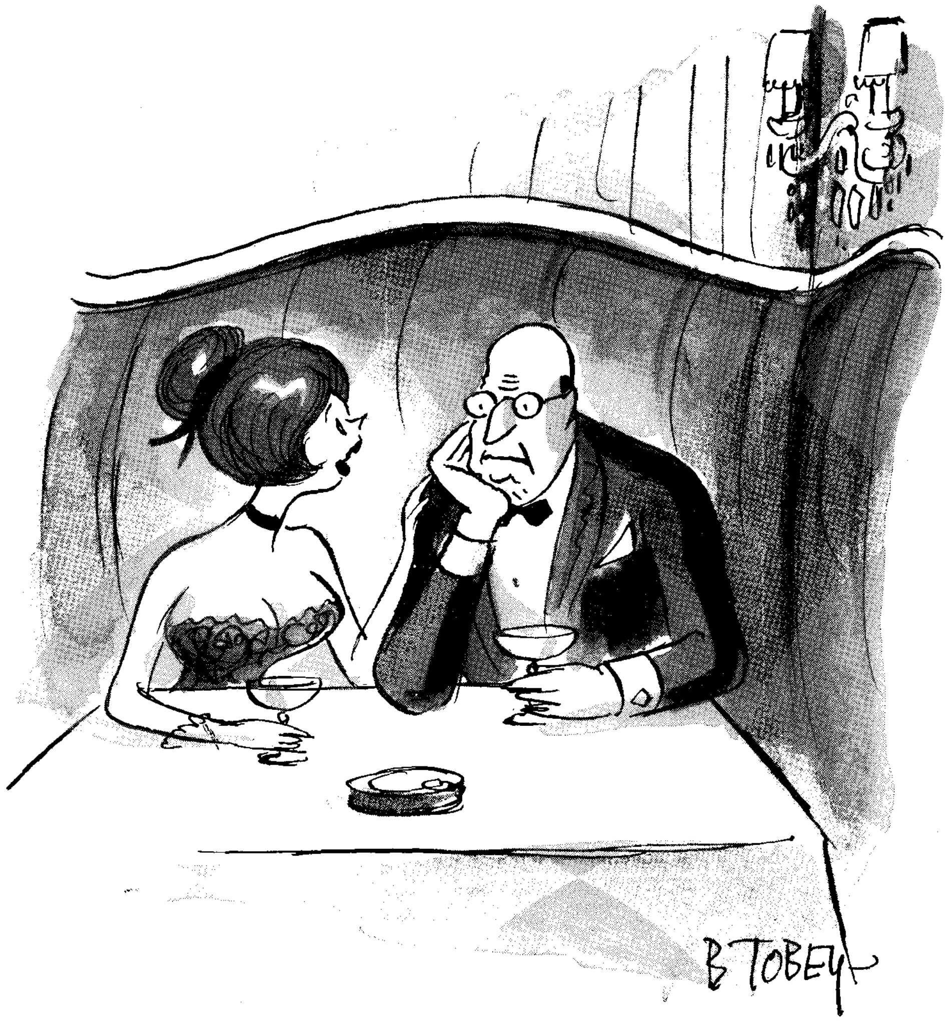
"I hope he leaves before the bay freezes," Mr. Johnson said. "I wouldn't want him to suffer."

•

THE menu of the two Soup Burg, Inc., luncheonettes, in the East Seventies, features "Freshly Poured Orange Juice."

Anonymous Art

WE thought we'd bring you up to date on the Anonymous Arts Recovery Society, the group of brawny, public-spirited New Yorkers who spe-



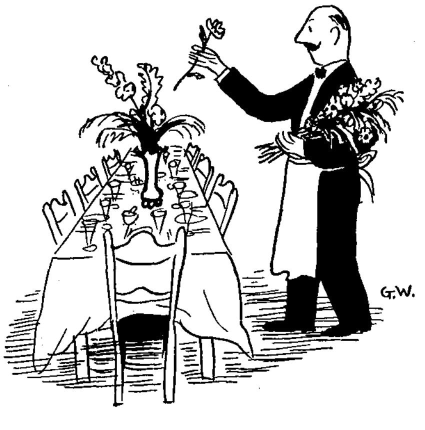
"After all, look at Y.A. Tittle. He's not so young!"

cialize in rescuing architectural sculptures and other ornaments from the rubble of demolished buildings. Incidentally, it's the art objects that are anonymous, because they usually don't belong to any identifiable period or school, and not the members, who are perfectly explicit about *their* period and school. As everybody knows, the destruction of Victorian New York has been accelerating in the two years since we last reported on this effort, and the Society, under the energetic leadership of its founder and president, Ivan C. Karp, has stepped up its activities to meet the challenge. Membership has increased, and Mr. Karp has bought a small pickup truck for the Society's use. The salvage work, which was previously confined to Manhattan, now extends to Brooklyn and the south Bronx. The Society was recently granted tax-exempt status as a non-profit institution, enabling it to dangle a new kind of bait before its natural enemies, the demolition contractors; if a man is willing to preserve an important piece of sculpture for posterity, he can now donate it to the Society and deduct its value, which is set by an expert from the Society, from his income tax. Most important of all, the Society has found a permanent repository for its accumulated treasures—no mean feat when you consider that some of them weigh as much as two tons. About five hundred choice pieces—heads, caryatids, columns, capitals, ornamental carvings, figures in bas-relief—are to occupy a specially designed sculpture garden currently under construction at the back of the Brooklyn Museum. When the garden opens, next summer, it will provide a unique survey of late-nineteenth-century architectural embellishment, which is elsewhere vanishing rapidly beneath the bulldozer and the wrecking ball.

"We think it's terribly important that some traces of the old city should be visible to the general public," says Mr. Karp, an ebullient dark-haired man who crackles with stored-up energy. "Civil War and earlier buildings are pretty well protected by established groups, so we have concentrated on the period from 1875 to 1910—a moment in American architecture and decorative arts that has been completely uncelebrated. The stones we save are both art objects and a historical record of one of the greatest building booms New York has ever known—a tumultuous and exciting time. They also represent the end of artisanship—individual stone-carving—and the last applications of ornament to classically oriented buildings. The clichés of modern geometric architecture have been pushed too far in recent years; we live surrounded by cold, vicious buildings that have no individuality. One craves an embellishment of surfaces, a better use of concrete, stone, and ornamental metals, to achieve some human warmth. We hope that our sculpture garden will get people thinking about the importance of texture in architecture once again."

One day last week, upon stopping by at the Leo Castelli Gallery, on East Seventy-seventh Street, of which Mr. Karp is the director, we found him enmeshed in a Byzantine intrigue involving a competitor and a demolition contractor. Between phone calls, he informed us that he was desperately trying to save a stone sculpture at the top of a garage on West Ninety-third Street that had been scheduled for destruction that very afternoon. The demolition contractor had indicated that he was prepared to reduce the sculpture to fragments unless Mr. Karp could come up with a considerable sum of money. "I'm negotiating on the price and trying to raise funds, because this is really something special—a vintage automobile with two men in driving goggles peering over the radiator," said Mr. Karp. "The building was one of the first garages in the city; it was built in the style of a Florentine *palazzo*. I'm trying to get the car for Brooklyn, and I've offered the contractor a tax deduction and some cash for the salvage work, but I've just learned that he is also negotiating with people from the Stryckers Bay housing project. They want to incorporate the sculpture into a wall of one of the apartment buildings that will be put up on the site of the garage, which is not a bad idea."

Mr. Karp made several more phone calls, and finally obtained some assurance that the stone car would be saved. "The situation is still murky, but I think there is light at the end of the tunnel," he said. "Demolition is such a desperately competitive business that the people involved in it are apt to be cynical and devious. If you succeed in striking the right note with them, it's generally by offering cash. My usual procedure is to negotiate directly with the foreman on a unit basis, but even that is getting alarmingly expensive. Things that used to go for between five and twenty-five dollars now often cost three times as much. We recently paid a hundred and fifty dollars for a magnificent cast-iron fox from south of the Brooklyn Bridge, and two hundred dollars apiece for four stone atlantes from a town house in the East Sixties—but they were a special case, because they had to be removed by crane. This tax-deduction thing may help us a lot, once we get the contractors to accept the idea. But it's going to be a long, slow educational process."

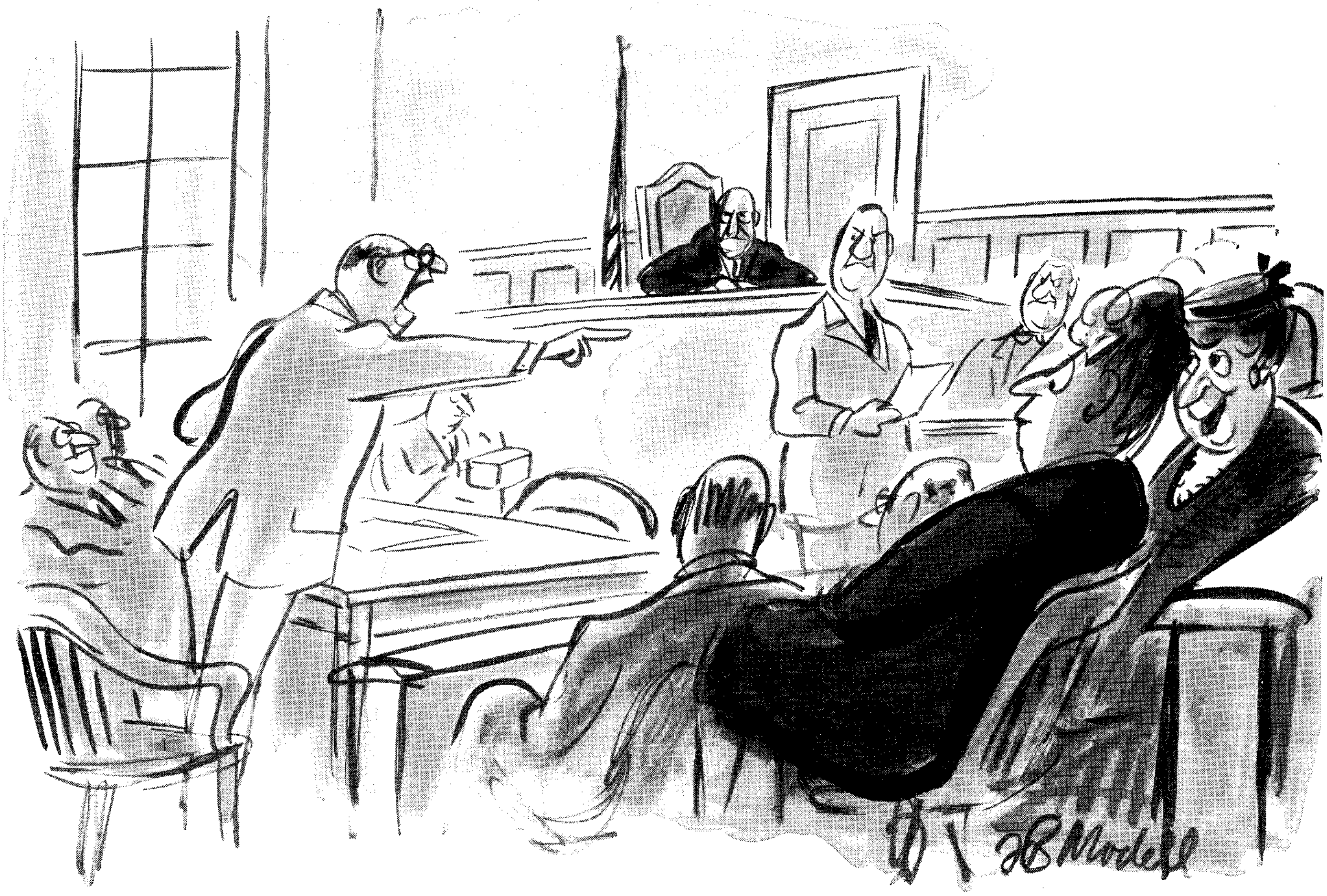


Mr. Karp added that there were occasional exceptions to this dismal state of affairs. "Only last week, some of the workmen who were remodelling the façade of the building on Bleecker Street that Louis Sullivan designed saved the ornamental capitals for their own back yards," he said. "They suspected the capitals might be valuable, and I'm happy to say that six of them are now out at the Brooklyn Museum. Perhaps you'd like to drive over there and see them and the rest of our collection?"

We said we would, and as we got into Mr. Karp's car, he asked us if we'd like to take a look at some potential additions to the sculpture garden on the way to Brooklyn. We said yes to that, too. "I keep a list of ornamented buildings that are scheduled for demolition, and I check on my favorites every now and then to make sure they're still around," he said. "The Society patrols the side streets of the city constantly, on the alert for any sudden destruction that may take place."

Our first stop was a shabby brick apartment house on West Twenty-seventh Street ornamented with three grotesque brownstone heads—one winking, another with its tongue lolling from the side of its mouth, and the third showing a full set of teeth in a grimace. "These are among the most remarkable caricatures in New York," said Mr. Karp, looking up at the heads with great affection.

Driving south, we passed two iron horses' heads on Twenty-fifth Street, a cherub over the doorway of the George Washington Hotel, and a heroic terra-cotta angel in bas-relief at the top of a tenement on Fourteenth Street. "Now, this building is a real masterpiece," said Mr. Karp, pulling up in



"It may have been irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial, but it certainly was juicy."

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front of the Streit Matzoth Company, at the corner of Rivington and Suffolk Streets. "Here are two rows of really great heads, which reflect tremendous personality." We looked up and were slightly unsettled to meet the eyes of a broad, high-cheekboned face that looked secretly amused. "These I very much covet, because I'm sure they're portraits," said Mr. Karp. "Of whom I have no idea. Fictional characters? Local politicians? Friends of the sculptor? This building won't be coming down for quite a while, but I'm keeping my eye on it. These eccentric pieces are fine works of art, and we're prepared to fight for them when the time comes."

We whizzed by a pair of dignified lions and a cherub entwined with a serpent on St. Marks Place, a tiny grinning head over a doorway at 291 East Fourth, and a row of narrow Gothic faces at the corner of Broome and Ludlow, and stopped in front of a six-story brick building at 76 Jefferson Street, which was ornamented with several rows of crumbling medieval warriors. "Pseudo-Merovingian," said Mr. Karp proudly. "This place will be coming down fairly soon for a housing project, and I hope to put up the warriors in Brooklyn as a unit."

When we arrived at the Museum, Mr. Karp led us around to the back of it and showed us a forest of ornamental sculpture spread out over a small, grassy lot near the building's heating plant. Sullivan's capitals and a few other choice pieces were sheltered by an overhanging roof, but the rest of the stone fragments were scattered around like pieces of a gigantic picture puzzle. A light rain had started to fall, and Mr. Karp, looking worried, told a Museum official that the low-relief plaques would have to be stood upright to prevent deterioration. "Accumulated water is very bad for sandstone," he said. He and two Museum officials began tugging at one of the largest plaques—a design of vine leaves and two cherubs blowing trumpets—and eventually managed to get it up on edge. "This was the Bronx's highest moment," said Mr. Karp, looking down at the plaque. "The work has almost Churrigueresque intensity. After it came complete artistic decline." Propped up against a nearby wall were two other exceptional pieces—a large portrait of Lincoln in high relief and a matching portrait of an unidentified military man. "Rescued from a Brooklyn tenement just as they were being loaded into a dump truck," Mr. Karp said. "You know, I feel real pain when I see something magnificent about to be destroyed."

Alphabetical Order

UPON entering a local polling place to cast his ballot last week, an amateur mathematician of our acquaintance was approached by an election official, who nervously asked for his last name. "Oh, not another one!" the official said when our friend, whose surname begins with "B," gave it. "You'll have to wait in that enormous line over there, with the 'A to L' people. We haven't had anybody in the 'M to Z' line for twenty-five minutes. It's ruining our schedule." Only three "M to Z" people showed up in the next half hour, and our friend promised everyone concerned that he would work out the probability of such a situation's repeating itself and let them all know. He's still working it out.

LEAVES

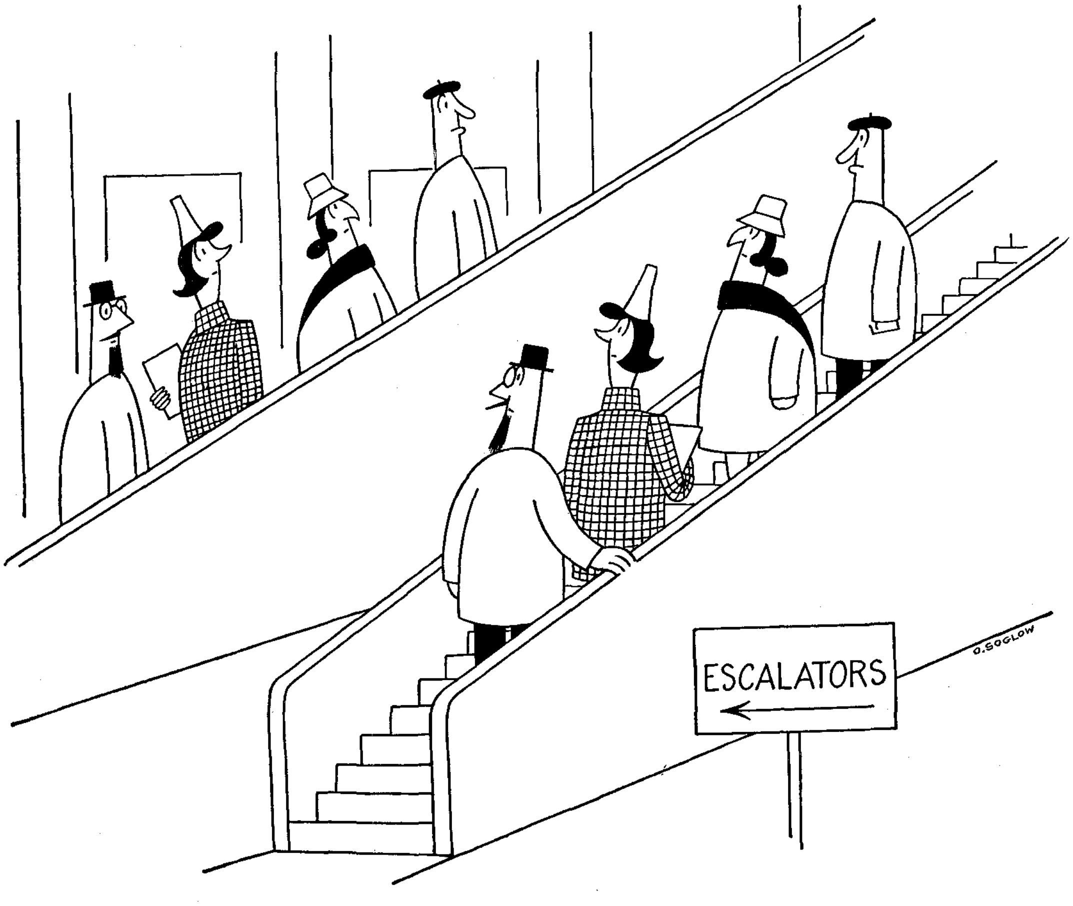
THE grape leaves outside my window are curiously beautiful. "Curiously" because it comes upon me as strange, after the long darkness of self-absorption and fear and shame in which I have been living, that things are beautiful, that independent of our catastrophes they continue to maintain the casual precision, the effortless abundance of inventive "effect," which is the hallmark and specialty of Nature. Nature: this morning it seems to me very clear that Nature may be defined as that which exists without guilt. Our bodies are in Nature; our shoes, their laces, the little plastic tips of the laces—everything around us and about us is in Nature, and yet something holds us away from it, like the upward push of water which keeps us from touching the sandy bottom, ribbed and glimmering with crescental fragments of oyster shell, so clear to our eyes.

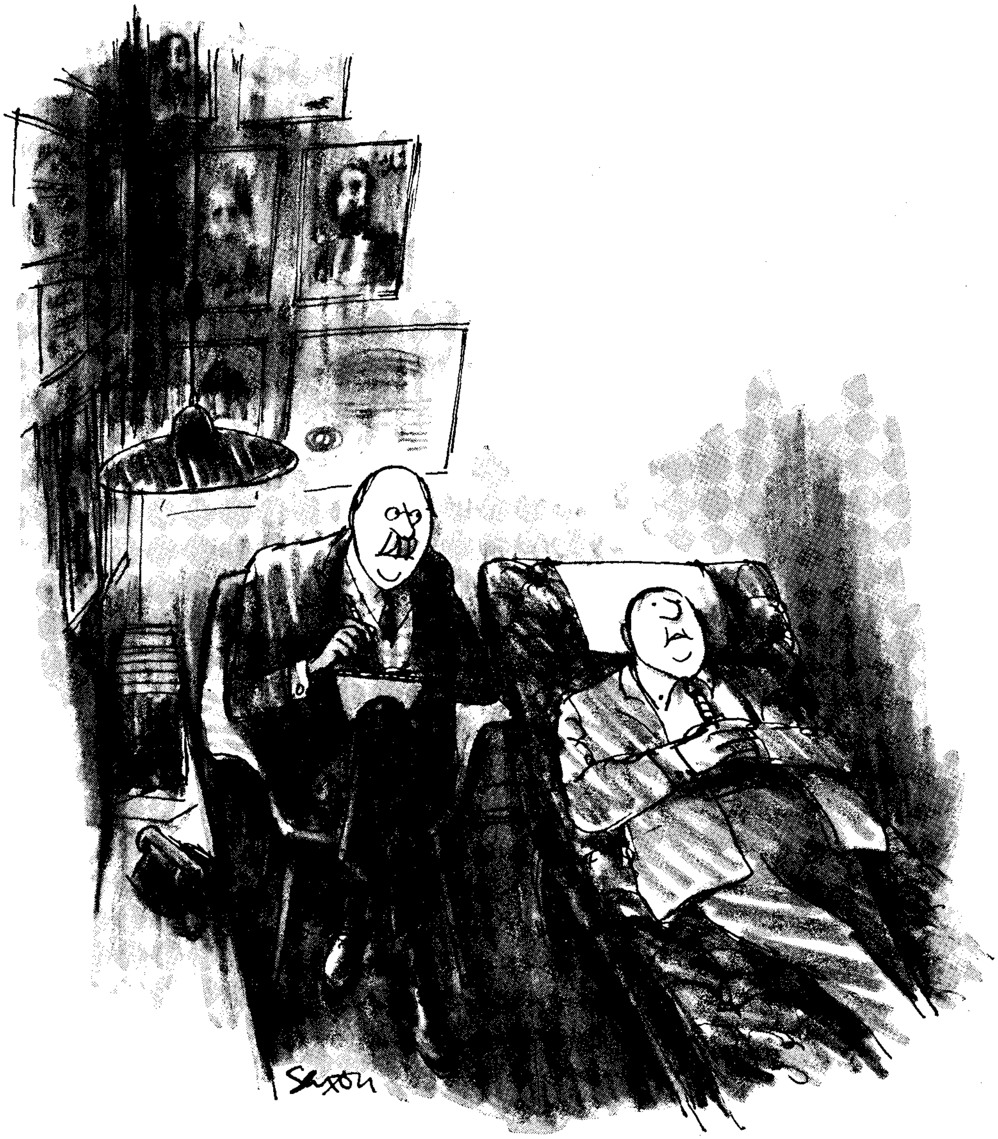
A blue jay lights on a twig outside my window. Momentarily sturdy, he stands astraddle, his dingy rump toward me, his head alertly frozen in silhouette, the predatory curve of his beak stamped on a sky almost white above the misting tawny marsh. See him? I do, and, snapping the chain of my thought, I have reached through glass and seized him and stamped him on this page. Now he is gone. And yet, there, a few lines above, he still is, "astraddle," his rump "dingy," his head "alertly frozen." A curious trick, possibly useless, but mine.

The grape leaves where they are not in each other's shadows are golden. Flat leaves, they take the sun flatly, and turn the absolute light, sum of the spectrum and source of life, into the crayon yellow with which children render it. Here and there, wilt transmutes this lent radiance into a glowing orange, and the green of the still tender leaves—for green persists long into autumn, if we look—strains from the sunlight a fine-veined chartreuse. The shadows these leaves cast upon each other, though vagrant and nervous in the wind that sends friendly scavenging rattles scurrying across the roof and around the outside walls of this cottage, are yet exquisitely various and definite, containing innumerable barbaric suggestions of scimitars, flanged spears, prongs, and menacing helmets. The net effect, however, is innocent of menace. On the contrary, its intricate simultaneous suggestion of shelter and openness, warmth and breeze, invites me outward; my eyes venture into the leaves beyond. I am surrounded by leaves. The oak's are tenacious claws of purplish rust; the elm's, scant feathers of a feminine yellow; the sumac's, a savage toothed blush. I am upheld in a serene and burning universe of leaves. Yet something plucks me back, returns me to that inner darkness where guilt is the sun.

The events need to be sorted out. I am told I behaved wantonly, and it will take time to integrate this unanimous impression with the unqualified righteousness with which our own acts, however admittedly miscalculated, invest themselves. And once the events are sorted out—the actions given motivations, the actors assigned psychologies, the miscalculations tabulated, the abnormalities named, the whole furious and careless growth pruned by explanation and rooted in history and returned, as it were, to Nature—what then? Is not such a return spurious? Can our spirits really enter Time's haven of mortality and sink composedly among the mulching leaves? No: we stand at the intersection of two kingdoms, and there is no advance and no retreat, only a sharpening of the edge where we stand.

I remember most sharply the black of my wife's dress as she left our house to get her divorce. The dress was a soft black sheath, with a V neckline, and Helen always looked handsome in it; it flattered her pallor. This morning she looked especially handsome, her face utterly white with fatigue. Yet her body, that natural thing, ignored our catastrophe, and her shape and gestures were incongruously usual. She kissed me lightly in leaving, and we both felt the humor of this trip's being insufficiently unlike any other of her trips to Boston—to Symphony, to Bonwit's. The same search for the car keys, the same harassed instructions to the complacent baby-sitter, the same little dip and thrust of her head as she settled behind the wheel of her car. And I, satisfied at last, divorced, studied my children with the eyes of one who had left them, examined my house as one does a set of snapshots from an irrevocable time, drove through the turning landscape as a man in asbestos cuts through a fire, met my wife-to-be—weeping yet smiling, stunned yet brave—and felt, unstoppably, to my horror, the inner darkness burst my skin and engulf us both and drown our love. The natural world, where our love had existed, ceased to exist. My





"What's my real motivation? Am I switching so heavily to four-per-cent convertible bonds because it's the sensible thing to do or because a waning self-confidence is driving me from the open risk of common stocks into the relative security of debentures?"

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heart shied back; it shies back still. I retreated. As I drove back, the leaves of the trees along the road stated their shapes to me. There is no more story to tell. By telephone I plucked my wife back; I clasped the black of her dress to me, and braced for the pain.

It does not stop coming. The pain does not stop coming. Almost every day, a new installment arrives by mail or face or phone. Every time the telephone rings, I expect it to uncoil some new convolution of consequence. I have come to hide in this cottage, but even here, there is a telephone, and the scraping sounds of wind and branch and unseen animal are charged with its electric silence. At any moment, it may explode, and the curious beauty of the leaves will be eclipsed again.

In nervousness, I rise, and walk across the floor. A spider like a white asterisk hangs in air in front of my face. I look at the ceiling and cannot see where its thread is attached. The ceiling is smooth plasterboard. The spider hesitates. It feels a huge alien presence. Its exquisite white legs spread warily and of its own dead weight it twirls on its invisible thread. I catch myself in the quaint and antique pose of the fabulist seeking to draw a lesson from a spider, and become self-conscious. I dismiss self-consciousness and do earnestly attend to this minute articulated star hung so pointedly before my face; and am unable to read the lesson. The spider and I inhabit contiguous but incompatible cosmoses. Across the gulf we feel only fear. The telephone remains silent. The spider reconsiders its spinning. The wind continues to stir the sunlight. In walking in and out of this cottage, I have tracked the floor with a few dead leaves, pressed flat like scraps of dark paper.

And what are these pages but leaves? Why do I produce them but to thrust, by some subjective photosynthesis, my guilt into Nature, where there is no guilt? Now the marsh, level as a carpet, is streaked with faint green amid the shades of brown—russet, ochre, tan, *marron*—and on the far side, where the land lifts above tide level, evergreens stab upwards sullenly. Beyond them, there is a low blue hill; in this coastal region, the hills are almost too modest to bear names. But I *see* it; for the first time in months I see it. I see it as a child, fingers gripping and neck straining, glimpses the roof of a house over a cruelly high wall. Under my window, the lawn is lank and green and mixed with leaves shed from a small elm, and I remember how, the first night I came to this cottage, thinking I was leaving my life behind me, I went to bed alone and read, in the way one reads stray books in a borrowed house, a few pages of an old edition of "Leaves of Grass." And my sleep was a loop, so that in awaking I seemed still in the book, and the light-struck sky quivering through the stripped branches of the young elm seemed another page of Whitman, and I was entirely open, and lost, like a woman in passion, and free, and in love, without a shadow in any corner of my being. It was a beautiful awakening, but by the next night I had returned to my house.

The precise barbaric shadows on the grape leaves have shifted. The angle of illumination has altered. I imagine warmth leaning against the door, and open the door to let it in; sunlight falls flat at my feet like a penitent.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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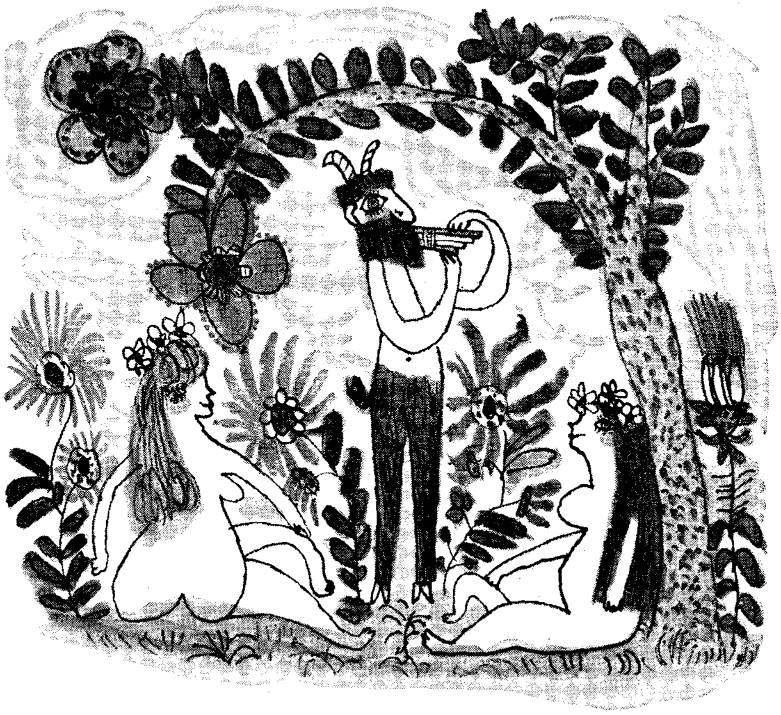
Arthur Marguet, not Don Spence, plays the effeminate director in Light Up The Sky, now playing at the new MAC Theatre on 1st St. W.

The stage-struck Shriner was Clair Steilo, not LeRoy Schultz.

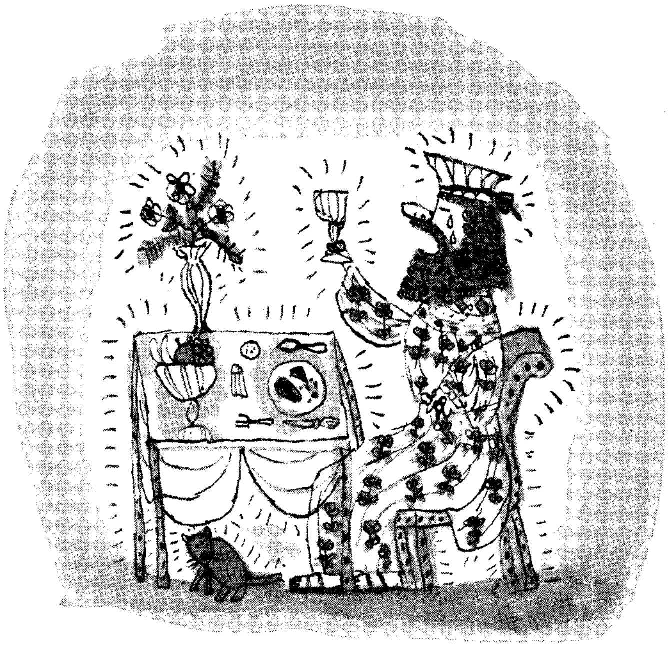
It was wrongly reported Mr. Spence was not all he should have been as director of the play in the Moss Hart comedy. He played the part of a playwright.

Anyway, this first effort by Stage Door Productions is well worth seeing.—*From the Calgary (Alberta) Albertan.*

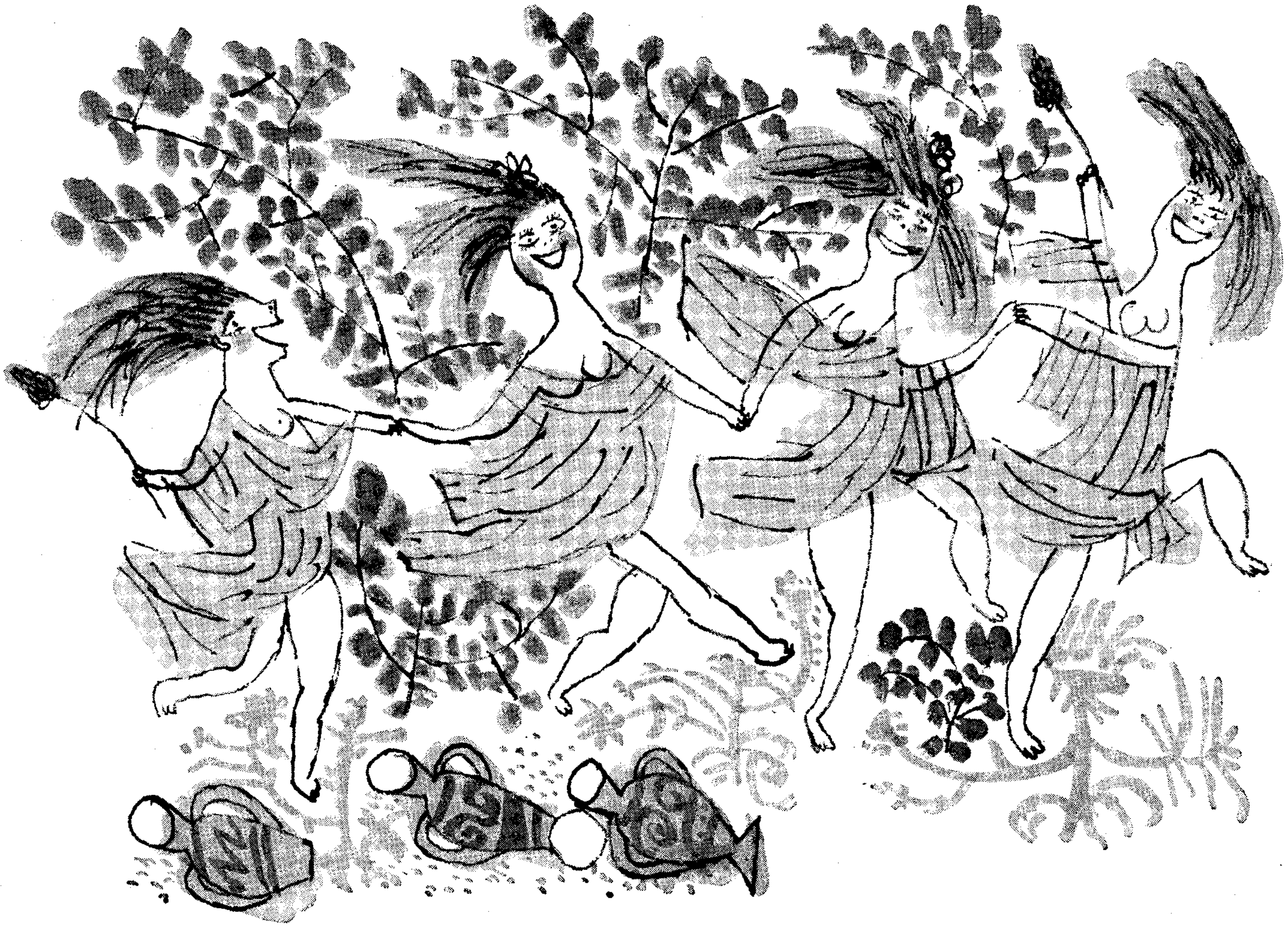
We'd rather sit home and read the papers.



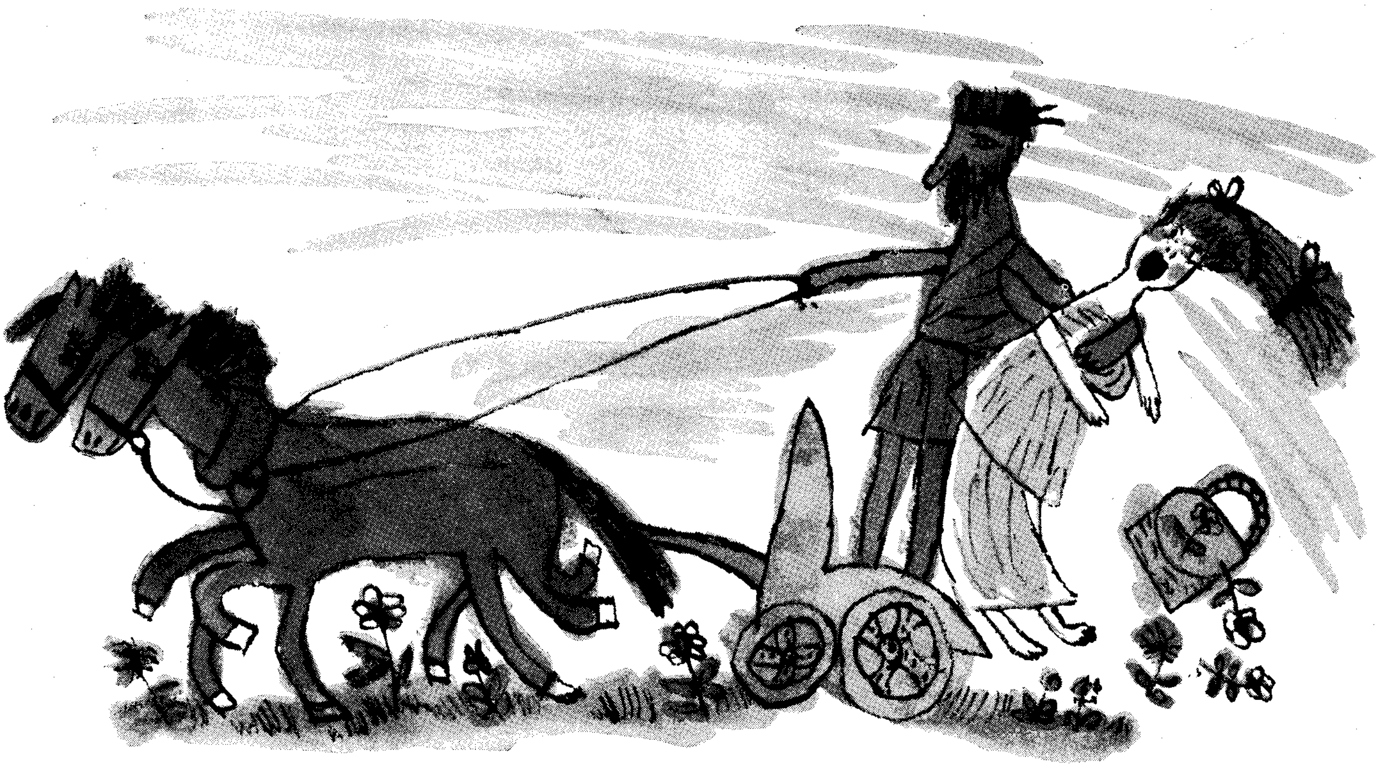
Pan plays the pipes.



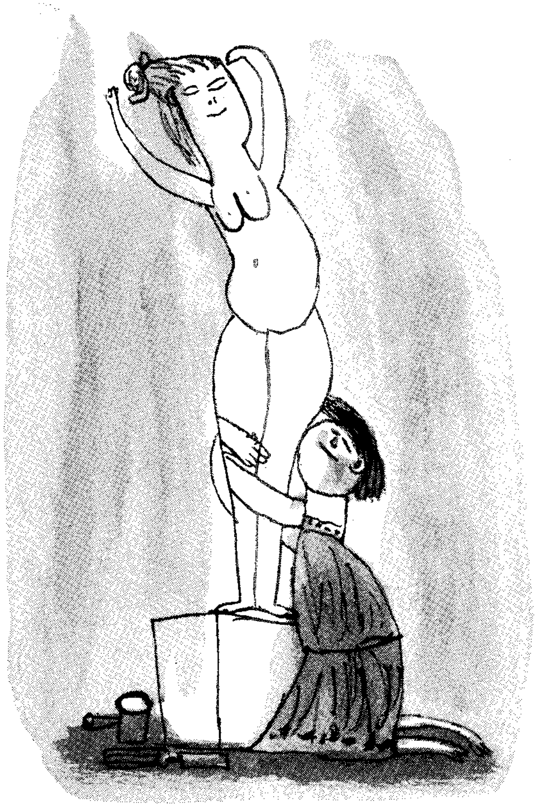
King Midas's dinner turns to gold.



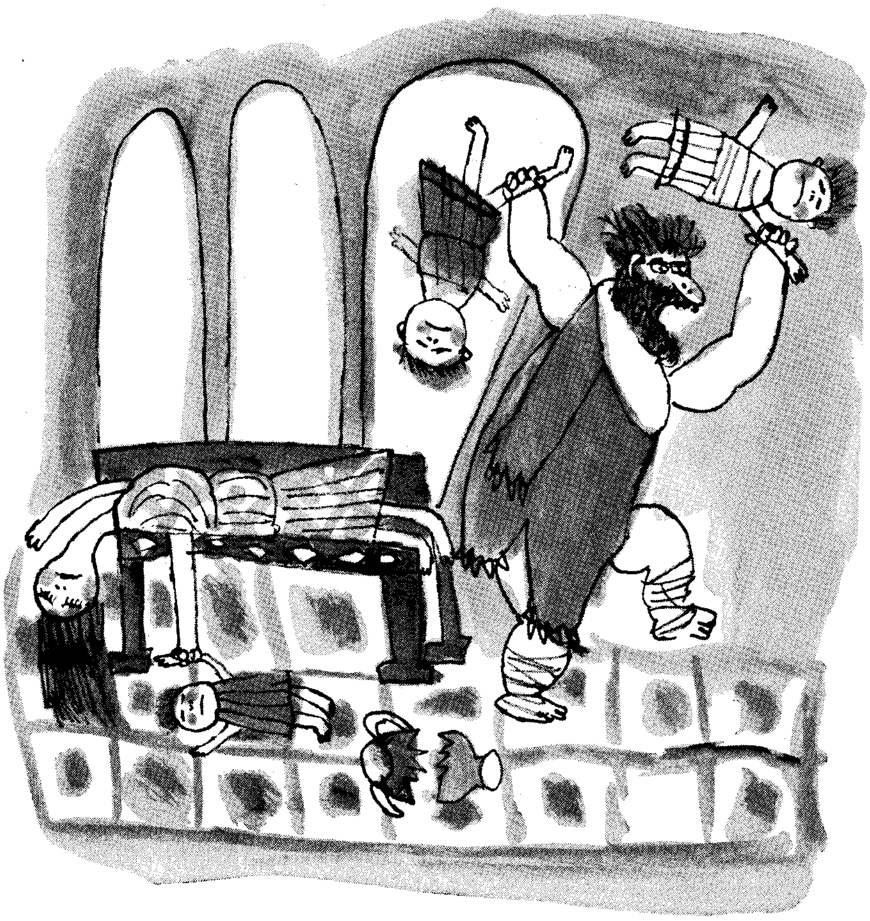
The bacchantes dance about.



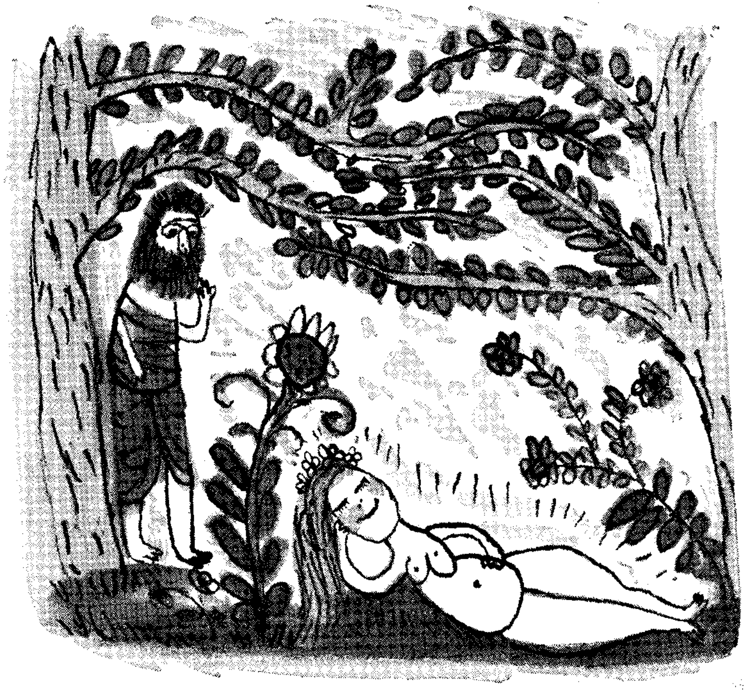
Persephone is carried off to the underworld.



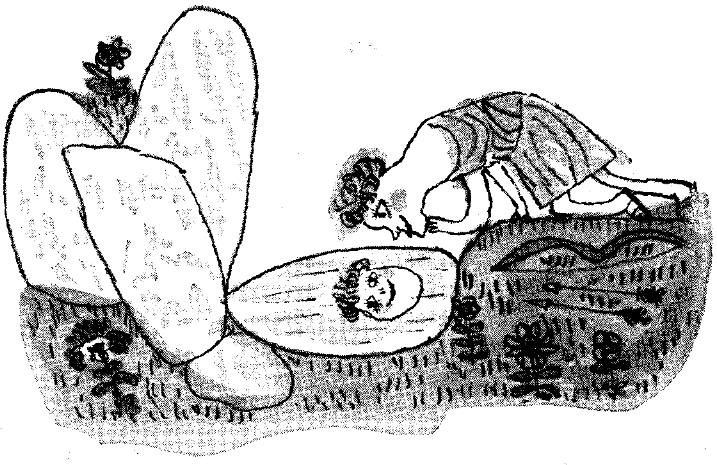
Pygmalion falls in love.



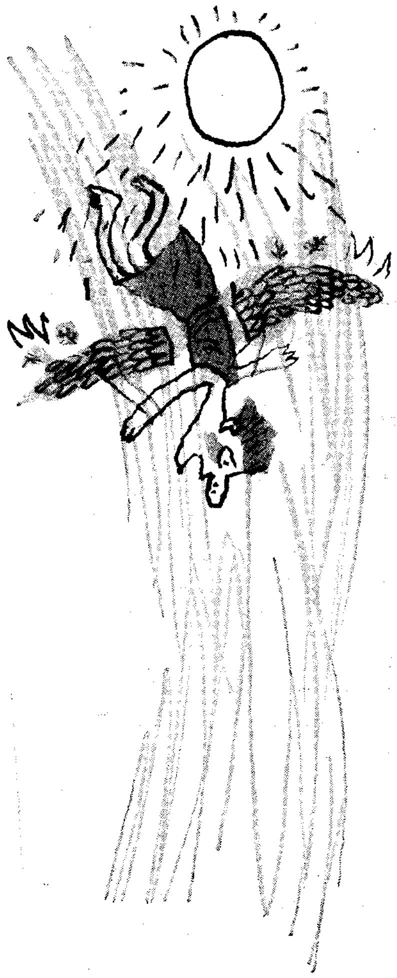
Hercules goes mad.



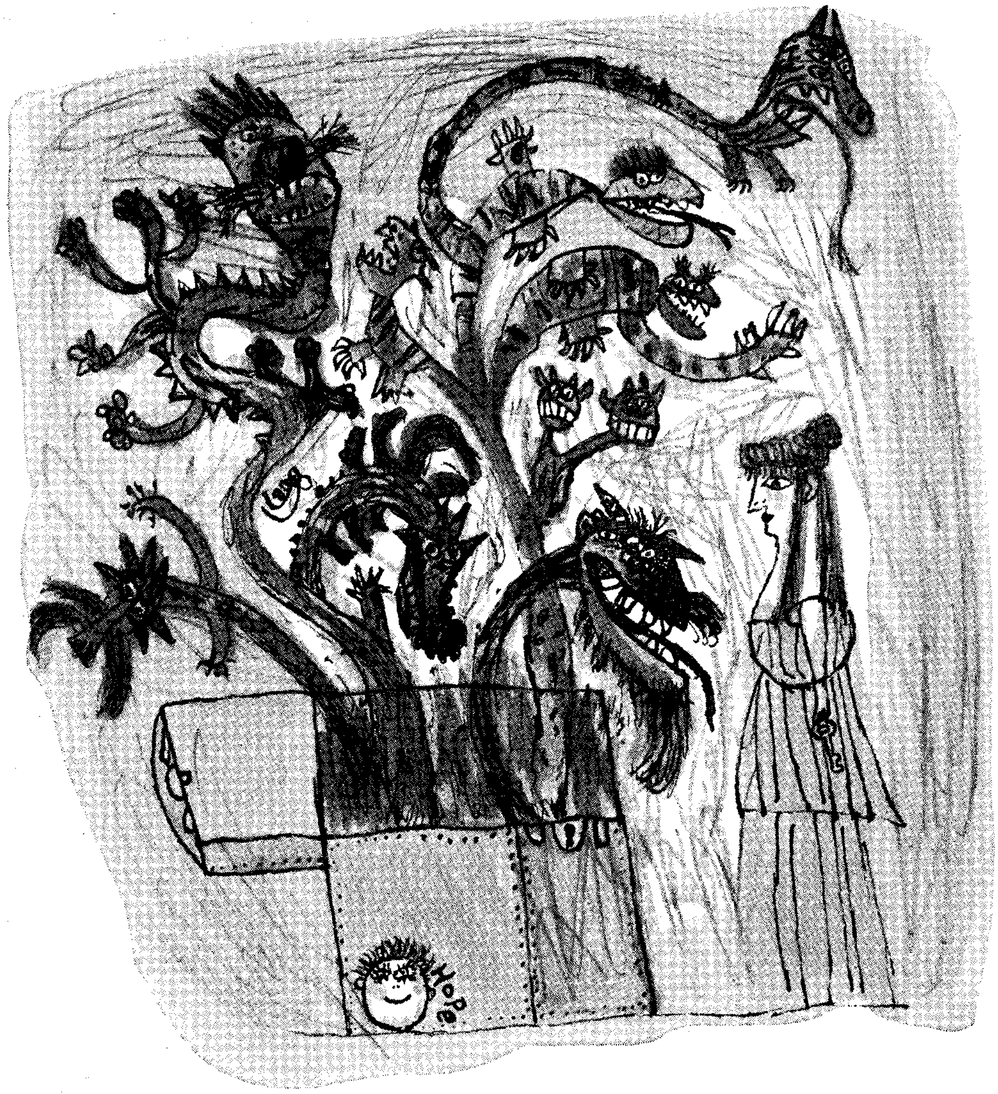
Man discovers woman.



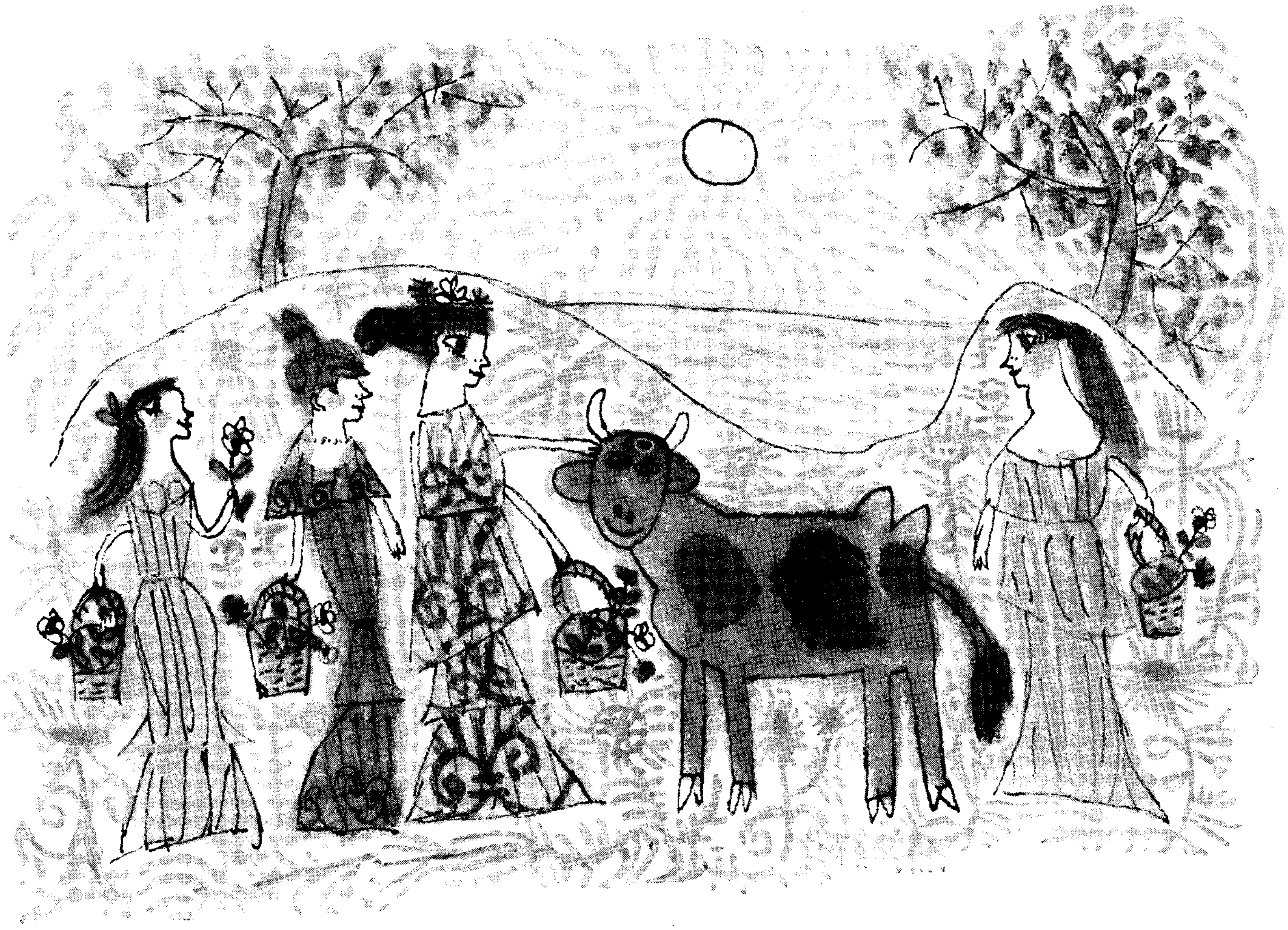
Narcissus admires himself.



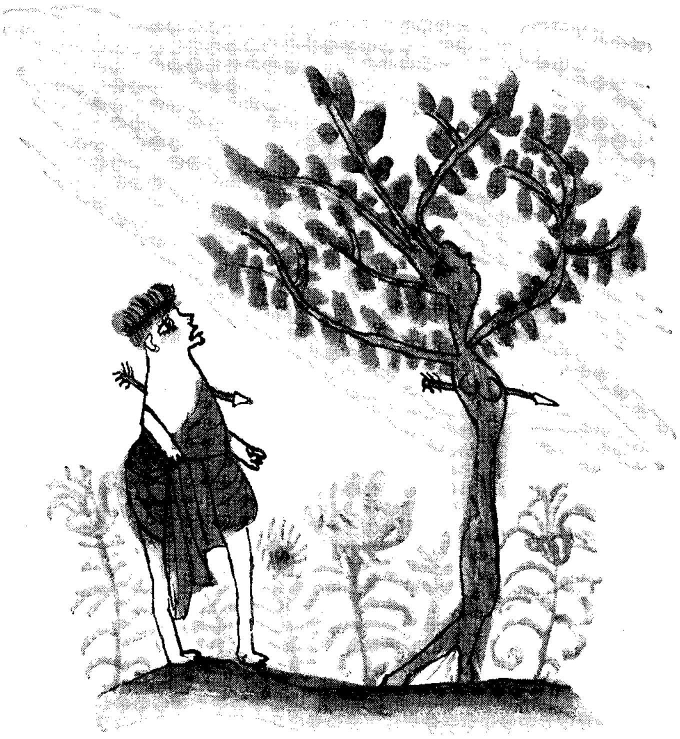
Icarus falls into the sea.



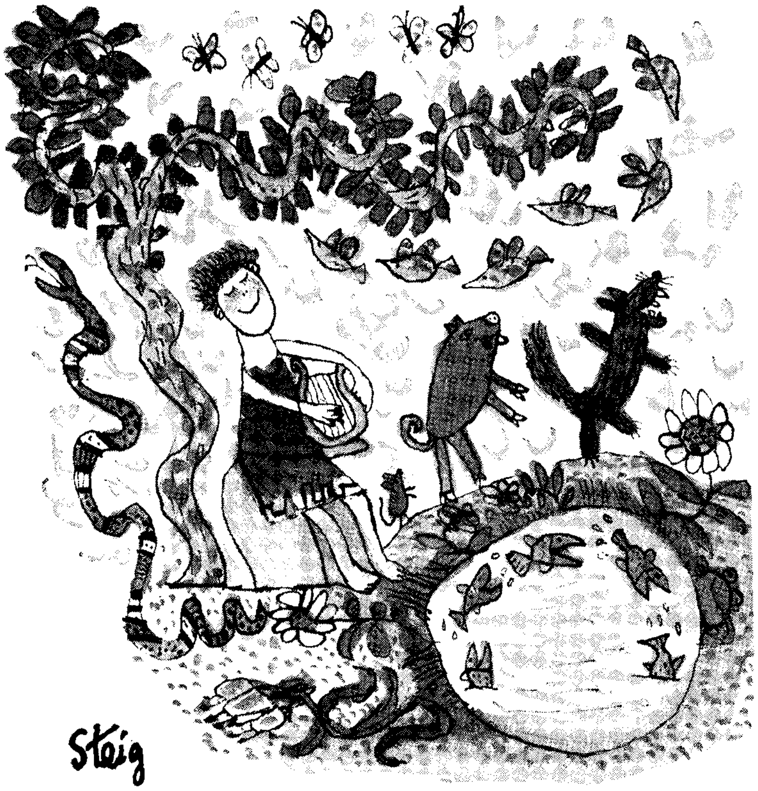
Pandora lets evil into the world.



Zeus disguises himself as a bull.



Daphne is changed into a laurel tree.



Orpheus charms the animals and trees.

THE DEATH OF A SCIENTIFIC HUMANIST

THE only time I saw Uncle Cormac, Mother's twin brother, was in my tenth year. He was laid out in the morgue of the Bethlehem Hospital—a plump, middle-aged man with tiny hands and golden, wavy hair and a smile on his smooth face as if he were listening to an amusing story. He had been on his way to visit us when the coronary struck him. Two days previously, we learned later, he had arrived in Dublin on the freighter he had boarded in Cape Town, and had then set out for Beannafreaghan, our home, three miles outside the town of Omagh. He got the length of Omagh on a coal truck, had the attack in the Shamrock Bar, and was rushed off to the nuns in the Bethlehem Hospital, where he died shortly afterward. He had been out of the country so long that twenty-four hours elapsed before the police were able to identify him, and I could tell from Mother's face when she entered the morgue that even she did not recognize him immediately. She kissed him on the forehead, and cried a bit, and then she and I said a decade of the Rosary with the two hefty nuns who were on guard over the remains. Then Sister Benedict, the mother superior, joined us, and Mother and she kissed, and Mother cried a bit more, and finally Sister Benedict led us to the visitors' parlor, where an elegant tea was waiting.

There was something about nuns and the velvety atmosphere of convents that knocked the spunk out of Mother and transformed her into a sweet, devout woman. Not that she was not always an ardent and pious Catholic—"Please, God, don't be too sore on those poor, stupid Protestants," she used to pray, long before ecumenism was ever heard of—but the low-keyed, genteel presence of nuns smothered her native spirit and reduced her to a simpering, sighing caricature of herself. At home in Beannafreaghan, where Father taught school, she never left her tongue off the sisters, because they ran the town school and openly canvassed outside the town for more prosperous pupils, who would otherwise have enlisted with Father's dwindling numbers; and she knew that if Father's numbers dropped below a certain level, Canon Flanagan, the manager of both schools, would have little hesitation in closing down the Beannafreaghan building. "Thieves!" she would say. "Sneaky, rotten thieves, with their oh-so-nice accents and their slithery eyes! Lord, but they'll have a lot to answer for, thon gang!" This sort of talk distressed Father, whose one ambition in life was to reach retirement with a minimum of fuss and work. Yet when the nuns invited us to their annual school operetta, or to a sale of work for their hospital, or to a guest tea for their orphanage, it was Mother who insisted that we go. Those were the only occasions when she met all the grand people of the town, and I suppose she could not resist that attraction. For days she would rehearse all the cutting remarks she intended making to the nuns, but once the huge oak doors of the convent closed behind us her resolution vanished and she lisped "Yes, Sister" and "No, Sister" like a soapy schoolgirl. Father said she was a damned hypocrite, but I think now that she could not help herself.

During the tea, I paid no attention to what Sister Benedict and Mother were saying until I heard Mother say, with a gasp of astonishment, "My God, Sister! What—what are you saying?"

"I would like to think there was a mistake, Mrs. Cassidy," said the nun evenly. "But I'm afraid there wasn't. Sister Michael and Sister Pascal never left his side, and although they prayed incessantly for him, there was no change of heart."

"But he wasn't conscious, Sister, was he? He was raving! He didn't know what he was saying!"

"I'm afraid he knew perfectly well. He actually snorted—you will forgive me saying this, Mrs. Cassidy, but that's what he did, snorted like a brute beast—when I told him I had sent for Father Tobin."

"Many a good Catholic dies without the priest," Mother said limply.

"Perfectly right, Mrs. Cassidy. But never by choice."

"And—and what happens now, Sister?"

The nun inhaled and exhaled slowly. "He cannot be buried in consecrated ground."

"Just because he said he was—he was— What ever is that thing?"

"'A scientific humanist.' I heard him say it myself. 'None of your mumbo-jumbo for me,' he said. 'I'm a scientific humanist. Have been for years.' And I wouldn't have been so horrified, Mrs. Cassidy, if he hadn't done something then."

"What?" breathed Mother, her mouth falling open.

"He laughed."

"Cormac?"

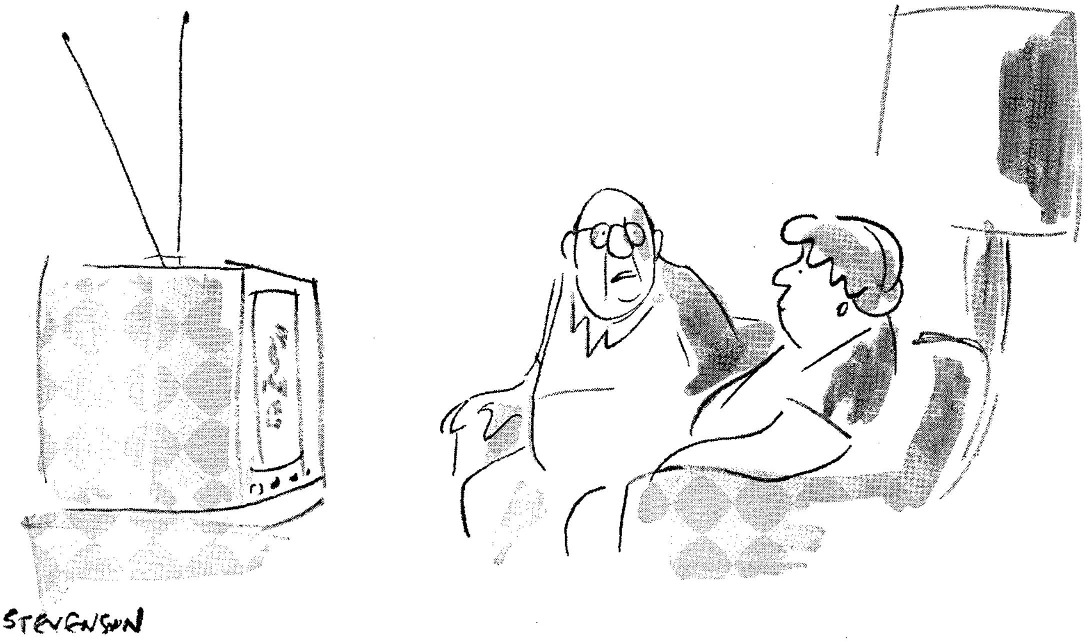
"In my face."

"At you, Sister?"

"Defiantly. It was a terrifying sound, Mrs. Cassidy."

Mother let out a wail of anguish. "Oooh, Sister, Sister, what will we do? We're disgraced altogether! My twin brother a humanistic scientist! O God, have mercy on him and on all of us! Tell me what to do, Sister! Tell me what to do!"

TEXAS STATE PRISON
REA



"Our revels now are ended. I've got to get up early tomorrow."

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With great sympathy and with a hint of pride at the extent of her theological knowledge, Sister Benedict said there was nothing could be done; the poor, misguided sinner had renounced his allegiance to his faith, had rejected the wonderful opportunity of a deathbed repentance, and must now suffer the consequences. She had already phoned Canon Flanagan, the parish priest, and he had confirmed her opinion that a Catholic burial was impossible. There was the remote possibility, she pointed out, that the unfaithful departed may have had a momentary change of heart even after that final laugh that set the features of his face forever, but no one but God himself could tell that. On the evidence available—and the Church had to act on that—it was beyond reasonable doubt that Cormac was an apostate at the time of his demise. We could pray for him, of course, and even if he were beyond prayers, their merit would be applied to some deserving soul.

"You never kept in touch with your brother after he emigrated, Mrs. Cassidy?"

"No, Sister." Mother shuddered with misery.

"Why not?"

"He kept moving about. We never knew where he was."

"A pity. Your letters might have been lighthouses of hope in the pagan sea he was floundering in."

"I suppose so, Sister."

"We'll pray for you, Mrs. Cassidy. We'll pray that you get the strength and the courage to bear this great cross courageously." She caught Mother's elbow and raised her to her feet. "You'll let us know what plans you make?"

"Yes, Sister."

"Surely this is a lesson for all of us," said the nun, looking straight and hard at me. "The mills of God grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine."

IT was raining, and Mother did not utter a word during the three-mile walk to Beannafreaghan. When we got home, she brushed past Father and went straight up to her bedroom. I told him all I knew—that Uncle Cormac had snorted and laughed at the nuns, that he had refused to see Father Tobin, that he looked to be a very happy corpse, and that there was nowhere to bury him. The problem, as I saw it, was like the problem that had faced me when my pet rabbit died the previous winter. The ground was so stiff with frost that I was not able to dig a grave, and the flax dam was frozen over. After two days of desperate thought, I dropped the carcass behind the wall that surrounded the school, and for weeks the vision of Kiki, with his paws in the air and his startled eyes staring up at me, stayed with me. I now felt that we were going to be similarly burdened with Uncle Cormac, and somehow his smooth, smiling face was even more disquieting than Kiki's startled eyes.

"What does Canon Flanagan say?" was Father's only question. I told him that Canon Flanagan had ruled that burial in the Catholic cemetery was impossible.

"We're destroyed," moaned Father. "Utterly destroyed. Damn your Uncle Cormac anyhow! He was always a bloody wastrel!" He went to the cupboard where drinks for visiting inspectors were kept, and poured himself a glass of whiskey. He seldom drank spirits, and with every sup his face became more wry.

Mother had changed into dry clothes. She had a fresh outfit for me, too. "Get into these," she snapped. "We're going out again."

"This is terrible news, Angela," Father cried. "To think that Cormac would go and do a thing like—"

"Shut up!" barked Mother, pulling on a pair of Wellingtons. "I'm not done yet with those lying thieves of nuns! If they think they have me beaten, they have another think coming to them!"

"What—what are you going to do, woman?"

" 'Apostate'!" snorted Mother. "By God, I'll apostate them! My Cormac will be buried like a gentleman, and no thieving nuns will stop me!"

"There's nothing you can do when the Canon's against you," said Father. "There's nothing anybody can do now."

"Just you wait and see," said Mother. "He'll be buried as a good humanistic scientist should be buried. And if necessary I'll say the burial prayers over him myself!" She pulled a coat round her and made for the door. "Are you coming?" she called to me.

"Coming," I said.

"Make your own supper," she said to Father. "God knows when we'll be back."

IT was almost dark by the time we arrived in the town again. Once, on the way there, Mother spoke. "Didn't he look nice, though?" she said very softly.

"Who?" I asked.

"Your Uncle Cormac. Wasn't he handsome?"

I said he was.

"And young-looking?"

I agreed.

"And his eyes—wouldn't they make you want to dance?"

I said that his eyes were closed.

Without slackening her speed, she put her arms round me and gave me a hug. "Handsome as a king," she said. "The girls were all crazy about him. Oh, poor, poor, silly Cormac!" Then she wiped her nose on the sleeve of her raincoat and brushed her hair back from her face. "By God," she suddenly declared to the sodden hedges, "I'll stand by him! We'll not be beaten by those twisters of nuns! By God, we'll not!"

Ned Brady was the chirpiest undertaker in the whole of Ireland. Years ago, the relatives of one of his first jobs happened to mention to him that his cheery disposition had been a great strength to them, and that casual compliment had determined his attitude toward all subsequent work. He whistled—and on occasions of extreme grief sometimes even sang—his way through wakes and funerals. The people of Omagh did not hold this against him, because he was married to a virago. They knew that his business was his only pleasure.

Now he emerged, beaming, from his workshop, and pumped Mother's hand enthusiastically. "No need to tell me what has you here, Angela," he said. "I heard the news a while ago. Poor Cormac! If it wasn't for the bottle, he would have been Prime Minister or something. Shocking altogether." He fell into a boxer's stance and weaved his fists before my nose. "And how's young Cassidy? Is he chasing the girls yet, Angela, eh? Has he got a wee bit of a skirt of his own out in Beannafreaghan? Aha, I wouldn't trust them tricky eyes of his, Angela, if I was you!"

"Ned," said Mother quietly, "I'm in trouble."

"It'll pass. Everything passes. Nothing lasts forever. Don't tell me it's still raining?" He straightened himself and peered interestedly at the street behind us. "Nothing but rain in this godforsaken country. Leave everything to me, Angela. I know exactly what you want—something nice but not too dear. Sure, everybody knows poor Cormac wasn't a man to gather money. And tell me, how's the boss himself doing these times?"

"The Canon says that Cormac can't be buried in his part of the cemetery, Ned," said Mother, pitching her voice as if she were addressing a deaf person. "You see, he wasn't a Catholic when he died."

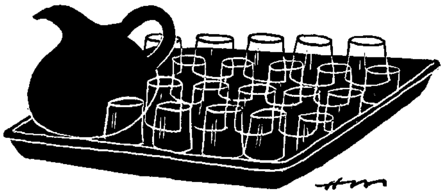
"Cormac? Not a Catholic?"

"He was a very holy humanistic scientist."

"Scientific humanist," I prompted.

"A Protestant?" Ned gasped, and immediately his mouth formed into an "O," as if he were about to whistle.

"Certainly not!" said Mother. "Our Cormac was always a good-living Christian gentleman. But what I want your advice about is this: Where are we going to bury him?"



"You're sure about the Canon?"

"He has already refused the nuns," said Mother, adjusting the truth slightly.

"It's a tricky one, Angela. It is indeed. I mean to say, if he's not buried in the Catholic part, there's nothing left but the Protestant end, and, damn it all, you wouldn't put decent Cormac down with all them black Protestants, would you? I mean to say, Angela—"

"There's a strip of land between the two parts of the cemetery, isn't there?"

"Where the butcher Doherty grazes his sheep? There is surely, Angela, but—"

"And wasn't Colonel Harrington's mother buried in that strip?"

"That English pagan? True enough, she was laid there. But that was no funeral, for God's sake! Some freethinker from Dublin reciting a ballad or something! No grief or nothing!

THOUGHTS WHILE SPLITTING WOOD

Lifting a hammer, shoe-
deep in the fallen heraldries
of hard- and silver-maple leaves,
sun-yellow and vermilion three-
pronged pennons, blazons,
and quarterings all jumbled on-
to the green turf—a great
host overthrown—I feel
like Charles Martel
among the Frankish dead:
the colors, the clumsy cleaving steel
of the wedge, the ravelling woods . . .
Martel defends again—from the north
this time—breaking the backs
of logs that, like the paynim, are
brands-for-the-burning.

But it takes the heart
out of hammering, all this
splendor second after second
falling on all sides. It's like seeing
a cinema speedup of historic time—
in one day what a millennium
of moths do to the panoplies of Arras;
or, in one blizzard
of red rags, all the fallen
of all the wars of the world. The sledge
weighs half a ton when I call back
my own heraldic days—a child
dreaming over some scarlet-bloused
toy grenadiers; boy, galloping
in the gaudy lists of high-school
ball games among flags and bands;
soldier, mounted among the last
(aerial) squadrons whose insignia
stood a yard high and whose squares held
till shot apart. . . .

Once, hunched in a bubble of noise
and faint fluorescence, over beaconless
country at night, black
as the bottom of the mind, I saw
one solitary light totter
slowly aft underneath—some farmhouse
hundreds of miles from any named city.
Now it is I
who, from the black well of the nights, look up
at aircraft passing, their winglights
walking across the stars. My star
was an *ignis fatuus* of the solitudes—

Solitude, that's the last device:
"Man rampant upon a field
with hammer." *But this figure, too,*
the moth riddles. Through thinned leaves,
you can see more clearly now the wet-
built cantilevered cardboard houses
going up on the tops of ridges
roundabout. They are flyspecking
our last antique grandeur, the hills'.
And, overhead, thunderers-beyond-sound,
trailing long cons and shock waves,
make the earth shudder
under horses too high,
hammers too terrible
either to join or oppose. The hemisphere
burns in effigy and the carrion crows
cry scandal and blow above the trees
like embers out of the fire. . . . Solitude
is too well-informed these mornings
not to know all is lost.
Yet it makes a gesture,
this thousand-year-old stance of the hammerer,
good enough to drive home a point.
And that still matters.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

• •

Aw, that was the most depressing thing I ever witnessed."

"The land belongs to the urban council, doesn't it?"

"It does. The butcher Doherty has a lease of it."

"Then get me a plot there," said Mother with finality. "A single plot."

"Angela—"

"The funeral will be tomorrow. Good night, Ned."

"Hold on a second, Angela—"

Mother caught my elbow and led me to the door. Ned must have assumed that she was temporarily deranged with grief, because when I glanced back at him his face was set in a wild, strained smile, his fists were clenched and weaving loosely, and even before we had closed the door he had begun to sing in an uncertain baritone voice, "You are my heart's delight . . ."

STRULE LODGE, the home of Colonel Scott Harrington, was hidden in a cluster of chestnut trees at the outskirts of the town. He was known to be eccentric, very wealthy, and of uncertain morals. He answered our knock—a scruffy-looking old man in army boots and a soiled shirt. He was the tallest and thinnest man I ever saw; my eyes were level with the front of his unbuttoned trousers.

In a voice that wavered between deference and defiance, Mother told him what brought her to the Lodge—to learn the protocol for a funeral of someone who was neither Catholic nor Protestant. She understood, she said, articulating very carefully, that the Colonel had some experience of this.

When she had finished, the Colonel said, "Thought at first you were another maid looking for a job. Come inside."

He led us into a huge room with three chairs and straw on the floor, and stood with his back to the white marble fireplace, although there was no fire in the grate. "Funny thing," he said, addressing the ceiling. "They keep coming to me for jobs, even though I have the reputation for raping every maid I ever had."

Mother's hand tightened protectively on mine.

"The dead man is a brother?" Colonel Harrington asked.

"My only brother," said Mother demurely.

"And what was his persuasion?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Mother.

"His creed—his belief. What was he?"

"What was he again?" Mother asked me.

"Buddy, you've called Vivaldi the Dixieland of the classics for the last time!"

• •

"Scientific humanist," I said.

"That's it," said Mother. "A devout scientific humanist."

"Mother was Christadelphian, Father Unitarian," Colonel Harrington said. "I'm nothing myself. Scientific humanist? Never heard of them. Humanist, yes. What the hell does 'scientific' mean? Not that it matters. I suppose I'm a humanist myself. All thinking people are. And how can I help you?"

Mother began hesitantly to explain about Cormac's death. When she got to the snort—she described it as "a cry of impatience"—the Colonel interrupted her.

"Ah! So you want me to conduct the service. Why not? Buried dozens of men in Mesopotamia in my day. Let's see. . . . Humanist. . . . Scientific humanist. A bit of Whitman, I should say, and a chunk of old Shelley."

"All I want to know, Colonel," Mother began, "is how to go about arranging—"

"No trouble at all," the Colonel broke in. "Leave it all to me. Yes, Whitman is right, and Shelley, too. I'll hunt up something suitable. What time is the funeral at?"

"I don't know yet," said Mother. She was about to cry again.

"Nothing to cry about, woman. Death's just another experience—like new food and travel and sex."

Mother's grip tightened on me again.

"Is Brady in charge?" the Colonel asked.

"Yes," said Mother.

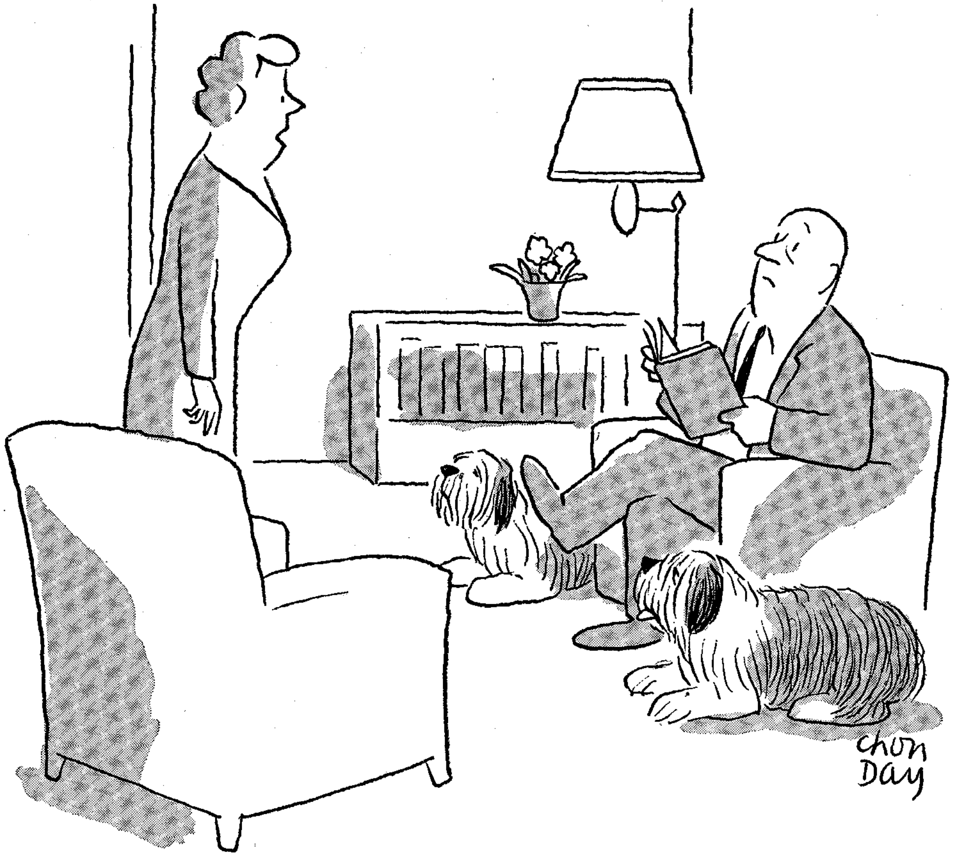
"A fool. But efficient enough. And cheap, too. So we can't complain. Let Mother off for fourteen pounds. I'll call on him tonight. Between us, we'll see to the details. Good night."

When we got home, Father was asleep beside the kitchen fire. Mother took one look at him and then slapped him hard across the face. "You're nothing but an old woman!" she exploded. "A useless, cowardly, old woman! You and Cormac—two loafers, two good-for-nothing loafers! O God, protect me from useless men!"

THERE were about thirty mourners at the funeral, but they went no farther than the cemetery gates. Only Mother, Father, Colonel Harrington, and I followed the hearse to the graveside. Ned Brady was waiting for us there, warding off the butcher Doherty's inquisitive sheep.

In his full military uniform, the Colonel looked even taller. He held his hands behind his back and carried a cane under his arm. Beside him, Father looked shrunken and miserable. When he felt the Colonel's eyes on him, he straightened his shoulders and bared his teeth in an attempt at friendship. Mother cried quietly. She held her rosary beads in her hands and prayed in long, hissing exhalations.

The coffin was laid on the brink of



"May I speak to you, John—privately?"

• •

the grave, and the four bearers retreated to the safety of the Catholic area.

"Let us commence," said the Colonel.

"Fire ahead, man," said Ned amicably. "Nothing lasts forever. Even these sheep here are for the high jump next week, if they only had the sense to know it. Ha-ha!"

The Colonel removed his cap and handed it to Father. Then he fixed his eyes on a point in the sky directly above the gapers at the gate, stood at attention, and, in a barrack-square voice that sent the sheep fleeing in terror, began:

> "He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
> Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
> And that unrest which men miscall delight
> Can touch him not and torture not again;
> From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> He is secure, and now can never mourn
> A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain."

"Hear, hear!" said Ned.

"Very nice indeed," murmured Father.

Mother produced a bottle of holy water from her handbag and splashed half of it over the coffin.

"With a bit of luck," said Ned, "we'll be home before the rain comes. Eh?"

The Colonel cleared his throat and hitched his shoulders back until his elbows were almost touching behind him. "That was an excerpt from the great humanist Shelley," he said. "I shall now recite another excerpt from the same source." He relaxed for a second, long enough to whisper to Mother, "Some bitch stole my Whitman." Then he went rigid again.

> "The fountains mingle with the river,
> And the rivers with the ocean;
> The winds of heaven mix forever
> With a sweet emotion;
> Nothing in the world is single;
> All things, by a law divine,
> In one another's being mingle—
> Why not I with thine?"

We knew he had finished because he took his cap from Father and put it on. His eyes never left the sky. Now that the thunder of his voice had stopped, the countryside seemed to throb with stillness and expectancy.

"I suppose we may fire ahead now, Colonel, eh?" asked Ned, suspicious of the unnatural quiet.

"The ceremony is over," said the Colonel.

"Man, you have a powerful voice," said Ned warmly. "I could listen to you roaring all day."

Mother dropped on her knees beside the open grave. "Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on him. May he rest in peace. Amen. Our Lady of perpetual succor, pray for him. St. Jude, pray for him. St. Teresa of the Little Flower, pray for him. St. Joseph, pray for him." This litany of aspirations was still spilling from her when the four bearers returned and began lowering the coffin. When it touched the bottom of the grave, the Colonel went rigid again. He looked as if he were in agony. Father moved over beside Mother and put his arm around her. Ned began to whistle. The mourners at the gate strained their necks so as not to miss a detail.

When the grave was filled, the Colonel shook Mother's hand. "A delightful ceremony," he said. "It will be a pleasant memory. Goodbye."

"Thank you, Colonel," Mother began, but he had gone, covering the ground with huge, greedy strides.

We looked at the mound of fresh clay, and at the sheep, and at the neat rows of crosses and headstones on our left and right, and then we left, too. As we walked toward the gate, Ned had begun to sing, and the sheep were bleating, and the body of silence that the Colonel's oration had created suddenly cracked and dissipated.

A MONTH passed before Mother mentioned the funeral or the nuns, and then she vowed that she would never set foot in the convent again. Of course she broke her vow, many times. Within that year alone, we attended a garden party to celebrate the silver jubilee of the arrival of the sisters in Omagh, and the annual operetta, and a jumble sale for the hospital. And although Mother threatened before each event to "expose the hypocrites when all their swank friends are gathered round," she was a model of gentility and sweetness when the occasion came.

It seemed to me that her docility was caused by the extension of the Catholic portion of the graveyard. Cormac was not dead twelve months when the Canon bought the plot where he and Mrs. Harrington were buried. The butcher Doherty was evicted, and the ground was consecrated. Within a week, Cormac had two neighbors, and within a month he was surrounded.

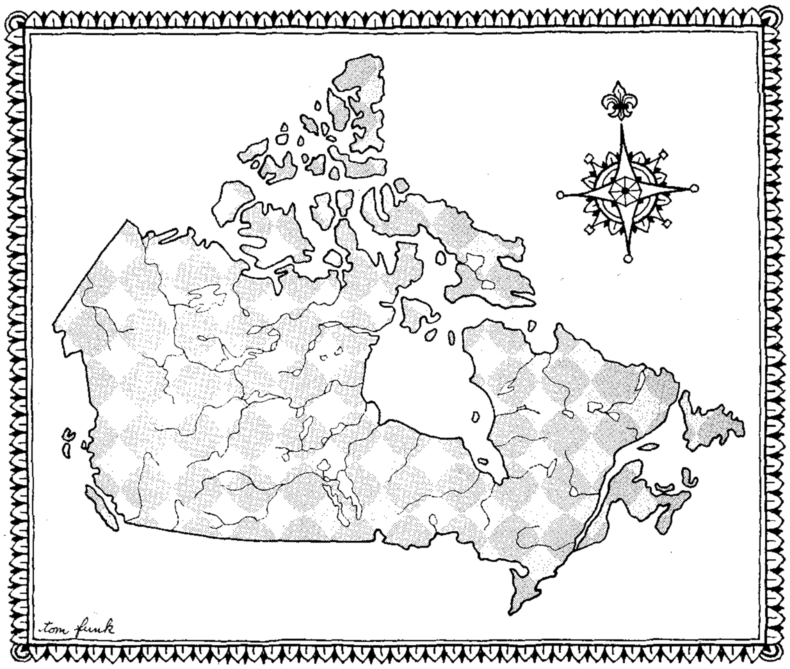
As Mother used to say wistfully, "Our Cormac did not die in vain. The mills of God grind fine and slow, but they get there in the end."

—BRIAN FRIEL

A REPORTER AT LARGE

O CANADA

AN AMERICAN'S NOTES ON CANADIAN CULTURE—I



THE relation of Canada to the United States has always been rather peculiar. The constant slight strain it involves is to be felt in the inveterate Canadian habit, always surprising to us, of referring to us as "the Americans," as if Canadians were not Americans, too. The reason for this is apparently that at the time of our 1776 revolution "the Americans" were seditious malcontents who rebelled against their status of British colonists and set up an anti-British republic. "The Americans," for a Tory like Samuel Johnson, were always to be referred to contemptuously because they had made trouble for the monarchy. The Canadians remained British, so were never in this sense Americans, and we are still disapprovingly regarded as a society founded on disloyalty to the sovereign and the destruction of ancient traditions, and devoted to the exploits of a vulgar success which are impious in both their insubordinate origins and their insolence in surpassing the mother country.

To this attitude on the part of the Canadians, the Americans—if we must accept their name for us—have never paid much attention. In my youth, of the early nineteen-hundreds, we tended to imagine Canada as a kind of vast hunting preserve convenient to the United States. There is a tradition in North America—it resembles the myth of Antaeus, who, in order to regain his strength, was obliged again and again to renew his contact with the earth—that it is necessary from time to time to revindicate one's right to the continent by reverting to the life of the pioneer, by pressing on farther and farther, by exploring unvisited wilds, by inviting the challenge of hardship. In the West, at the end of the century, one still had a large choice of challenges—the forested mountains of New Mexico, the barren hills of Nevada, unexpected natural wonders and alien aborigines who were sometimes hostile, sometimes friendly—and even in the Middle West the Great Lakes and northern Michigan could satisfy this appetite for roughing it. But we Easterners were much more likely to send out our "long long thoughts" toward Canada. There the men of my father's generation hunted big game and fished for trout and salmon. It was their pride to come back with trophies in the shape of huge moose or stag heads or unusually large fish stuffed and glazed and exhibited on oval slabs. They liked to think they had been losing themselves, escaping from the trials and anxieties of a precarious commercial society, which was always uncomfortably oscillating between booms in which people made fortunes and crashes which might leave them stripped—a society in which genteel convention now ran contrary to the poker and whiskey which had been necessary to sustain their forebears. They sometimes maintained permanent camps in which they reverted to these pastimes, and had season after season the same half-breed guide, whose sayings they delighted to tell about at the family dinner table. In my youth, I always thought of Canada as an inconceivably limitless extension of the wilderness—the "North Woods"—of upstate New York, where the family spent every summer not far from Sackets Harbor, celebrated for one of our victories when, in the War of 1812, we were fighting the Canadian Loyalists, and not very many miles from Cape Vincent, the old seigneurial French port where the St. Lawrence flows out of Lake Ontario. Canada comes back to me from childhood as a realm of huge forests, frozen lakes, large and dangerous animals—animals which, however, in Ernest Seton Thompson's stories, seemed to constitute a special race that was capable of communicating with men, of becoming our fierce foes or our loyal allies; of Algernon Blackwood's Wendigo (derived from the Indian legend of a cannibalistic horror), who left enormous prints in the snow and who led the curious traveller into otherwise untrodden voids of solitude from which he never returned; of the dashing hunters and Indians of Frederic Remington's pictures, confronted by towering antlers or shooting rapids in adroit canoes. I never actually saw much of this, because I did not care to hunt and was not even very keen on fishing, but I was taken, in the course of our summers, not only to the inevitable Thousand Islands but to Nova Scotia, Yarmouth, and Halifax, to Quebec and Montreal, and finally across the continent—stopping off at Winnipeg, Calgary, Banff, and Victoria—on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

This last was in the summer of 1915, and I had not been in Canada since till I returned about ten years ago to upstate Lewis County and again began spending my summers there. The call of the wild and remote is still, I am told by Canadians, often felt by American visitors. People even travel in planes to northern lakes which are otherwise difficult of access, and inexperienced tourists from the States sometimes turn up with skis in midsummer. But there is today a new kind of attraction: for example, the Stratford Festival, a mixed repertoire of theatre and music, which takes place during two months of every summer in a little Ontario town. This is not very far from the United States border but is distinctly different from anything that we have in the United States. The productions there of Shakespeare and other classics, in the early years directed by Tyrone Guthrie, have had a brilliance and an originality that astonished one in contrast to Broadway, and between entertainments one can stroll in a trim flower-studded park that reminds one of well-gardened England.

I also visited for the first time Toronto, a rapidly growing industrial city, of which it is customary to say that it is getting to be indistinguishable from our similar cities in the Middle West but which I felt to have its own rhythm and accent. It is not, like Montreal and Quebec, particularly attractive in itself. The industrial part of Toronto has much of the crowding oppressiveness and the business section much of the dreariness, if not quite the uniformity, of the Middle Western city in the States. The old residences of the Scotch Presbyterians who have constituted the dominant class are heavy, tight, forbidding fortresses which, though as a group they maintain their solidarity, seem each to have shut itself away from its neighbors. The windows of these houses are meant to be watched from, not seen into, and I am told that when the inmates hold festivities they always pull down the shades. The influence of this Scotch Presbyterianism has notoriously worked in Canada to discourage the practice of the arts and, except in the rather sporadic and sometimes brutish Scottish way, the enjoyment of the fleshly pleasures. Yet Toronto indulges itself today in lively night clubs and excellent restaurants. It possesses an immense new theatre and a museum with a fine Oriental collection. It has a high-standard university, and it is the publishing center for English-speaking Canada.

It is evident that the rich Canadians, who have lately been getting richer, have finally reached the point, like our own millionaires by the end of the last century, of wanting to be patrons of the arts. They are endowing symphony orchestras and investing in modern paintings. The government, through the Canada Council, established in 1957, is subsidizing the arts, humanities, and social sciences by a variety of grants, prizes, and scholarships. The National Gallery, in Ottawa, has an excellently chosen selection of the work of first-rate sculptors and painters, recent artists as well as Old Masters, including a collection made by the former Governor-General Vincent Massey, and it has been housed since 1961 in a new and modern building, in which the pictures are well hung and well lighted. The Canadian painters here, also, appear to somewhat better advantage than in the more old-fashioned art museum in Montreal.

NOVEMBER POPPIES

I walked with you this eleventh in the coppice,
Harry, to see what late blooms we could find.
We combed the grass for the last eyes of autumn
Opening to see the leaves fall in the wind.
But the only flowers I found were November poppies
Springing all over the sad mud of my mind.

Three years before my birth that seed was scattered
By a hand of bones, broadcast on a foreign plot.
I grew up in the rumors of that sowing,
All the red cries they cropped; like weeds they shot
And through my growing dreams they were always blowing,
With paper petals like telegrams people had got.

They were centered with the yellowing photo faces
Of musical Uncle George and Uncle Hugh,
The dasher with his leg over the traces;
A child, I heard them talked of, never knew.
They stood in serge, in silver frames, on pianos.
The youngest of them now would be sixty-two

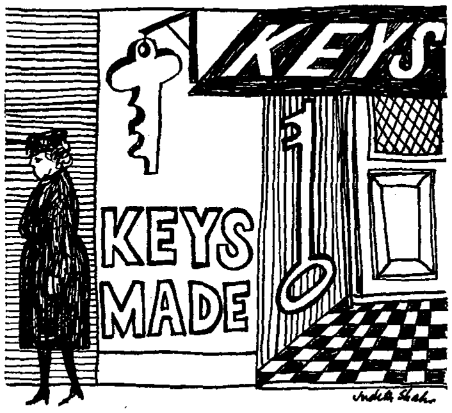
Only, a man I could talk with, lunch with, stay with,
And would have bred me cousins. By that default
I grew up friendless, in a two-minute silence.
On knotted roots like barbed wire out of the vault
The poor gnarled poppies waver; if you break them,
Not sleepy juices but what wakes with salt.

No matter what blooms may fail, it is never those ones.
We picked no posy at all, the year gone sour;
But all over England, dotted round shire memorials,
In back-yard runs or under the noble tower,
Every November the thin red legions are mustered
And they flower like clockwork in her bitterest hour.

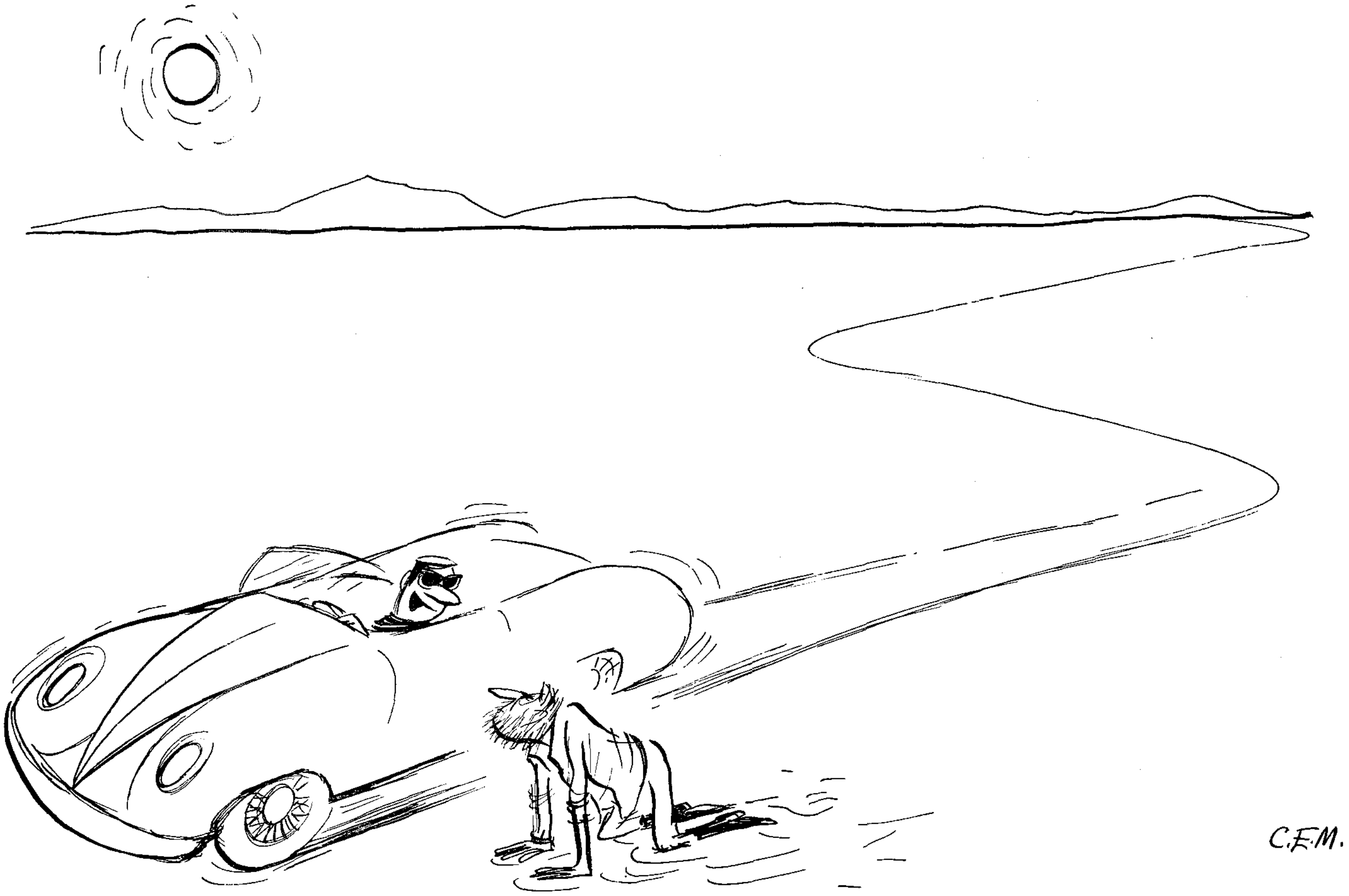
—Hilary Corke

• •

What impressed me most of all, however, was the fact that Canadian literature has at last become decidedly interesting. I had enjoyed in my youth the dialect poems of William Henry Drummond, the James Whitcomb Riley of the French-Canadian *habitant;* the bathetic Kiplingesque ballads of Robert W. Service, so suitable for convivial recitation; the quiet music of Bliss Carman's moods in the presence of an out-of-door world of yellow moonrises, brookside ferns, fresh meadow grass, and golden waters, which never rises to lyrical dramatics; and the slapdash buffooneries of Stephen Leacock, which display a Canadian violence. One remembered, without ever having read them, the historical novels of Sir Gilbert Parker, which used to be seen on the shelves with the other historical novels of a shallow and shoddy period of manufactured American romance—a writer hardly now claimed by Canada, since he wrote most of his books in England, where he became a Member of Parliament and eventually won a baronetcy. But the work of Morley Callaghan and Hugh MacLennan, of André Langevin and Marie-Claire Blais, has taken its place on a literary level far superior to any of this.



Toronto also differs from the States, in spite of much Americanization, in preserving a British tradition of good order and capable handling. You usually get better service at the airports



"Say, where can a fellow get a drink around here?"

• •

and in the hotels, and the people in such public services are less hurried and more polite. Our panicky state of mind in the States—where we are threatened by apocalyptic war, ridden by intolerable taxes, and eliminated by automation, where we suffer from insecurity of employment, incapacity for decisive opinion, and uncertainty even of continued life—is reflected in both our dissipations and our outbreaks of irrational rioting and unmotivated homicide, in our administrative inconsistencies, and in the messes we often make of our practical operations. In Canada, one gets the impression of less worry and more leisure. To a man of my generation, it seems closer to the old American world—though I imagine that the people of Canada, after withstanding their early ordeals, have always exerted themselves less and been less anxious about their enterprises than we in the United States. It is possible, in English Canada, to have reasonable conversations in which people pretty well speak their minds—they listen, I noted, to one another instead of "shooting off their faces" in competition, as we are likely to do—and the Canadians, as I shall show in a moment, now have subjects that stimulate discussion and about which we in the United States are in a state of almost opaque ignorance.

Yet I noticed in Canada, wherever I went, that the people in public places do not make room for one another but appear indifferently to get into one another's way. And the driving in Toronto is reckless to a degree that I have never seen elsewhere. It seems a series of narrow escapes. I was once thrown off my seat in a taxi driven by a young Chinese when a car in front suddenly stopped and he had to put on the brakes to avoid a crash. It was explained to me that the motorists were always playing "chicken." One driver will challenge another by refusing to give way before him; the game is to compel the other man to swerve or decrease his speed in order to avoid a collision. And on reflection I have come to the conclusion that these phenomena are to be explained in terms of an important difference between Canadian society and our own. This difference, as one western Canadian said to me, is that nobody in Canada is "melted." He was thinking of our "melting pot." It is a compartmented, not welded, community; that is, it is not really a community. The major compartmentalization—to which I shall return later—is, of course, between the French-speaking and the English-speaking inhabitants, but there are also many other compartments. The Canadians of Scottish extraction, with their parades led by kilted bagpipers and their ritual dancing of the Highland reel, have imposed on the whole of Canada their pronunciation of words like *about* as something not far from *aboot*, but they do not seem to mix much with anyone else. There is even a distinct difference between the Highlanders of lower Ontario and the Highlanders of Nova Scotia, where Gaelic is still sometimes spoken. Nova Scotia regards itself, in fact, as more or less a country in its own right, much closer to maritime New England than to the prosperous Scottish business world of Montreal. The Nova Scotians are likely to refer to the rest of the now rather misnamed "Dominion" as "Canada" or "Upper Canada." I am told that there is even on the island of Cape Breton a kind of Cape Breton nationalism which makes a distinction between its own inhabitants and the rest of the population of Nova Scotia. And then there are the immigrant populations: the Ukrainians, Poles, Russians, and Ice-

"Just once I wish we could go somewhere without the children!"

landers, and more recently, in large numbers, the Hungarians and the southern Italians. These may still, after several generations, continue to speak their own languages. They are known as "the ethnics" or "the others," and I was told that the boast of the dominant English that these groups were left to themselves, that no pressure was brought to bear to assimilate them into the English-speaking culture, was a mask for official unwillingness to have them qualify for government jobs. There are also the Irish Catholics, who are not particularly friendly with the Catholic French, and the Ulstermen, with their once powerful Orange Order, who are always at war with the Catholics and who are not much beloved by the Scots. And even among French-speaking Canadians the Acadians make up a group that holds itself quite apart from the French of Quebec. Deported by the British in 1755, when the latter took over Nova Scotia, a good many came back later from New England. They have their own university and always speak of themselves as "Acadians." An Acadian, I was told, will not work for a Québecois French family. It may also be noted that one cannot be sure that someone who bears a French name necessarily belongs to the French Catholic world. He may occupy a special position as the descendant of a Huguenot family which came over in the seventeenth century.

All these groups, then, exist side by side with very much less mingling with one another than would be likely to take place in the States. With us, there is the constant pressure to become "Americanized." But is there such a thing as being Canadianized? The Canadians have been debating in a rather academic way as to what it means to be a Canadian, without ever having been able to formulate a definition that is precise and inclusive of everybody. And now the nationalist movement in French Canada is making this even more difficult. The British Dominion of Canada has never had a national flag—only the Red Ensign, as it is called, of the Canadian merchant marine, which has the Union Jack in the corner—while French Canada has employed as its emblem the flag of the Province of Quebec, a blue banner quartered by a thick white cross, with a fleur-de-lis in each corner. But now that British Canada's relation to England consists merely of belonging to the Commonwealth, an entity verbal rather than practical, and that the French-Canadian nationalists are making it a point of honor to have a fleur-de-lis on their license plates, the new Liberal government of Lester Pearson is advocating a new, all-Canadian flag: three red maple leaves on a white background with—symbolizing the two oceans—a blue bar on either side. Mr. Pearson has not yet, as I write, been successful in getting Parliament to approve his new banner. This project has been blocked by the leader

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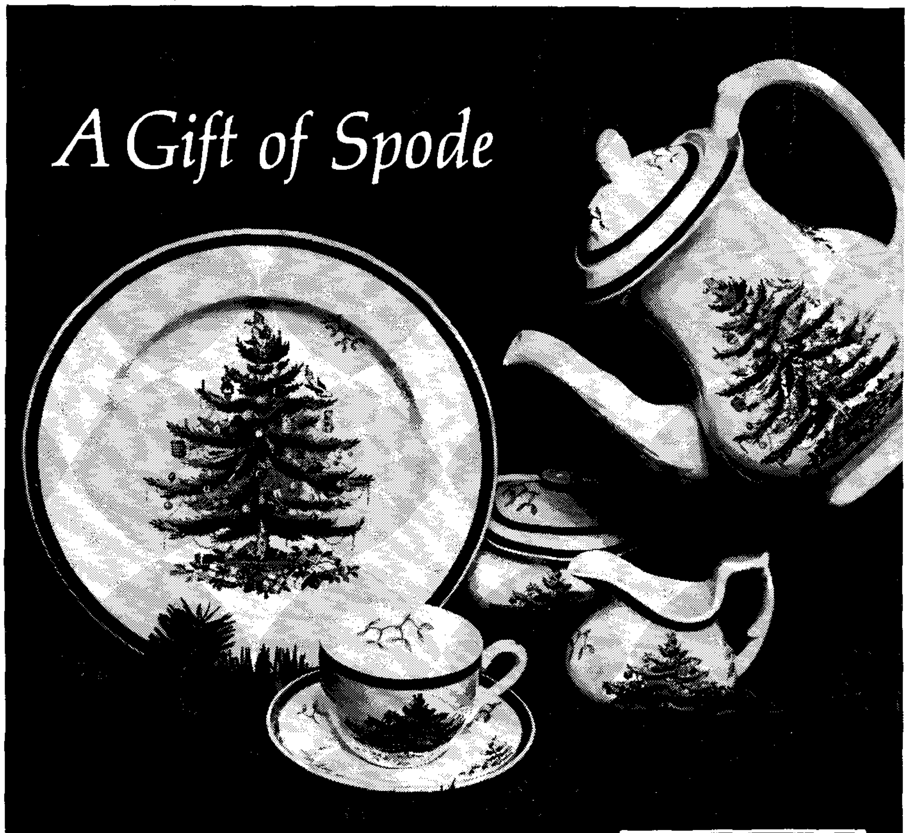

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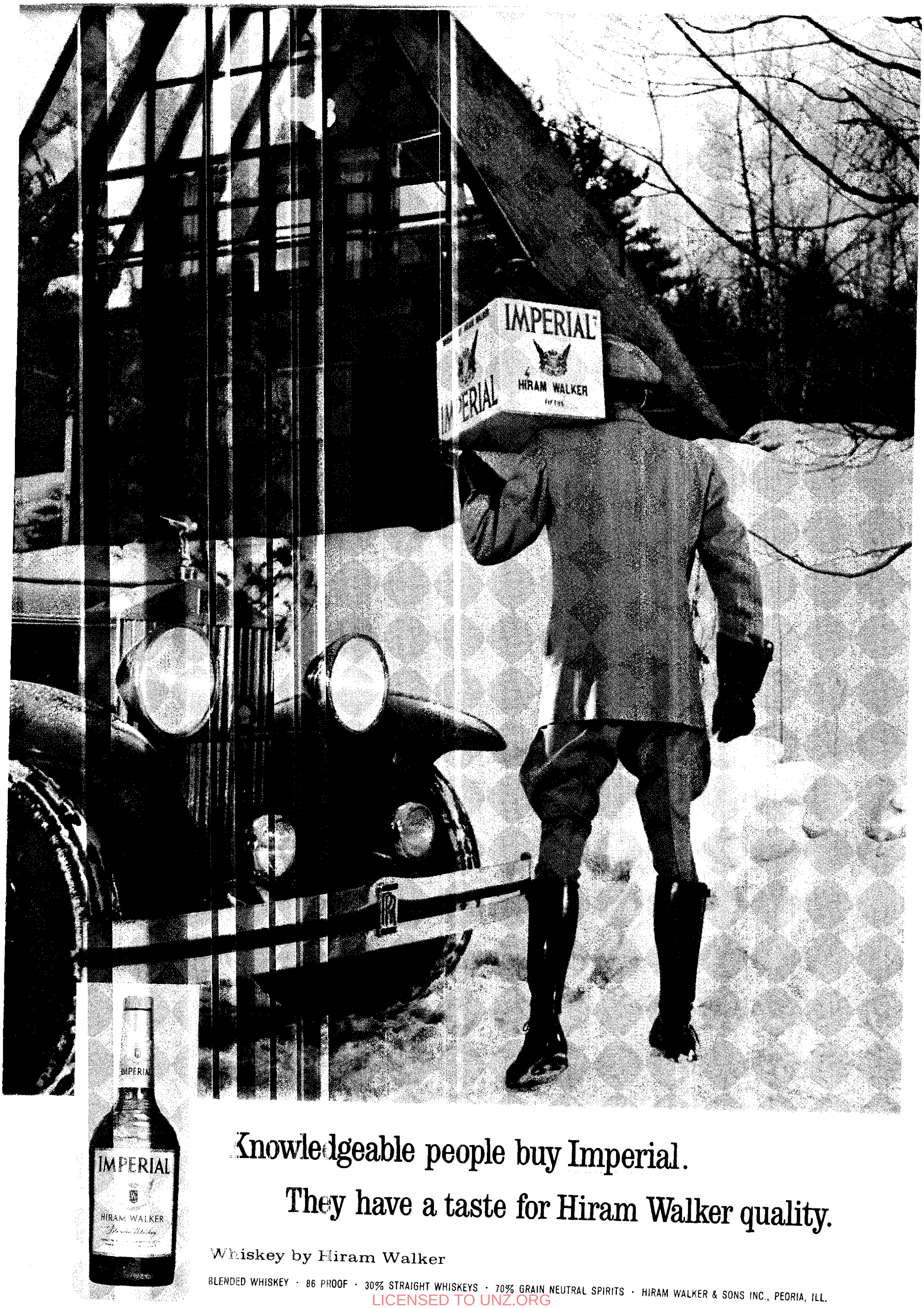
of the Conservative opposition, his predecessor, John G. Diefenbaker, who filibustered the debate for six weeks, until Pearson was reduced to entrusting the problem to a parliamentary committee. It is objected by Mr. Diefenbaker that this flag, being mainly white, would be easily soiled in summer and that in winter it would be almost invisible against the background of all-enveloping snow. It is also objected that white suggests the white flag of surrender, and that since the maple tree is hardly known in western Canada, the maple leaves are inappropriate symbols. I noticed, on a recent visit, that in the Rosedale section of Toronto and in the Westmount section of Montreal the Union Jack was defiantly flown. And there seems to have been a similar problem in regard to the national anthem. The French sing a song called "O Canada" and there is an English version of this, but the English have not always wanted to sing it. They prefer "God Save the Queen" or "The Maple Leaf Forever," which latter, on account of its reference to the defeat of Montcalm by Wolfe, is completely inacceptable to the French (they might also complain of the rhyming):

> In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
> Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
> And planted firm Britannia's flag
> On Canada's fair domain.

There seems now to be a general agreement that "O Canada" is to be sung.

This dissociation from one another of all these diverse Canadian groups may result in unfair exclusions and give rise to administrative difficulties, but to the visiting "American" it is rather a relief. There is conformity inside these groups of a sometimes constricting kind but no insistence on conforming to a national ideal which may become, as it has with us, all the cruder and less flexible for having to be applied to such heterogeneous material. The Canadian heterogeneity, unmolded, has at any rate made Montreal a cosmopolitan city of what seems to me a unique kind. Each group has its press and its restaurants and its places of entertainment. I found one man at a newsstand on St. Catherine Street—or, better, Rue Ste. Catherine—who spoke all the languages of the papers he sold, including Hungarian and modern Greek. And I was astonished to discover that Montreal, once the drab and crass provincial town that I vaguely remembered from my youth, had undoubtedly become one of the most attractive cities on the North American continent: smart shops, first-rate French restaurants, both better and less expen-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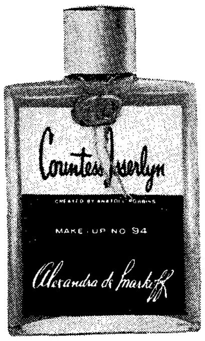
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The three great issues in this crisis, I should state here, are briefly the following: (1) a struggle with the United States, which is primarily an industrial and financial but is also a moral struggle; (2) a struggle between French-speaking and English-speaking Canada, which has resulted, on the part of the former, in a movement for partial or complete independence; (3) a movement for drastic reform inside the Catholic Church, set off partly by the innovating policies of Pope John, partly by the death of Maurice Duplessis, for many years the Premier and boss of Quebec, which was followed by the immediate destruction of the political machine he controlled.

These notes are primarily to be occupied with the literature of contemporary Canada, but since this literature reflects all these issues and cannot fully be understood without some knowledge of Canadian history and the social and political questions which are now agitating Canada, it must lead to some discussion of these.

FRANCIS PARKMAN. The best way to lay a foundation for the understanding of Canada is to read Francis Parkman's great history, "France and England in North America." I had supposed that I should find this unrivalled work, so fascinating as well as informative, a primary classic in Canada, and I was surprised not to see it in any of the bookstores or in the libraries of the houses I visited. I was even more astonished when a serious and very well-posted young journalist told me that he had never heard of Parkman. But the reason for this became clear. Parkman had been banned by the Catholic Church, which did not want to have the historian's Protestant account of the methods of the Jesuits in converting the Indians (appreciative

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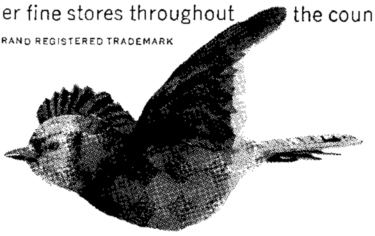
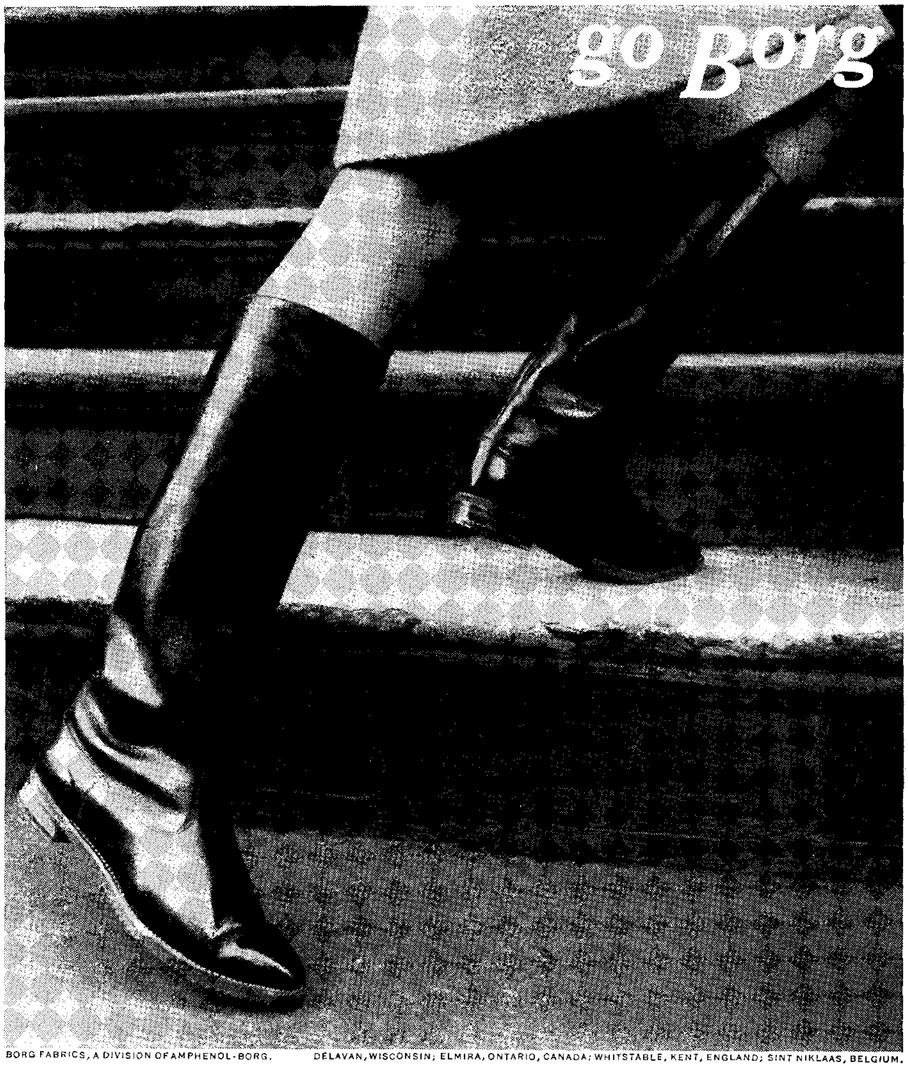


If you can't go south



BORG FABRICS, A DIVISION OF AMPHENOL-BORG. DELAVAN, WISCONSIN; ELMIRA, ONTARIO, CANADA; WHITSTABLE, KENT, ENGLAND; SINT NIKLAAS, BELGIUM.

of their heroism though Parkman was), the bitter conflicts of the various religious orders, and the ruthless machinations of Bishop Laval made accessible to its congregations. The Catholic university in Quebec, which is named after Bishop Laval, at one time entertained the idea of giving Parkman an honorary degree, then thought better of it, but Protestant McGill, in Montreal, did eventually give him one. It was suggested to me, too, by a French Canadian, that it was natural for French Canada, which so jealously bristles against English-speaking Canada and the United States, not to have wanted to have the best history of its early years written by an Anglo-American (though I found it asserted in some quarters that the best modern history of French Canada has been written by the American Mason Wade). British Canada, on its side, does not perhaps want to read so much about the exploits of the French in Canada. It seems astonishing to the American visitor that the first Canadian history which has attempted to deal comprehensively with the English and the French both and which aims at real objectivity should have been published only in 1946: the one-volume "Colony to Nation, A History of Canada," by Professor Arthur R. M. Lower, of Queen's University, Kingston. In French schools, they have been teaching, it seems, only the history of the French in Canada; in British schools, only the history of the British. Of the official histories on either side, Professor Lower says that they "hardly seem to refer to the same country." So if the English-speaking foreigner has an interest in finding out how this queer situation arose and what is back of the tangential relations between Canada and the United States, he will do well to have recourse to Parkman.

At the time Parkman's history was appearing—the sixties, seventies, eighties, and nineties of the last century—it presented itself as a project of an almost wholly novel kind. Parkman gave it as secondary title "A History of the American Forest," and nobody had written before a chronicle of recent history which, instead of dealing almost exclusively with parliaments and chancellors and treaties, with organized armies and strategic wars, tried to follow the movements of white pioneers invading a continent of primitive peoples and unsurveyed wildernesses. No one in the United States had apparently been interested in this subject, had thought of it as an object for serious study. Such records of those times as survived had more or less the aspect of

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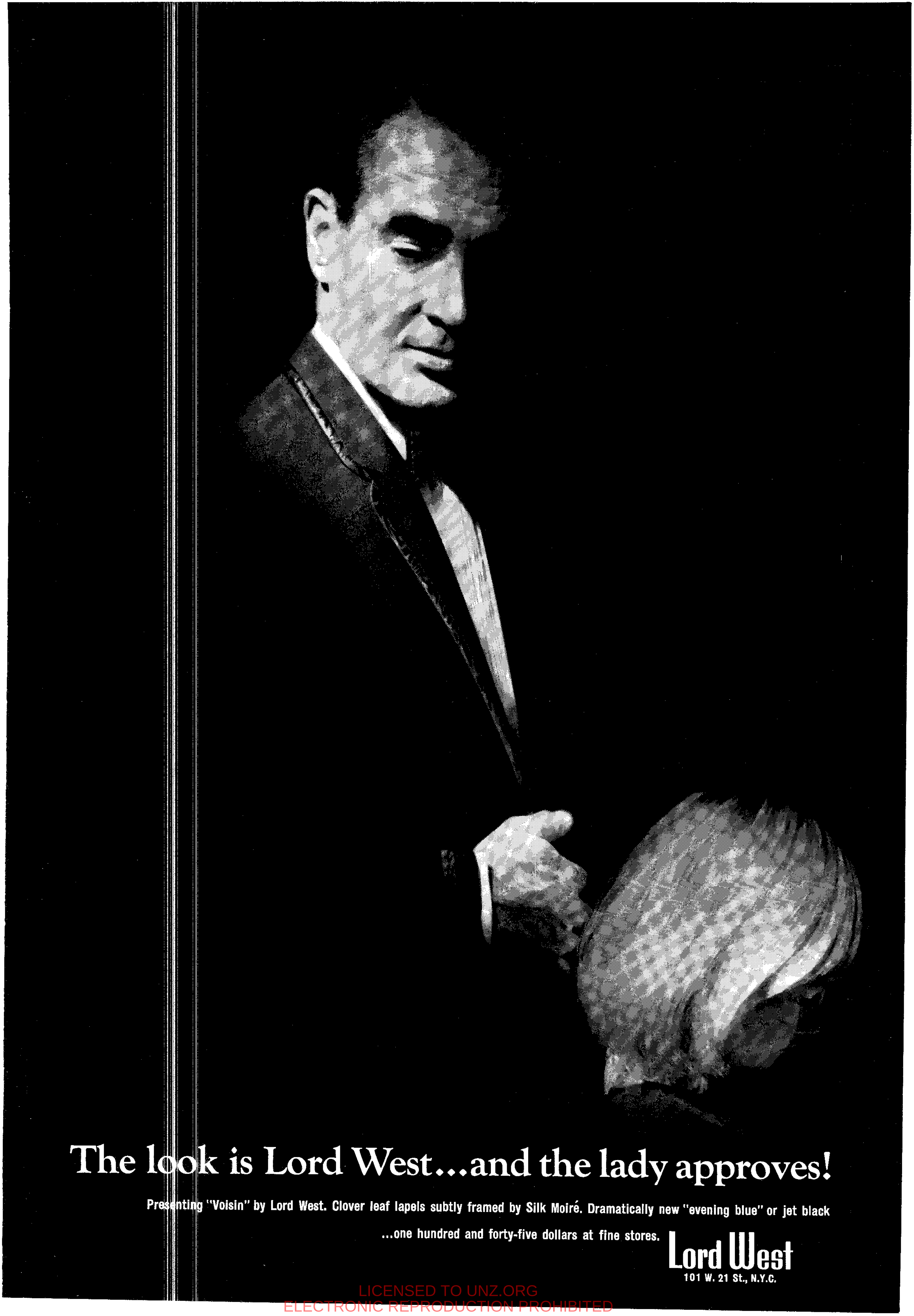

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old debris in the back yard of American progress, of cherished family legends that might be handed down in the household but that nobody had had an interest in checking and relating to one another. But Parkman spent years of research among published and unpublished personal records, letters that had been somehow preserved yet never examined as evidence, state papers stowed away in the archives of London and Paris, the two Canadas, and the United States.

In the immense panorama which he at last displayed and to which he gave the rest of his life, he begins with the tiny groups of French Huguenots and Spanish adventurers continuing their wars of religion among uncharted waterways, unhealthy swamps, and uncomprehended Indians. He then proceeds with the exploits of the Jesuits, enduring, much farther north, the extremes of torture and hardship; the exertions of La Salle and the other explorers—which in our day sound quite superhuman—in breaking through in the unknown West to the Illinois and the Mississippi; the founding by the French of the outposts that became Montreal and Quebec, attacked on the one hand by their murderous neighbors, the always undependable Indians, and hampered on the other by their difficult relations with the unimaginative authorities at home; the struggles with the English colonists for the forts on Lake George and Cape Breton; the grisly series of murders and burnings on solitary New England and Pennsylvania farms when the French, with their Indian allies, were systematically harassing the British. The historian concludes with the decisive battle for the mastery of North America when, in 1759, Wolfe vanquished Montcalm at Quebec and both died in a conflict of cultures which has not to this day been resolved.

How was it possible to construct a narrative which, never resorting to the methods of nineteenth-century romantic fiction, would carry along the reader through volume after volume, out of incidents and chains of events so scattered and disconnected, the doings of small settlements so isolated, the skirmishes and takings-of-possession so inconsecutive, sporadic, and confused? One has to read about so many sieges, so many bleak and lethal marches, so many palavers with the Indians, so many spiteful intrigues for position among exiled and discontented colonial officials. The genius of Parkman is shown not only in his disciplined, dynamic prose but in his avoidance of

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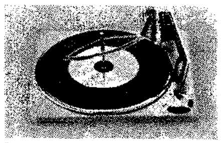

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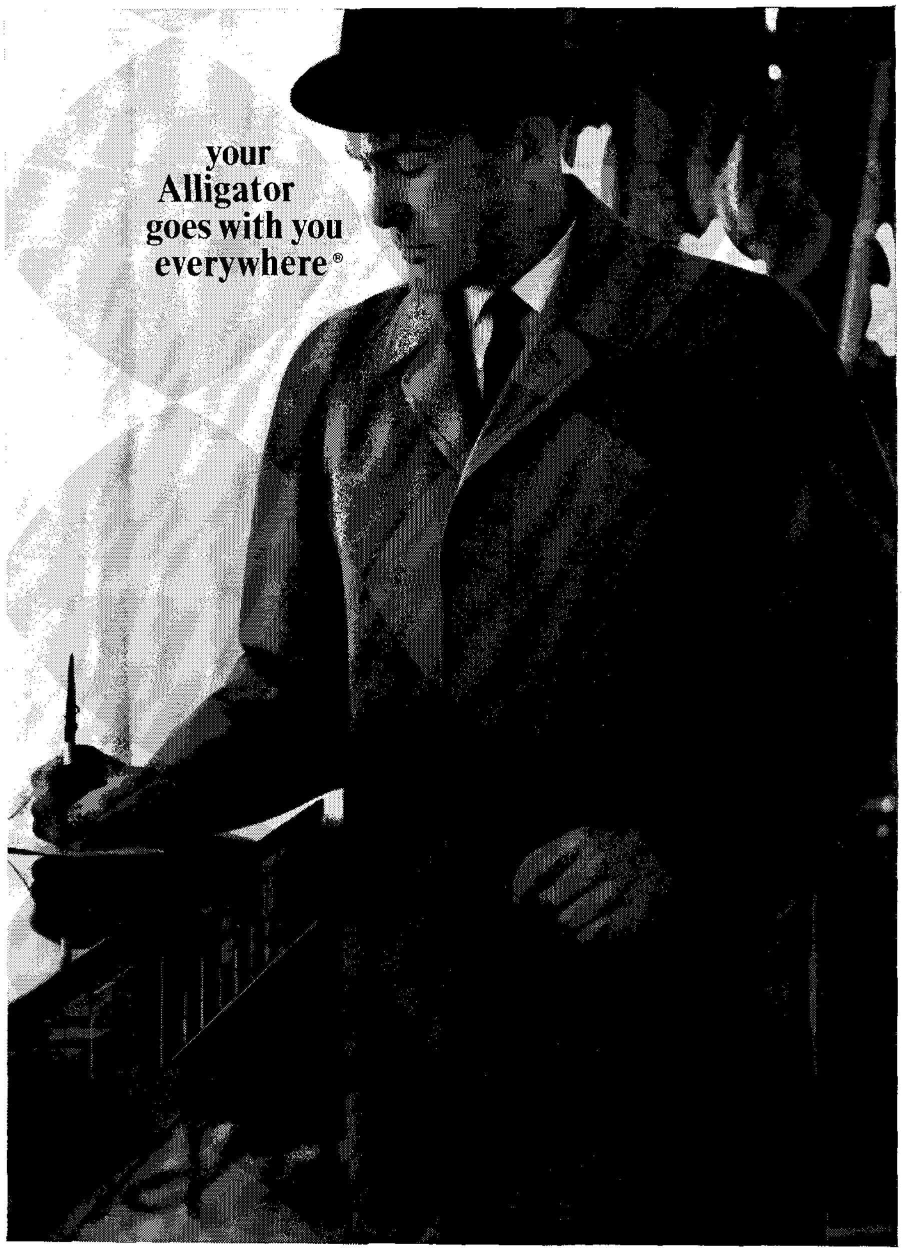
generalizations, his economizing of abstract analysis, his sticking to concrete events. Each incident, each episode is different, each is particularized, each is presented, when possible, in sharply realistic detail, no matter how absurd or how homely, in terms of its human participants, its local background, and its seasonal conditions. But a knowledge of all this could not wholly be drawn from the written sources, especially such inadequate documents as those with which Parkman had sometimes to work. He had already spent five months in the West, mostly living with the Sioux Indians, in order to get some first-hand knowledge of the peoples with whom the white men at first had had to share the continent, and he afterward went to much trouble to travel to even the most distant sites of the happenings he had to describe—wild spots which were often still scarcely or not at all changed from the time when these events had taken place. He had a special sensitivity to landscape and terrain, a kind of genius unequalled, so far as I know, on the part of any other important historian, without which such a story could hardly have been told.

It was all right for the urban Gibbon to build up a description of Constantinople—and an extraordinary description it is, which even creates a kind of suspense—without ever having visited the city, but for America, as yet unconstructed, this method would never do. There were no models to follow for America. The historian must himself go to see what was seen for the first time by the immigrants. Lake George in winter: "In the morning they marched again, by icicled rocks and ice-bound waterfalls, mountains gray with naked woods and fir trees bowed down with snow. . . . When clouds hang low on the darkened mountains, and cold mists entangle themselves in the tops of the pines." In summer and autumn: "Embarked in whaleboats or birch canoes they glided under the silent moon or in the languid glare of a breathless August day when islands floated in dreamy haze, and the hot air was thick with odors of the pine; or in the bright October, when the jay screamed from the woods, squirrels gathered their winter hoard, and congregated blackbirds chattered farewell to their summer haunts; when gay mountains basked in light, maples dropped leaves of rustling gold, sumachs glowed like rubies under the dark green of the unchanging spruce, and mossed rocks with all their painted plumage lay double in the watery mirror." But it would take too many quo-



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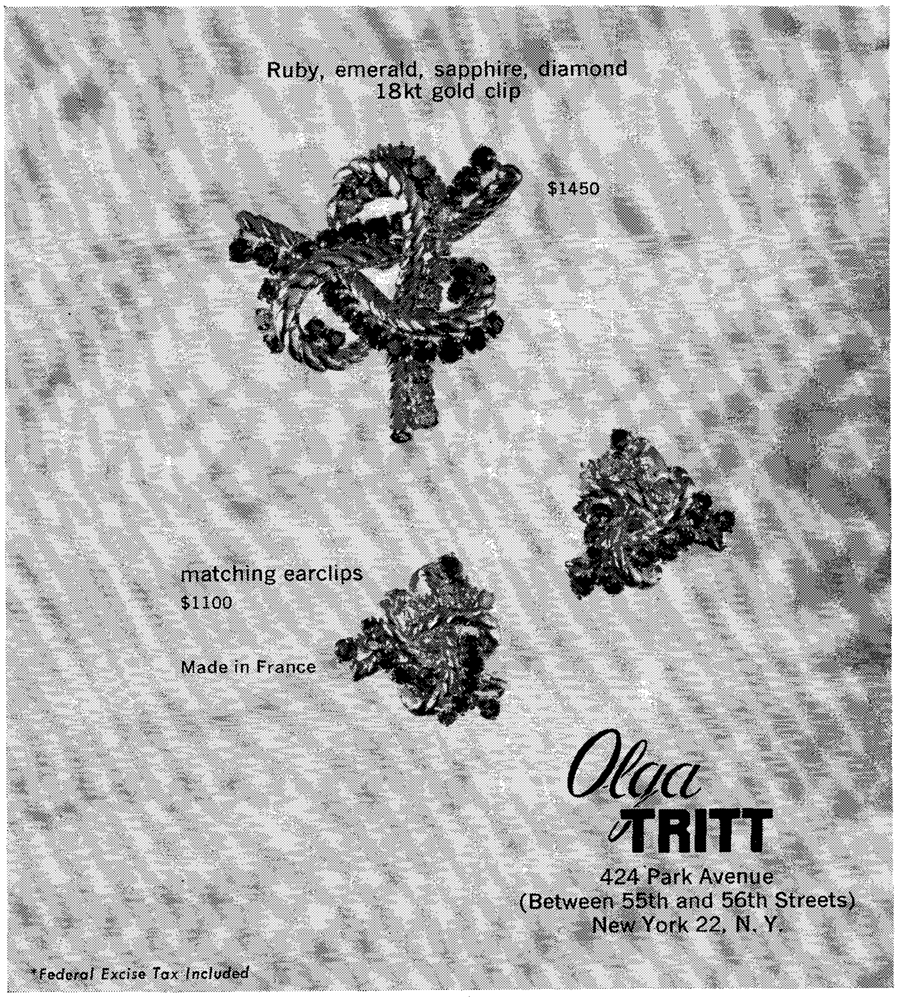

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tations to illustrate the variety of this master of prose: The desolate plains of the West, "half-covered with snow and strewn with the skulls and bones of buffalo;" Starved Rock, on the Illinois, from the trunk of whose "stunted cedar that leans forward from the brink, you may drop a plummet into the river below, where the cat-fish and the turtles may plainly be seen gliding over the wrinkled sands of the clear and shallow current;" the forests of Maine, dense and daunting—matted bushes, saplings choked to death, perishing by their very abundance. How he gives to this forest of Maine a teeming and tangled life quite distinct from that of any of his other forests! Yet he is scrupulous in never inventing. If some picturesque detail in Parkman may suggest for a moment indulgence in the fantasies of fictionalized history, you will find it is an actual impression recorded by one of his pioneers. (The contrast between Parkman's method and that of Professor Lower in the history mentioned above is significant of the development of Canada. Five hundred of the five hundred and sixty-one pages of Lower's distinguished book deal with events in Canada after the point at which Parkman drops his narrative, and the chronicler, with expert skill, unrolls a firm and even texture of the various gradually drawn strands that make subsequent Canadian history—the habits of social life, the modifications of political institutions, the conflicts of religious forces, the vicissitudes of immigration, the processes of industry, the shuttlings of trade, and the ramifications of railroads in a Canada of average men, of stationary or migrating groups. Where Parkman would be vivid and specific, Mr. Lower may be found brief and vague. One would like to hear more about the incidents of such episodes as Papineau's rebellion of 1837 and Riel's later rebellions. Of the former, he tells us merely that "militarily, both sides behaved in the best traditions of comic opera," and in regard to the latter he gives us so little narrative that it is impossible to visualize what happened. I learn from an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Mr. Douglas V. LePan, that Riel, as the head of his provincial government, was in the habit of receiving official visitors in moccasins and a frock coat—which Mr. LePan regards as illustrative of the incongruities of Canadian life. Parkman would have told us this, but Mr. Lower has to cover the more extensive ground of a less individualized story.)

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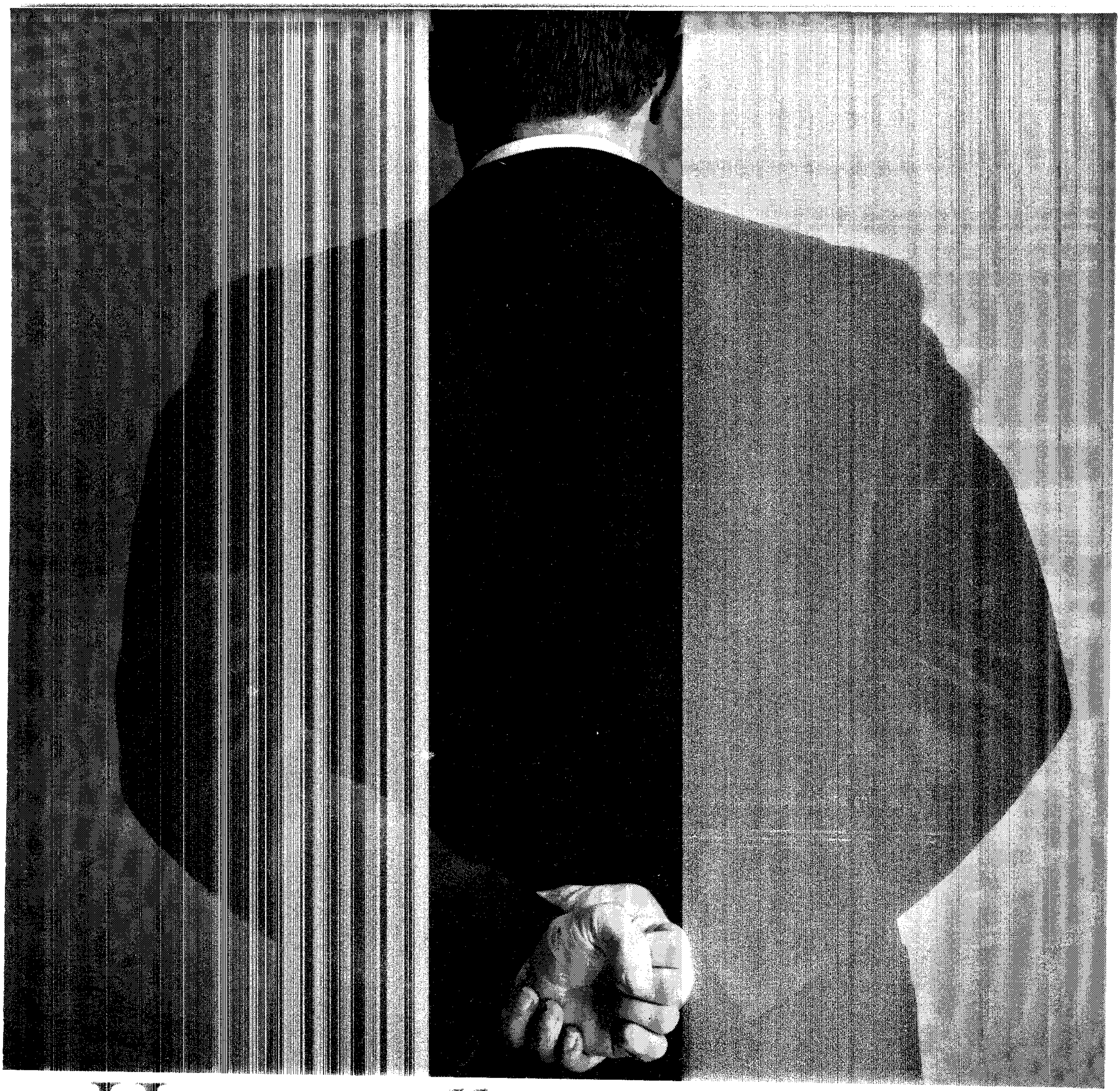

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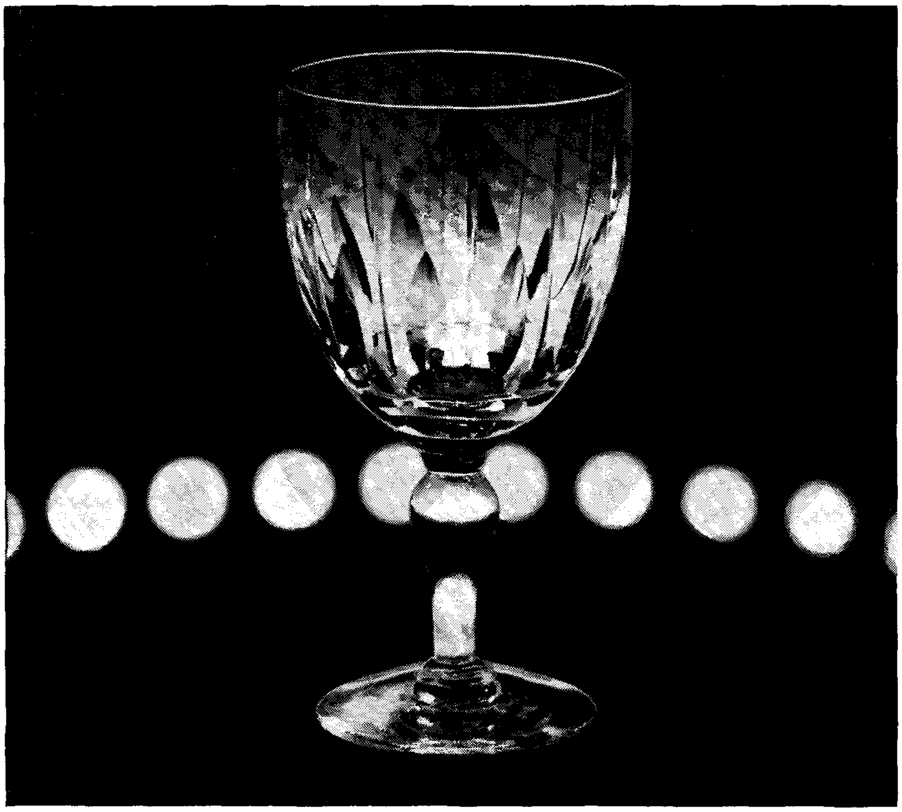

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narrative are among the most brilliant achievements of the writing of history as an art. After this, although his powers never fail him for presenting any aspect of his subject, the nature of the material itself sometimes obstructs the artist. In the middle of the step-by-step chronicle, the momentum a little flags. The French cities have by this time become big enough, with a society sufficiently developed, to demand the historian's analysis, and in the volume "The Old Régime in Canada" he gives us this analysis at length; but these centers, in spite of their apings of the society of the old regime in France, are still rather meagre and second-rate, and the rivalries and schemings and liaisons of the governors and priests and generals do become a trifle tedious when treated on a scale comparable with the more novel events that have gone before. One continues to read eagerly in order to find out what will happen to the white man adventuring in a world of whose inhabitants he has never before heard and whose geography he has still to discover; but the drawing rooms and convents of Montreal cannot excite an equal interest. And then Louisbourg—irreducible historical fact—is taken and retaken too many times; the sieges become rather monotonous. They may have bored Parkman, too, for—fearing that he might not live to finish his story—he skipped ahead to write the volume "Montcalm and Wolfe," then returned to "A Half-Century of Conflict." The suspense of the whole adventure, as an artistically created effect, is itself somewhat weakened by the explicitness of Parkman in telling us in his introduction exactly what the upshot is going to be and exactly what this upshot will prove. Not that he writes an obvious morality play; he never deals in heroes or villains. The objectivity that Parkman achieves is the product of a never-remitting discipline, which almost makes him lean over backward in admiring the nobility of the French, the chivalrous virtues of their soldiers and the grandiose ambitions of their leaders, and in rather playing down the more prosaic virtues of the New Englanders, Pennsylvanians, and New Yorkers. But he has made it quite clear that the French, for all their visions and their efforts in this arduous new world, so different from anything they have known at home, are to be crushed "under the exactions of a grasping hierarchy," stifled "under the curbs and trappings of a feudal monarchy," whereas the Protestant English, already recalcitrant against their king and his church,

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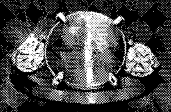

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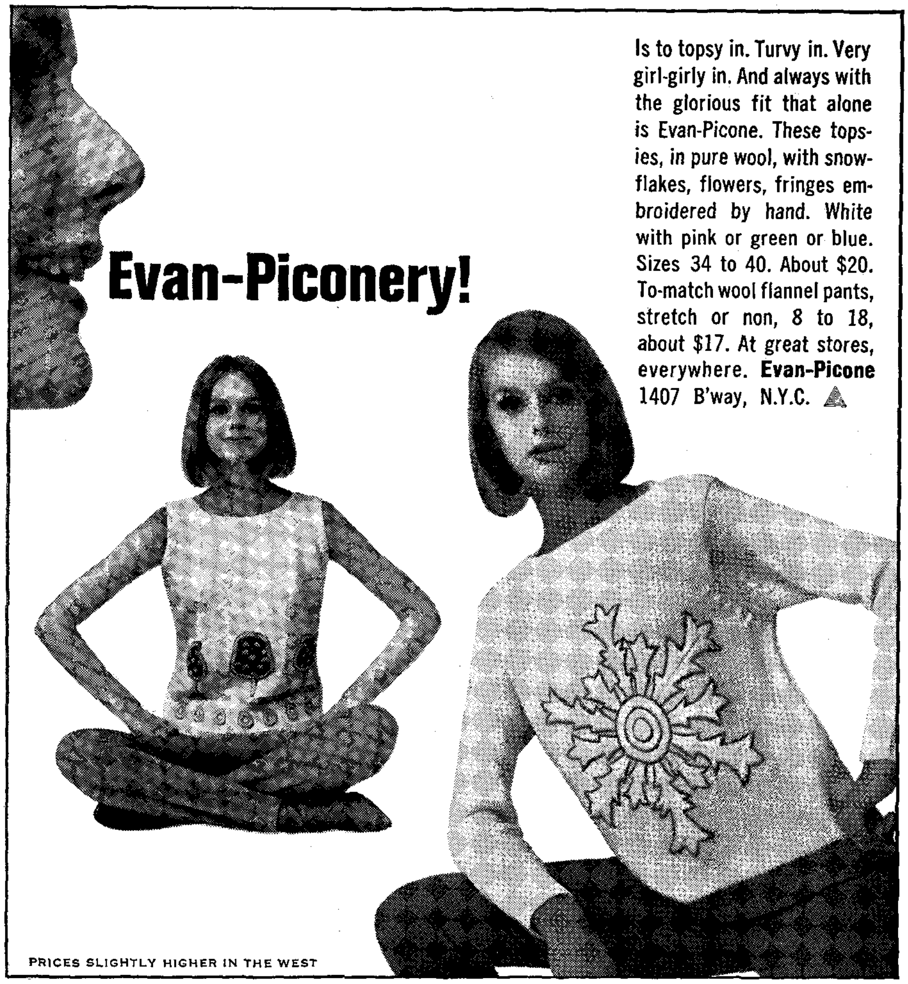
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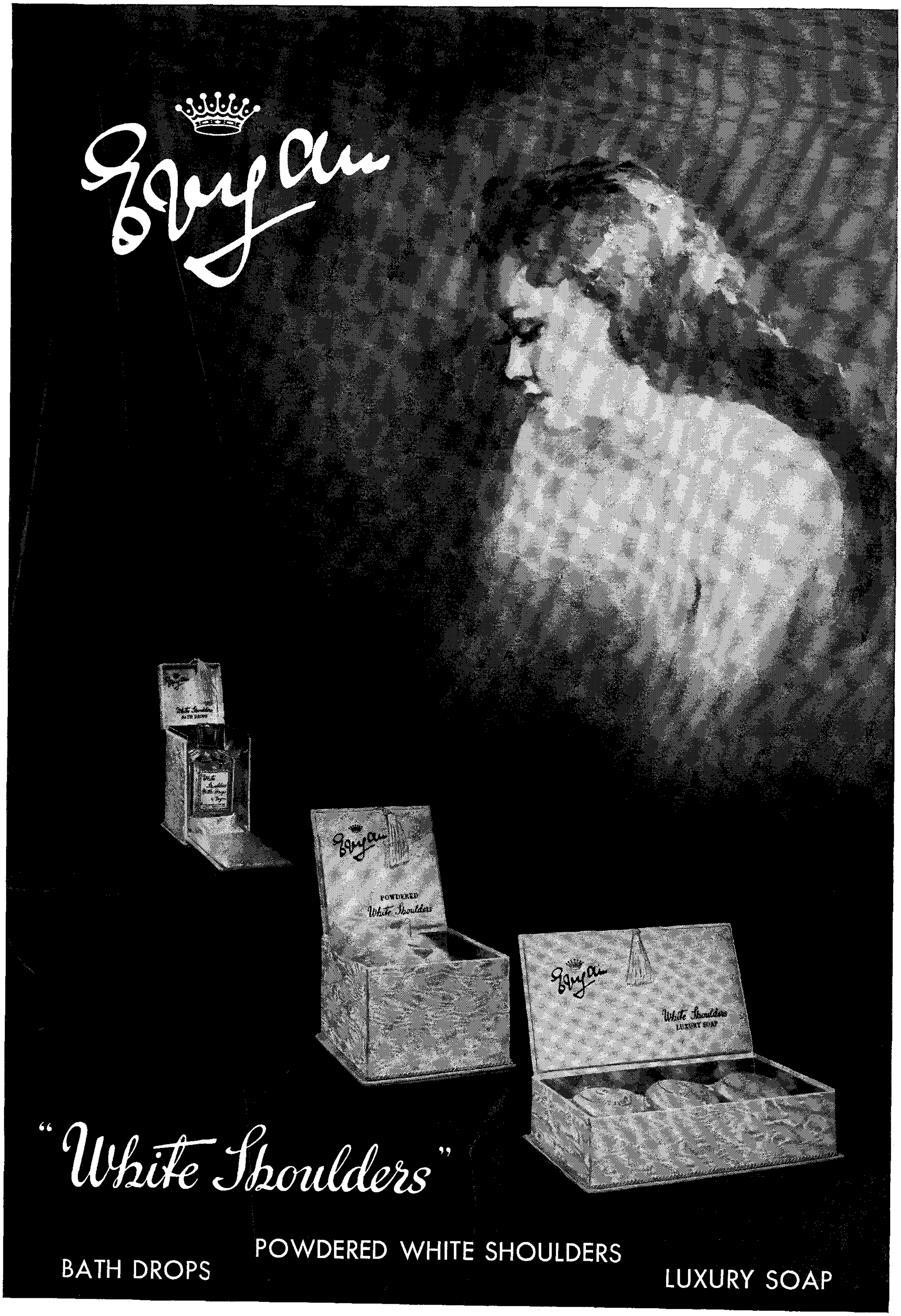
"a busy multitude, each in his narrow circle toiling for himself, to gather competence or wealth," were in a position to build up independent industries and to establish enduring commonwealths. New France, though so far from home, had to suffer from the corruption of old France, from its selfish inefficiency and extravagance, and it was let down by Louis XV when it most needed his help to survive. No ray of the Enlightenment reached it during the ferment of the eighteenth century; the revolution that overthrew the Bourbons and exalted the Goddess of Reason left French Canada Catholic and feudal, abandoned and yet unchanged. But New England was already the Revolution. It was bound to win against the British Tories, especially the second-rate officials that were usually sent out to the colonies. A good many of these fled to Canada, where they still had their Crown to back them, as the French no longer had theirs. Since most of this has already been told us at the very beginning of the story, the defeat of Montcalm by Wolfe comes as something of a Q.E.D.

The historical point being made—if we strip away the forests and the Indians—may then appear rather simple, and if Parkman does fall short in interest of the greatest of the European historians, such as Gibbon and Michelet, it is because he does not give us, cannot give us, in view of the limited resources with which his human materials supply him, the same sense of looking on at the whole destiny of Western man, of being made to confront his great problems and to speculate as to what will be his future. Of course, Michelet and Gibbon cover many centuries, and they can range over the varied societies of a more or less civilized Europe, whereas Parkman extends over little more than two centuries and a half and deals mainly with a sparsely peopled wilderness. Yet the rough conflicts between small bands of men are significant because, though lost in this wilderness, they will eventually be seen to have contributed to the settling of important issues. One has somewhat to readjust one's sights to appreciate the drama of early America. The scale of humanity is so reduced, compared to that of denser societies, that it may not at once be obvious that great questions of Church or State may actually be at stake in a skirmish, a feud, or a duel. And it is a history of such encounters that Parkman has written here. They may sometimes, in spite of all the scenery, appear to take place in a void, and we have by this time in the United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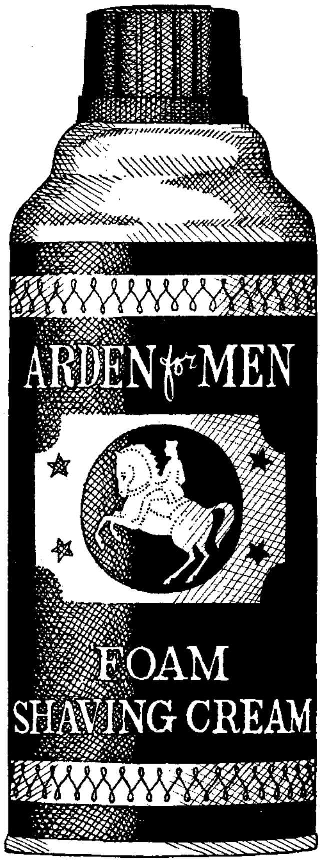

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States to a great extent lost the sense of that void. But one is aware of it again in Canada—looking out, for example, from the Île d'Orléans, in the St. Lawrence just above Quebec. From a high cliff, the wide, smooth river and its flat opposite bank are of a magnitude quite dumfounding. There are no bathers along the banks; there are, they say, no proper beaches, and the water is rather dangerous. Such a prospect seems annulling to human assertion, which can hope to make so little impression in that hemless, hardly peopled continuum of water and land and sky. How can one get a hold on such a country? It would especially not be favorable to painting. What need of pictures with such a view, and how could a frame contain it? Music? Its vibrations would be lost in the void. And literature? Can one think of such spaces in terms of any human meaning? And yet there are scattered dwellings along the opposite shore, and it is punctuated by one sharp steeple. The steeples that prick from the shores—more frequent as we approach Quebec City—give the landscape its human value. And so do the books written here—the voices that seem sometimes as far apart as the farms and the camps and the cities, that do not even always communicate with one another, since there never appears until recently, with the exception of a few small groups, to have been anything like a "literary life" in Canada. The French and the English writers do not often read one another, nor do writers who belong to the same language group necessarily read one another; they may, in fact, not even know of one another's existence. Yet there seem to be more and more of these voices, and they are becoming more penetrating. From their fables and their lyrics and their essays, it is evident that Canadian writers, in their relative isolation, are, like their ancestors the first settlers, taking stands now and making decisions which will influence the future of their country.

HUGH MACLENNAN: It is easy to pass from Parkman to Hugh MacLennan—another writer strongly to be recommended to anyone who wants to understand Canada—for Mr. MacLennan shares with Parkman the historical and geographical imagination. Hugh MacLennan is so special a figure that he requires some explanation. I should describe him as a Highlander first, a patriotic Nova Scotian second (he is a native of Cape Breton), a spokesman for Canada third, and—but simultaneously with all of these—

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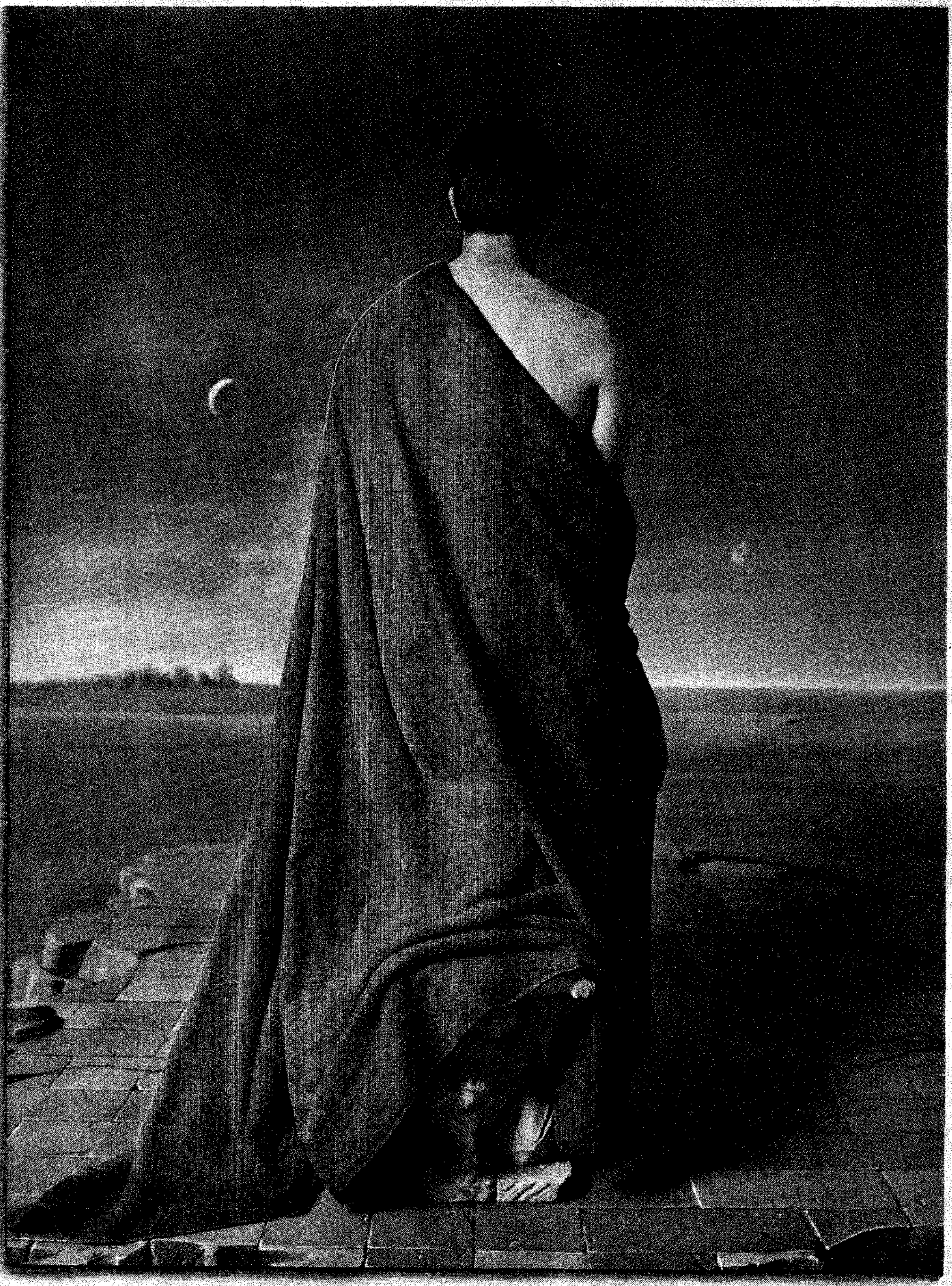

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a scholar of international culture and a man of the great world. After Hugh MacLennan's graduation from Dalhousie College, in Halifax, he went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, then got a Ph.D. at the Princeton Graduate School, at both of which places he specialized in classics. He has taught in schools and colleges in Canada and spent a summer teaching in Russia.

I first became interested in MacLennan when I read his book of essays, "Scotchman's Return," published in 1960, and found in it a point of view surprisingly and agreeably different from anything else I knew in English. MacLennan writes here, as in his other books of essays—"Cross-Country" (1949) and "Thirty and Three" (1954)—with much humor and shrewd intelligence about Canada, Scotland, England, the Soviet Union, and the United States. I came to recognize that there did now exist a Canadian way of looking at things which had little in common with either the "American" or the British colonial one and which has achieved a self-confident detachment in regard to the rest of the world. A good many of these essays form a chronicle of the process by which the author arrived at the Canadian point of view that he has brought to so sharp a focus. It was developed in the course of encounters with the people of other nationalities, which stimulated on his part, when he returned from abroad, a new interest in his native country. He gives us, in "Thirty and Three," a curious account of one of these experiences. He had apparently, as a Nova Scotian, known little of the rest of Canada. But, "The first week I was in Oxford . . . an English freshman invited me to tea. He began to talk about Canada and was amazed to discover that I knew nothing whatever about my own country. I had never heard of Timmins [in Ontario, the largest gold-mining town in Canada], I had never spent hours and hours in a train rolling across the shield of northern Ontario. I had never seen the drama of dawn rising over Manitoba, or the sun setting behind the Continental Divide, or the moon over Georgia Strait. But this young Englishman had seen all these things and more. He had seen them because an organization in England had made plans to enable youngsters to do so and had put the plans into effect by raising the necessary cash."

When MacLennan got back to Canada, he set out to educate himself, and this resulted in a series of novels that

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are as solid and analytic as the essays are informal and personal. Before going on to consider these novels, I want, however, to indicate some of the features of Mr. MacLennan's specifically Canadian point of view as it is expressed in both his essays and his fiction. The problem for this type of independent mind is, on the one hand, to shake off the traditional ties that have in the past bound the Canadian to old England and, on the other, to survive the pressures that have been driving him toward the new United States. In Mr. MacLennan's first novel, "Barometer Rising," published in 1941 and laid in 1917, the more intelligent characters are chafing against the first of these relationships: "And Halifax, more than most towns, seemed governed by a fate she neither made nor understood, for it was her birthright to serve the English in time of war and to sleep neglected when there was peace. It was a bondage Halifax had no thought of escaping because it was the only life she had ever known; but to Murray this seemed a pity, for the town figured more largely in the calamities of the British Empire than in its prosperities, and never seemed to become truly North American." . . . "Living in a great nation virtually guaranteed by the United States, the present crop of publicists seemed determined to convince Canadians that their happiness would be lost forever if they should aspire to anything higher than a position in the butler's pantry of the British Empire." . . . "There was Geoffrey Wain, the descendant of military colonists who had remained essentially a colonist himself, never really believing that anything above the second rate could exist in Canada, a man who had not thought it necessary to lick the boots of the English but had merely taken it for granted that they mattered and Canadians didn't."

I am told that there are few such old loyalists left. The independence of the Canadian Parliament was established by the Statute of Westminster in 1931. In 1935, the giving of Canadian titles was abolished, and an attempt was even made to have the old titles extinguished. In 1949, the Canadians agreed to dispense with "the right of the subject to lay his case at the foot of the throne"—that is, to take it to London and submit it to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, who were not likely to know much about Canada or be much concerned about what happened there. The visits of the British royalty are no longer, even by the English Canadians, received with the

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Slip into something luxurious . . . elegant crepe. Arnel makes it little or no iron. Pleated collar over-or-tuck-in blouse in Joyce's crepe of Arnel triacetate and Fortrel polyester. White, green, aqua, peach. 8-18. $8.†
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†Prices slightly higher on West Coast

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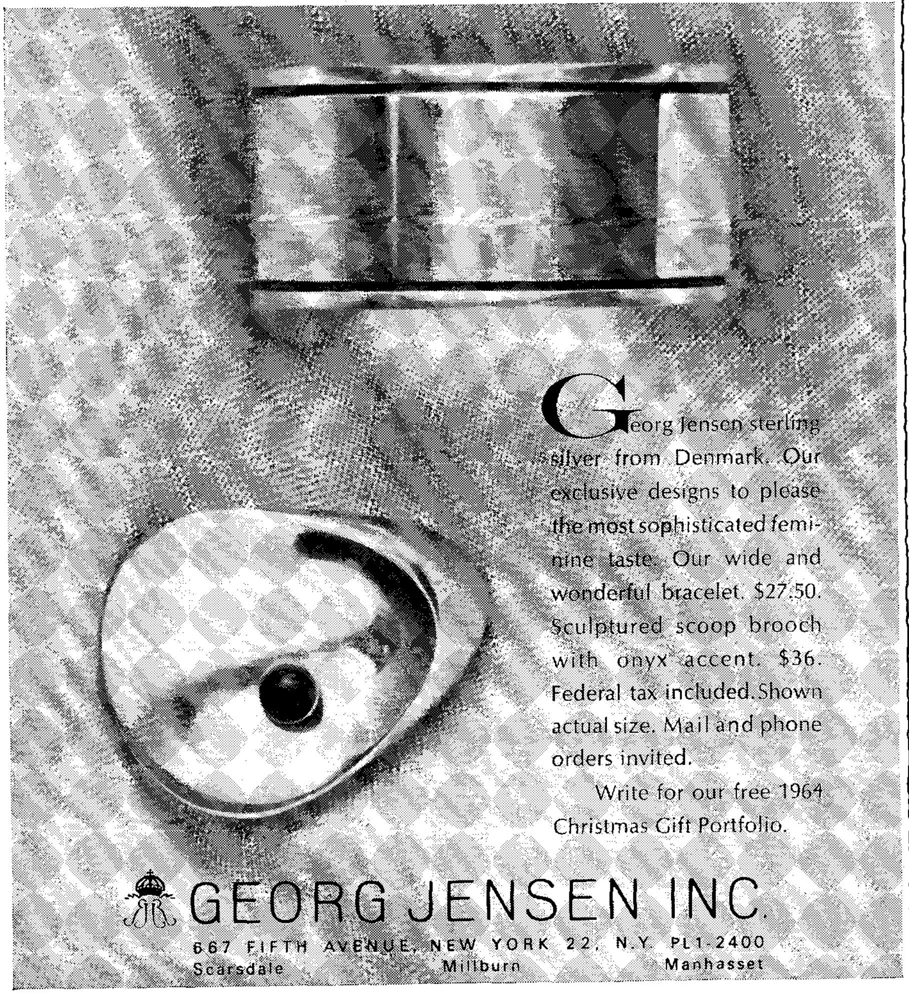

Georg Jensen sterling silver from Denmark. Our exclusive designs to please the most sophisticated feminine taste. Our wide and wonderful bracelet. $27.50. Sculptured scoop brooch with onyx accent. $36. Federal tax included. Shown actual size. Mail and phone orders invited.

Write for our free 1964 Christmas Gift Portfolio.

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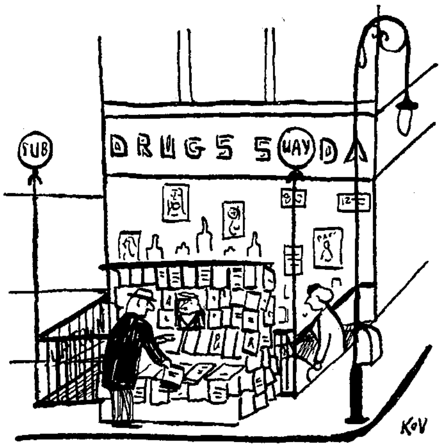
enthusiasm they once were. The recent visit of the Queen and her consort provoked hostile demonstrations on the part of the French nationalists and required a bodyguard of five thousand troops, police, and Mounties. It is true that the British North America Act, which was passed in 1867, when the provinces confederated, and which serves Canada as a constitution, is a statute of the British Parliament and cannot be amended except through Westminster, but definite steps are now being taken to "bring the Constitution home."

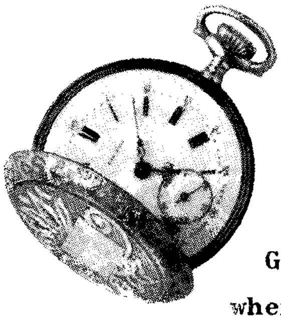
As for Canada's relations with the United States, the acquisition by American capital of some fifty per cent of Canadian industry has provoked, in certain quarters, to outspoken hostility an antipathy which has always existed, and this hostility is increased among people of taste by the ever-increasing addiction of the popular audience to our popular entertainment: magazines, movies, and jazz. In the case of our magazines, the Canadian publishers have the serious grievance that by bringing out special Canadian editions such periodicals as *Time* and the *Reader's Digest* divert from the Canadian magazines a good part of the national advertising, without which it is impossible for them to get along, and measures are now under discussion to keep Canadian advertising at home. It was partly by taking a stand against absorption by the United States that Diefenbaker became Prime Minister and managed to remain in office from 1957 to 1963. There was a very strong opposition to our demands to build airbases in Canada. If the United States, said the Canadians, has been so stupid as to commit itself to nuclear weapons on a scale that could annihilate whole countries, why should Canadians, on this account, allow us to involve them, too, in the dangers of nuclear warfare? (Mr. Pearson has, however, capitulated, and we have now two Bo-



No miracle... no "miracle" product
can protect your complexion
against time.

Only a sensible, effective method
of skin care can help.

The Paradox principle
is sensible and effective.

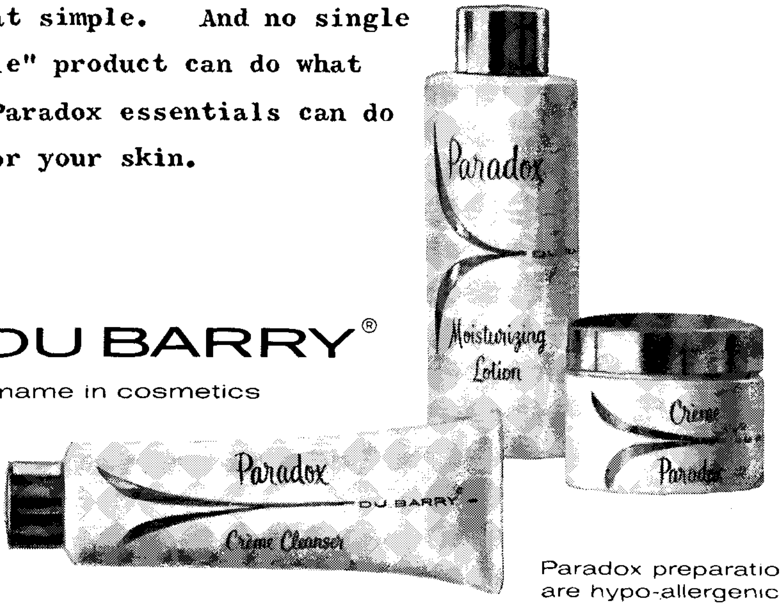


The Paradox Principle of cleansing, moisturizing, and conditioning takes just 6 minutes a day. Works continuously... all day, all night. Gives extra protection to complexion areas where age first shows.

Helps prevent dryness around eyes, mouth and throat... helps maintain moisture balance without irritating skin.

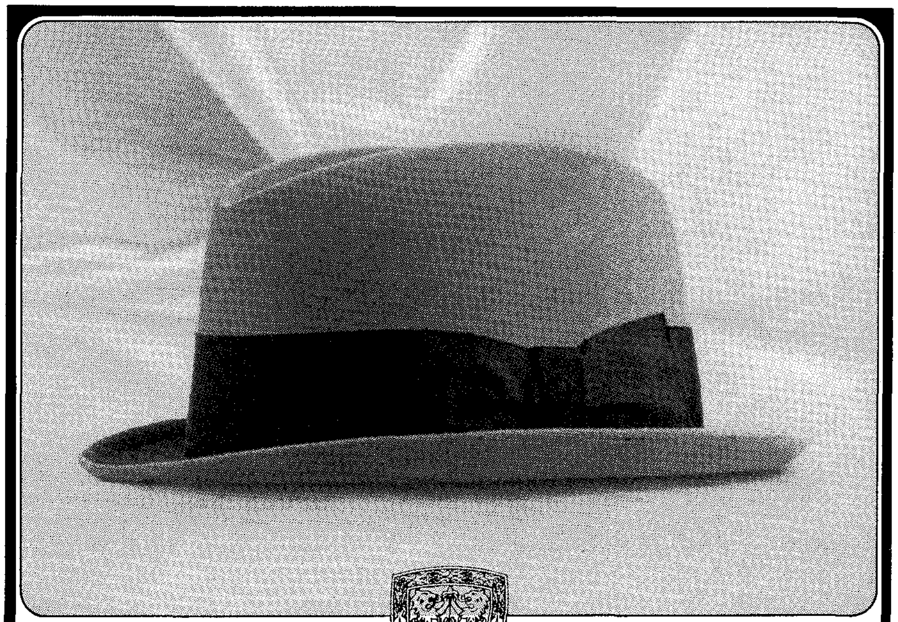
It's that simple. And no single "miracle" product can do what the three Paradox essentials can do for your skin.

Paradox by DU BARRY®
..the most elegant name in cosmetics



Paradox preparations are hypo-allergenic

Available at fine drug and department stores everywhere.



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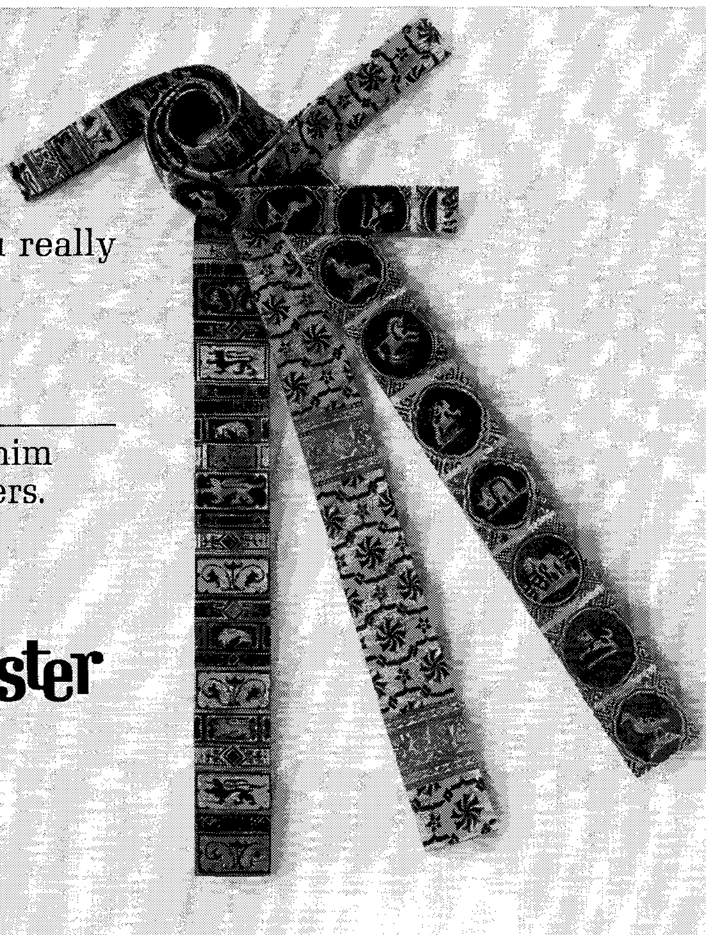
All there is to say about a hat... The Cavanagh Wellington, the new up-turned brim for the well-dressed man. Exclusive Cavanagh Edge. $25.00. At the new Cavanagh shop, 3 East 57 Street, New York. Write for the Cavanagh associate in your area.
CAVANAGH IS A DIVISION OF HAT CORPORATION OF AMERICA, 530 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 36, NEW YORK



if you really
want
to go
to his
head

give him
roosters.

rooster

All WALLACHS Stores in Greater New York • BASKIN, Chicago & Suburbs • HAYNES & CO., Springfield • WALKERS, Columbus, Dayton & Canton • ROSENBLATT'S, Portland and other fine stores...2.50 • ROOSTER CRAFT, INC., 10 EAST 40TH ST., N.Y.

marc missile bases in Canada.) Our own official version of our methods and intentions does not necessarily go down in Canada, and Hugh MacLennan was expressing himself as follows not long after the last war: "When the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and the Germans followed it up with a declaration of war, I knew the Americans were going to be hard. All their righteous horror at the bombing of cities done by other nations would disappear. I knew that they were going to bomb hell out of Germany and Japan, that they were going to wage war with loathing for its traditional aspects of infantry marches and travel in strange countries, but with a cold fascination for what they could do technically, and that engineers would work miracles now that they had the government money behind them. I knew that the whole nation would come together and find itself, and in spite of the war be happier than it had been in the 1930's. I knew the Americans were going to display a ruthlessness—not crude, personal savagery hand to hand, but a mechanical and distant ruthlessness—which would make what Hitler and Tojo had in mind seem like something out of the Middle Ages." "The Americans were bound to do something like that one day," says the heroine of MacLennan's novel "The Precipice" (published in 1948), when she hears the news of Hiroshima.

"The Precipice," which is made to take place partly in the United States, is of great interest to an "American" reader. A young American businessman carries off from a little Ontario town a sweet but very proper and family-ridden girl who has not found any local boy at once worthy of her and capable of breaking down her defenses. The young man gets a job in an advertising agency, and they go to live first in New York, then in Princeton, from which he commutes. They have two children. Their marriage collapses. The husband, committed to the pace of New York and to the meretricious work he is doing, has come more and more to depend on the acceleration of Scotches and Martinis. He takes up with a sophisticated career girl, and eventually he ceases to come home at all. "Alone with the children in Princeton, Lucy began to wonder if one of the causes of her failure to hold Stephen's love might not simply be the fact that he was an American and she was not. . . . Had she as a Canadian, raised in a small country which once had believed the United Kingdom to be the center of the

Are there London Fogs in Venice?

See for yourself.
Watch the London Fogs turn up when a rain paints the Doge's Palace violet.
See them show up when the sun gilds the domes and spires of San Marco.
Because a London Fog Maincoat® is a born traveler. Lets you sit out a shower in the Piazza, while others run for cover.
It shrugs off wrinkles, downpours and the dust of travel like a native Venetian.
Attracts back-glances from the women. Covetous looks from the men.
Better keep a weather eye on yours.

THE LEEDS: EXCLUSIVE CLIPPER FULL PLAID OF [illegible] POLYESTER AND COTTON WITH ZIP-OUT LINING OF 100% SUPRA ALPACA, $55. FOR THE SAME COAT WITHOUT LINING, ASK FOR THE MONROE, $40.

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No matter what you serve topside, it's what's under the plate that stays with your guests from course to course. Set your gala dinner parties with Ellis-Barker silver plate place mats. Nothing equals these 9½" x 13¼" beauties which are large enough to hold a complete setting or large serving pieces. The surface is magnificently embossed for sheer elegance and to resist scratching. A 3" x 5" area in the center is allowed for monogramming. Each mat is backed and heat resistant. There has never been a more unique Christmas gift. Price — $26.50*. Set of six — $150*.

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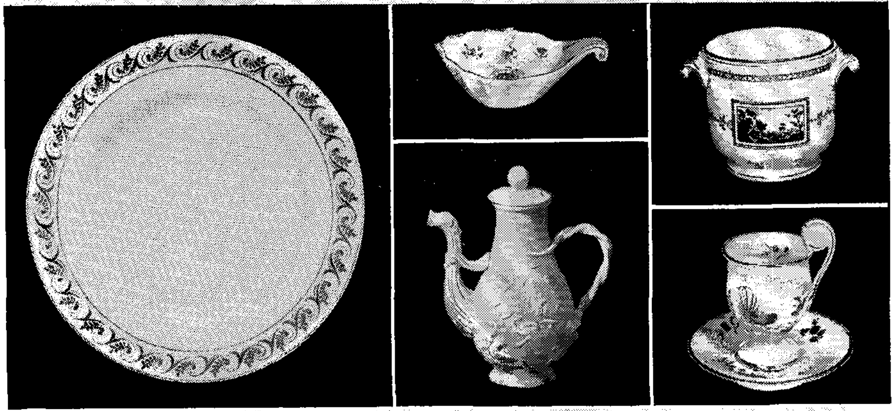

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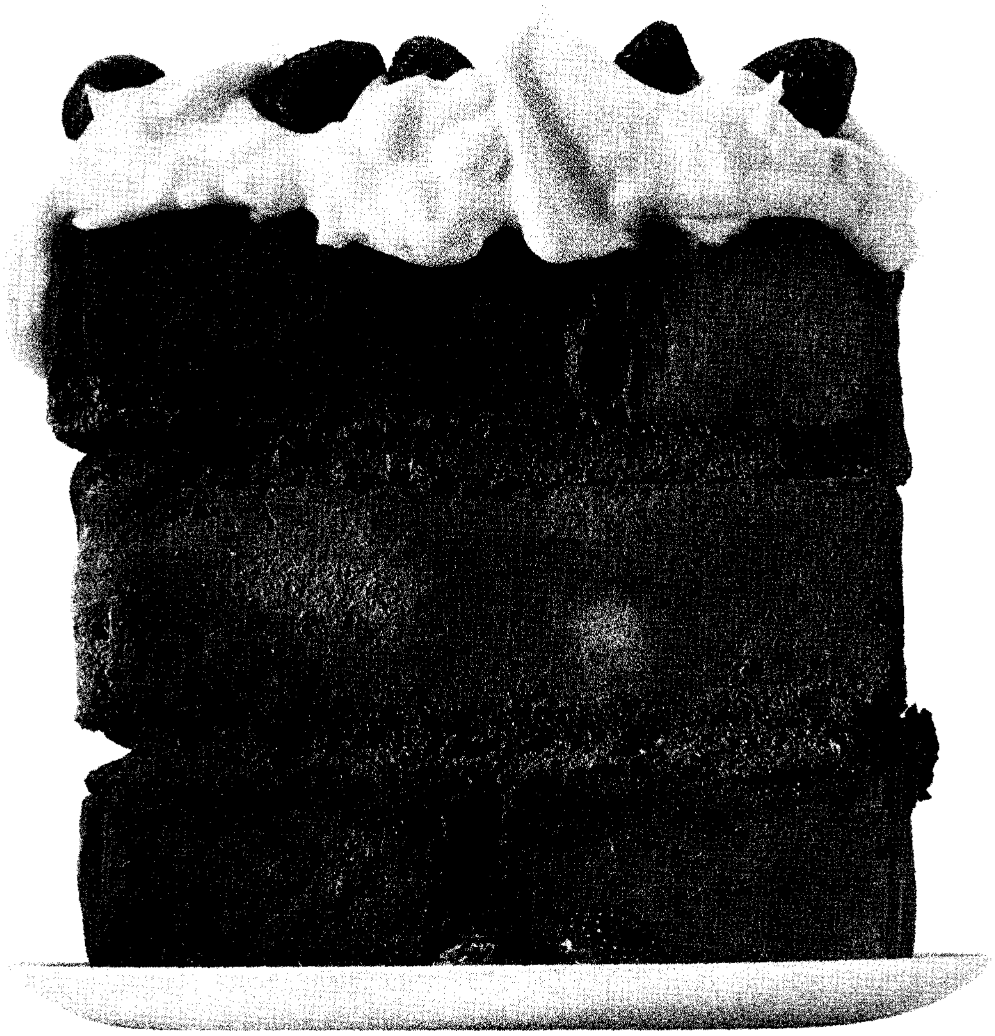
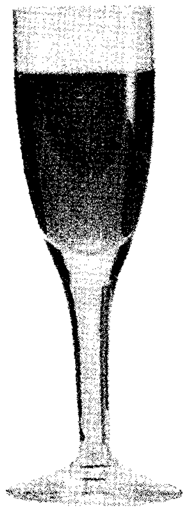
world, failed to understand what this terrific spectacle of rising American power meant to someone like Stephen Lassiter? A man could be conscious of it without being a politician. The sense of this power was everywhere. During the depression it had slept like a hibernating animal grunting and tossing in its cave, but now it was striding forth, darting its eyes backward and all around, insensately loud and proud in exact proportion to its haunting knowledge that the greater it grew the more certain it was to lose forever the freshness of its youth and the very innocence which had made America unique." Lucy later on explains to one of the Canadian characters the situation of the United States at the end of the war: "The other night after we heard about the atomic bomb I began to think of the Americans the way you do—like a great mass of people and not as individuals. I saw them moving in a vast swarm over a plain. They had gone faster and farther than any people had ever gone before. Each day for years they had measured out the distance they'd advanced. They were trained to believe there was nothing any of them had to do but keep on travelling in the same way. And then suddenly they were brought up short at the edge of a precipice which hadn't been marked on the map."

Stephen loses his job, goes to pieces, and disappears. The author attributes his fall to the frustrating efforts of the old-line Americans to make up for the loss of their religious discipline and of the toughness of the early industrialists by the excitements of unrestrained sex and of frantic commercial success in a world of clever mistresses and sharpers. Lucy returns to Ontario, but she does not revert, as the reader is at one moment led to expect, to a ne'er-do-well admirer of her youth. She finally locates Stephen and salvages what is left of him. She has thrown in her lot with energetic America rather than with lethargic Canada, and now that Stephen has smashed up she will stick with him.

These quotations may suggest that MacLennan is unsympathetic to both England and the United States. Although he shows the limitations of Canadians, he does like to allow them to score, but he does not stint his admiration for the qualities of the other English-speaking peoples. His essay in "Scotchman's Return," "The Curtain Falls on the Grand Style," is at once a sort of epitaph after Suez and a tribute to British character. He ascribes the success of the English to a capacity



Skip the heavy dessert.



Sip
the light
one:
Irish Mist
Liqueur.

What is Irish Mist Liqueur? An engaging blend of Tullamore Dew, rich heather honey, rare Gaelic herbs. Smooth. Smart. And very satisfying. Order neat as above, or in an Irish Mister (one jigger of Irish Mist Liqueur over ice with ¼ fresh lime). You can't ask for a more pleasant escape from the heavy layers of dessert. **Bartenders tend to confuse Irish Mist Liqueur with Irish Whiskey. So be firm!**

80 PROOF. HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

Look all you want. You'll only see one of the seven reasons for spending $\$7^{50}$ more on Hartmann luggage.

EVEN IF YOU were *in* a luggage store and had a Hartmann International in your hands, you couldn't see the other six reasons.

They're invisible.

Unless you look beneath the surface.

Why not chop it open?

AND SURE ENOUGH, if you take an axe and break open an International, you'll find the first invisible reason.

It's the frame. The frame of an International is made of wood.

Not aluminum. Not steel.

Wood.

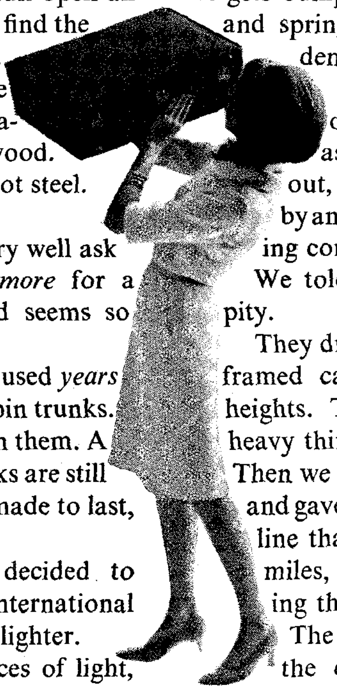
Why, you may very well ask should we charge *more* for a wood frame? Wood seems so primitive.

Wood is what we used *years ago* in Hartmann cabin trunks.

Maybe you've seen them. A lot of those old trunks are still around. They were made to last, and last they did.

That's why we decided to make Hartmann International the same way. Only lighter.

We take four pieces of light, strong basswood (the same kind of wood piano-makers use for their "ivory" keys) and set them into the corner pieces so that they *don't quite touch each other.*



Then we reinforce the corner pieces with tough trunk fiber. (We wouldn't nail or rivet, because that would weaken the construction.)

You've got to give a little

THE RESULT IS our flexible, "Gibraltarized"® frame. When it gets bumped, it gives a little, and springs back. Instead of denting or breaking.

Just to be sure that our case is as strong as we've been making out, we've had it tested by an independent testing company.

We told them to show no pity.

They dropped our wooden-framed cases from fearsome heights. Then they dropped heavy things on top of them. Then we took our cases back and gave them to a major airline that flew them 100,000 miles, loading and unloading them at every stop.

The whole process was the equivalent of *years* of heavier-than-average wear.

The results were conclusive:

Wooden frames are just plain sturdy.

Especially when they don't meet at the corners!

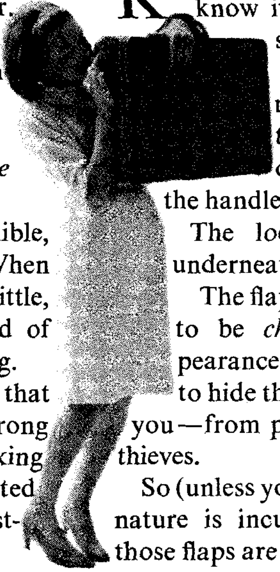
The case for square corners

OUR "GIBRALTARIZED" construction has one more big advantage. It lets us build cases with *square* corners. And a bag with square corners packs a lot more than a bag with rounded-off corners—even though they seem to be the same size.

Now, if you haven't already axed open that International, maybe we can open it up to look for the second invisible reason.

But *how?* There doesn't seem to be a lock! And there *has* to be!

The lock, the lock, look for the lock!



KEEP A LEVEL HEAD now. You know it has to be there somewhere.

Maybe you've already noticed that there are two flaps on either side of the handle.

The locks are nestling underneath.

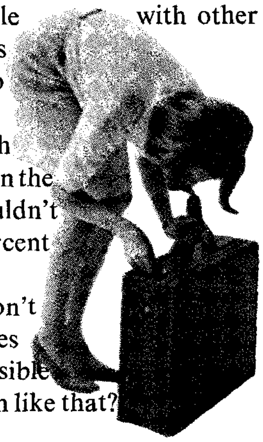
The flaps aren't there just to be *chic.* (Despite appearances.) They're *meant* to hide the locks. Not from you—from pilferers and petty thieves.

So (unless your view of human nature is incurably optimistic) those flaps are worth the having.

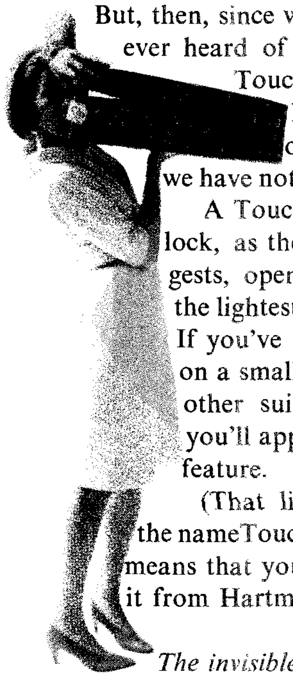
Besides, our Hartmann flaps protect Hartmann locks from the bumps and bruises of outrageous fortune. 70% of all the trouble with other suitcases is damage to the locks.

But with our flaps on the job it shouldn't be any percent for you.

Why don't all suitcases take a sensible precaution like that?



Is a lifetime long enough?



HARTMANN LOCKS are guaranteed for the entire lifetime of a Hartmann bag. Which is rather a long time, considering Hartmann's life expectancy.

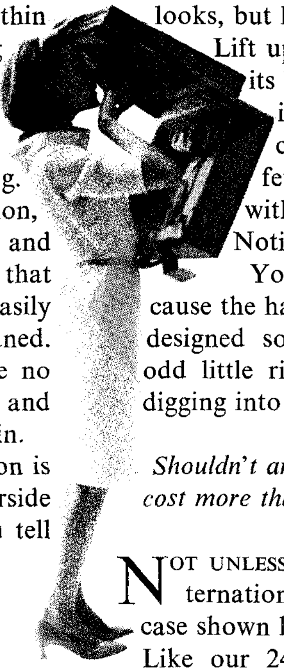
But, then, since we've hardly ever heard of one of our Touch-O-Matic® locks giving out, we figure we have nothing to lose.

A Touch-O-Matic® lock, as the name suggests, opens with just the lightest of touches. If you've ever carried on a small battle with other suitcase locks, you'll appreciate that feature.

(That little ® after the name Touch-O-Matic® means that you'll only get it from Hartmann.)

The invisiblest reason

THE THIRD—and most invisible reason is spread in a thin layer all over the cloth lining inside. It's called Ze Pel.®



Ze Pel is a new stain repellant developed at DuPont, and it resists almost anything. It resists lipstick, perspiration, grease, hair oil, ink stains, and perfume. The few stains that don't roll right away can easily be blotted off or spot-cleaned.

Ze Pel means you'll have no more suitcases all bright and fresh outside and icky within.

The fourth invisible reason is the rubberizing on the underside of the vinyl. How can you tell it's there?

A vinyl has to be pushy these days

PUSH THE SIDE of the case in, and see how it pushes back when you let go. When lesser suitcases get things piled on top of them, they're apt to crack under the strain. An International just gives and forgets.

If you were on the inside pushing out, the same thing would happen. International's extra little bit of "give" makes all the difference for people who always try to get one more pair of slacks into their bag than it will really hold.

The fifth invisible reason is in the vinyl itself. Most people look at vinyl, and they see vinyl. They only care whether it looks nice—now.

The crucial thing, of course, is how the vinyl will look after years of scuffs and bumps and narrow scrapes.

Hartmann supported vinyls are stronger and more scuff-resistant, so it will keep its good looks a whole lot longer.

That certain feeling

THE LAST INVISIBLE reason is the handle.

Some people would say it was visible.

The thing about a Hartmann handle, however, isn't how it looks, but how it feels.

Lift up a Hartmann by its handle and swing it around. Imagine carrying it for a few blocks loaded with 20 lbs. of clothes. Notice anything?

You shouldn't, because the handle is especially designed so there won't be odd little ridges and bumps digging into your hands.

Shouldn't an International cost more than $7.50 more?

NOT UNLESS it's a bigger International than the 21″ case shown here.

Like our 24″, 26″, and 29″ models for women—and the men's carryons and the two- and three-suiters.

Not to mention our "Tally-Ho" garment carriers—made in models for either men or women—which are bigger than almost anything.

Some Hartmanns are even smaller than the one you see here, and they cost a little less than $7.50 more. Specifically—our tote bags, cosmetic cases and hat boxes.

A strange, compulsive influence!

IF ALL OUR invisible reasons haven't convinced you that an International is worth at least $7.50 more, the one clearly visible reason may.

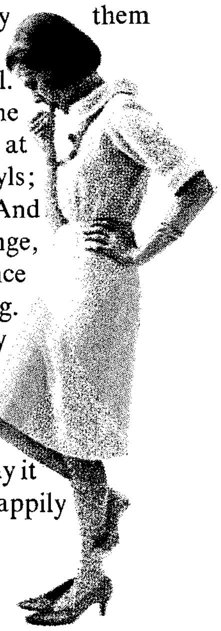
It's the way an International looks.

Which is, we think, awfully elegant.

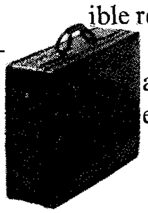
In fact, we have reason to believe that a lot of impulsive people are spending the extra $7.50 on our International luggage for that reason alone.

They see all the many different colors of International vinyl—from the jewel-like ruby, emerald, sapphire, down through the more subdued tones of champagne and brown to a deep ebony black.

They see the even lighter-weight, even more elegant Hartmanns in a smoke-grey fabric or in a natural Belgian flax that will always be just as spotless as they are when you buy them because they are protected by Ze Pel.



They glance at the prices (which start at $34.95* for the vinyls; $49.95* for the flax). And they feel the strange, compulsive influence of a Hartmann bag. (Which is probably due to unseen forces caused by the invisible reasons.)



And they buy it and travel happily ever after.

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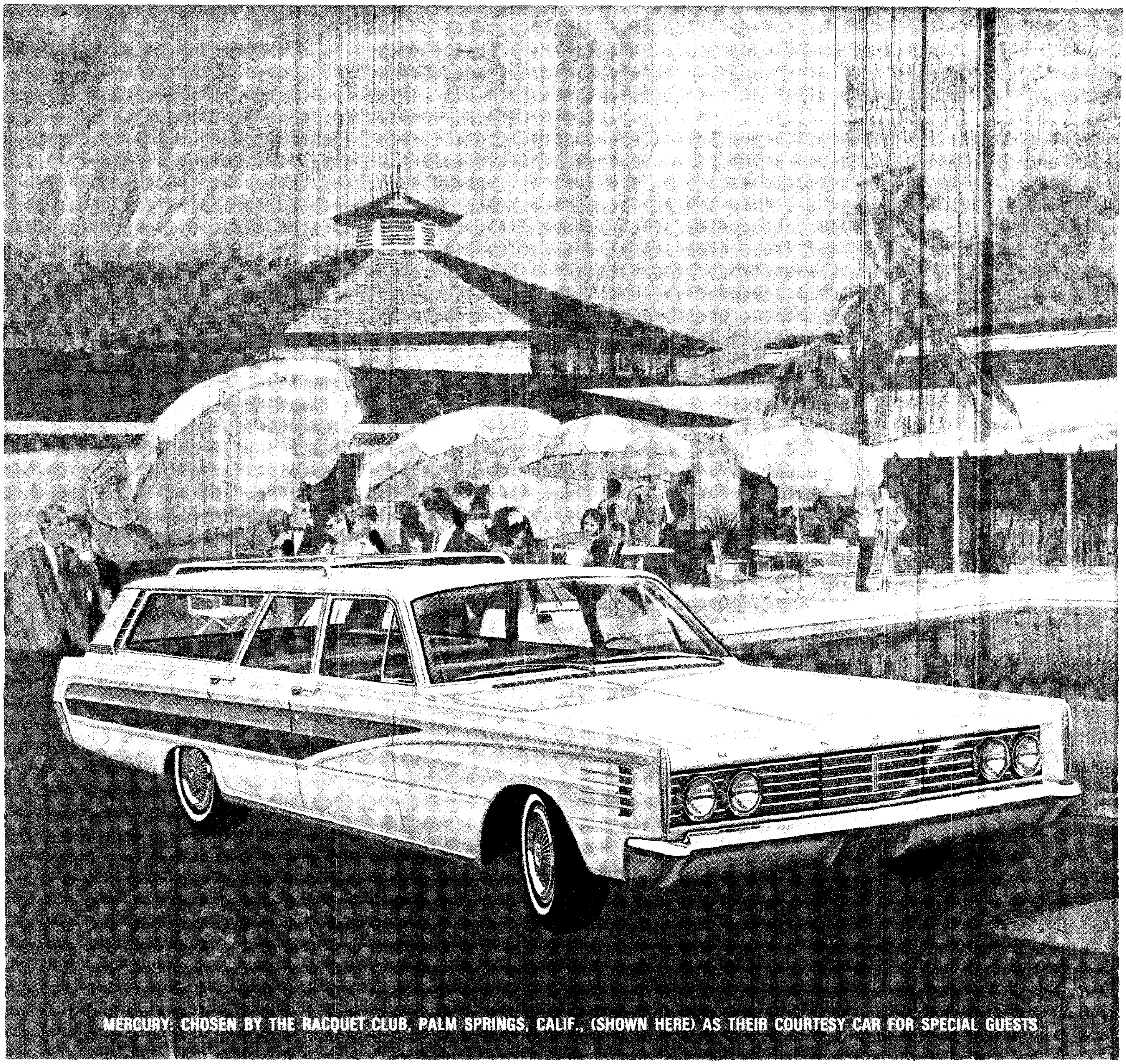
*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. 2 PATENTS DESIGN ON VINYL—DES 198,661. FABRIC—DES 198,662 KNIT DRESS BY KIMBERLY



MERCURY: CHOSEN BY THE RACQUET CLUB, PALM SPRINGS, CALIF., (SHOWN HERE) AS THEIR COURTESY CAR FOR SPECIAL GUESTS

For people who don't mind being looked at | the entirely new Mercury for 1965

Mercury wagons are famous for the way they combine beauty, luxury and usefulness. This year the proportions are even sleeker; the features even more thoughtful. Cargo area is a roomy 91.3 cu. ft. A unique Channel-Aire device directs air across the rear window, helps clear off dust and snow. Options include adjustable air springs and a fold-down third seat. So if you're used to playing to a full house, this spacious new Colony Park is the one.

Mercury

now in the Lincoln Continental tradition for utter recklessness carried off by a brazen arrogance combined with an offhand manner.

The misgivings of contemporary Canada in regard to its position in the world are recorded in "Barometer Rising." The conviction that the country has at last matured as an organic national entity appears in MacLennan's most recent novel, "The Watch That Ends the Night" (1959). This story takes place during the Second World War. "Strange years," the narrator comments, "which now have become a blur. While the war thundered on, Canada unnoticed grew into a nation at last. This cautious country, which had always done more than she had promised, had always endured in silence while others reaped the glory—now she became alive and to us within her excitingly so. My work brought me close to the heart of this changing land. And sometimes, thinking with shame of the Thirties when nothing in Canada had seemed interesting unless it resembled something in England or the States, I even persuaded myself that here I had found the thing larger than myself to which I could belong." It is interesting to discover that Professor Lower, in his history mentioned above, expresses a similar opinion: "There was slowly coming to people," he says, "the consciousness of their own identity. They were slowly discovering the fact of their own existence and were even beginning to believe that there was some merit and value in being Canadian."

WHAT I have said will provide the coördinates for locating the nationalism of Hugh MacLennan. Having taken up his post as observer and critic, he has set out to render in his fiction some systematic dramatization of the life of eastern Canada; but it ought to be said at this point that the topical interest of his subjects does not always coincide with the literary interest of his novels. If his countryman Morley Callaghan—about whom I have written in these pages, and whom I shall not treat at length in these articles—has a kinship with Turgenev and Chekhov, Hugh MacLennan is of the school of Balzac, and, like Balzac, he is extremely uneven. The novels of Mr. Callaghan almost always involve moral problems; they are made to take place in Canada, though the locality is sometimes not even mentioned, but they do not concentrate on Canada: they are studies in human relations. Mr. MacLennan seems to aim, on the other hand, to qualify, like Balzac,

You were right
So many now invite Raphael to cocktails. Guests delight in this tasteful cocktail wine.

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Raphael—light and vivacious. It has a rich, bittersweet tang. Serve well chilled .

something lilting, light
Also delightful on-the-rocks. Raphael has a dry, distinctive, piquant flavor you'll enjoy.

and different
New idea! The Raphael cocktail. 2 parts Raphael—1 Vodka. Stir with ice, add a twist.

for the cocktail hour...
Adopt this charming, continental custom. Enjoy this French way of saying "here's how."

so France sent Raphael
By far her most popular cocktail wine. A product of French grapes, soil and skill.

for $2.69
St Raphael
L'Apéritif de France

50,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong!
New York State price. May vary in other States depending on local taxes.

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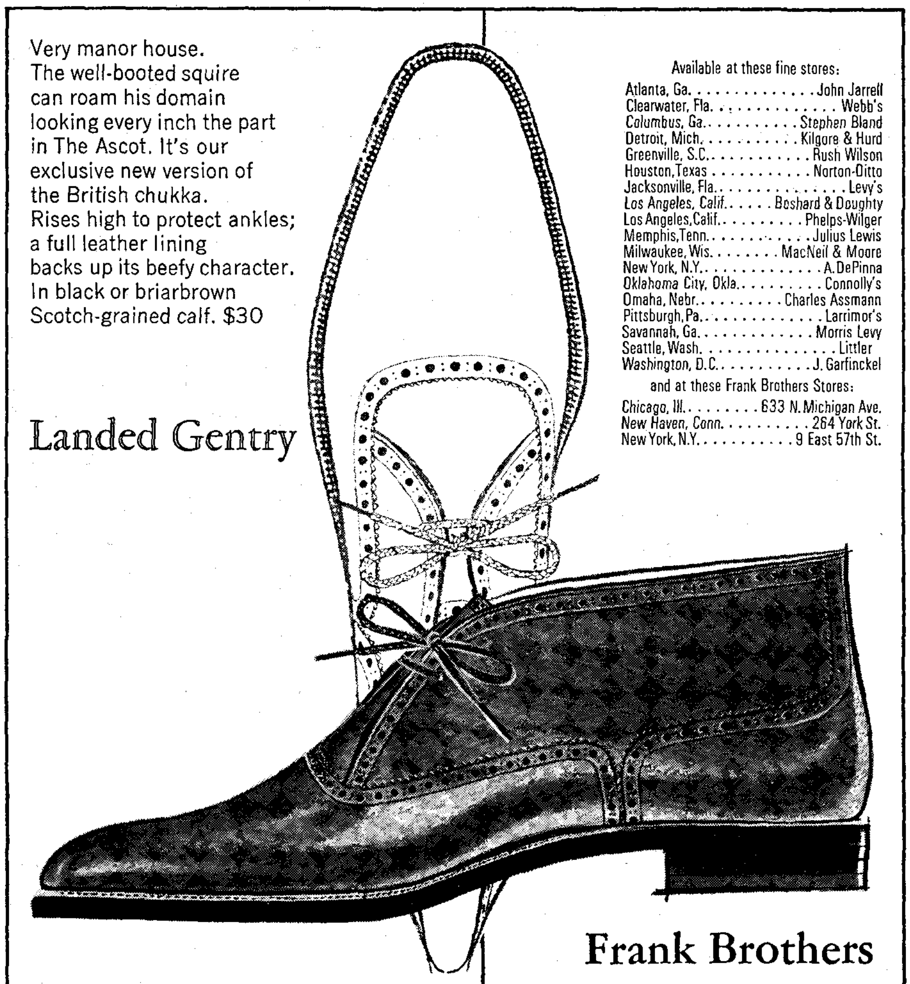
S.F.A's OWN HANDSOME FUR HATS

Distinguished gifts for men of distinction, these hats are created of the finest imported and domestic furs. The dyed Argentine Lamb in black or grey, 20.00. The dyed Norwegian Hairseal in black or brown, 42.50. The dyed Beaver flank trooper cap in black, 25.00. Prices plus 10% Fed. tax. Hat Collections.

Very manor house.
The well-booted squire
can roam his domain
looking every inch the part
in The Ascot. It's our
exclusive new version of
the British chukka.
Rises high to protect ankles;
a full leather lining
backs up its beefy character.
In black or briarbrown
Scotch-grained calf. $30

Landed Gentry



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Los Angeles, Calif.	Boshard & Doughty
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as the "secretary of society," and one feels that in his earnest and ambitious attempt to cover his large self-assignment he sometimes embarks upon themes which he believes to be socially important but which do not really much excite his imagination. An example of this, it seems to me, is his probably best-known novel, "Two Solitudes" (1945). The subject here *is* important. There is no question that the estrangement in Canada of the French and the British from one another, their antagonism and mutual incomprehension, have constituted a baffling obstacle to the development of Canada as an entity. The visitor from the melting pot is astonished to be told by members of each of these linguistic groups that it has been possible in Canada to grow into one's teens hardly knowing that the other group existed. French and British may meet to talk business, but they have almost no social life in common, and I was informed in Toronto by a Scottish observer that the top people in Montreal would not utter a word of French or allow their children to learn any. A French Canadian said to me that in the English universities the students might take several years of French, learning the grammar as if it were Latin, and not be able to order dinner in a French restaurant in Montreal. I found that there were exceptions to this, though only among exceptionally cultivated people, and that McGill University, in Montreal, has instituted intensive French courses. But one does detect a certain snootiness in the attitude toward the French of the British Montrealers—the kind of attitude that the British have always adopted toward the natives of British colonies or the inhabitants of countries they are occupying. The French reciprocate this attitude—they like to think of the British as barbarians—and they extend it to the United States, about which they seem to make a point of knowing as little as possible. Events in the United States are given the front page in English-Canadian newspapers but are only scantily reported in the French. French Canada has never got over the battle of the Plains of Abraham—in which, one French Canadian said to me, "we are told that we were defeated"—and an American Northerner who is well aware that the Southerners are still rallying around Robert E. Lee and refighting the Battle of Gettysburg in such a way as to make it come out differently may nevertheless be surprised to find that the surrender of 1760 is still rankling in the Province of Quebec, and that the French in Montreal, who

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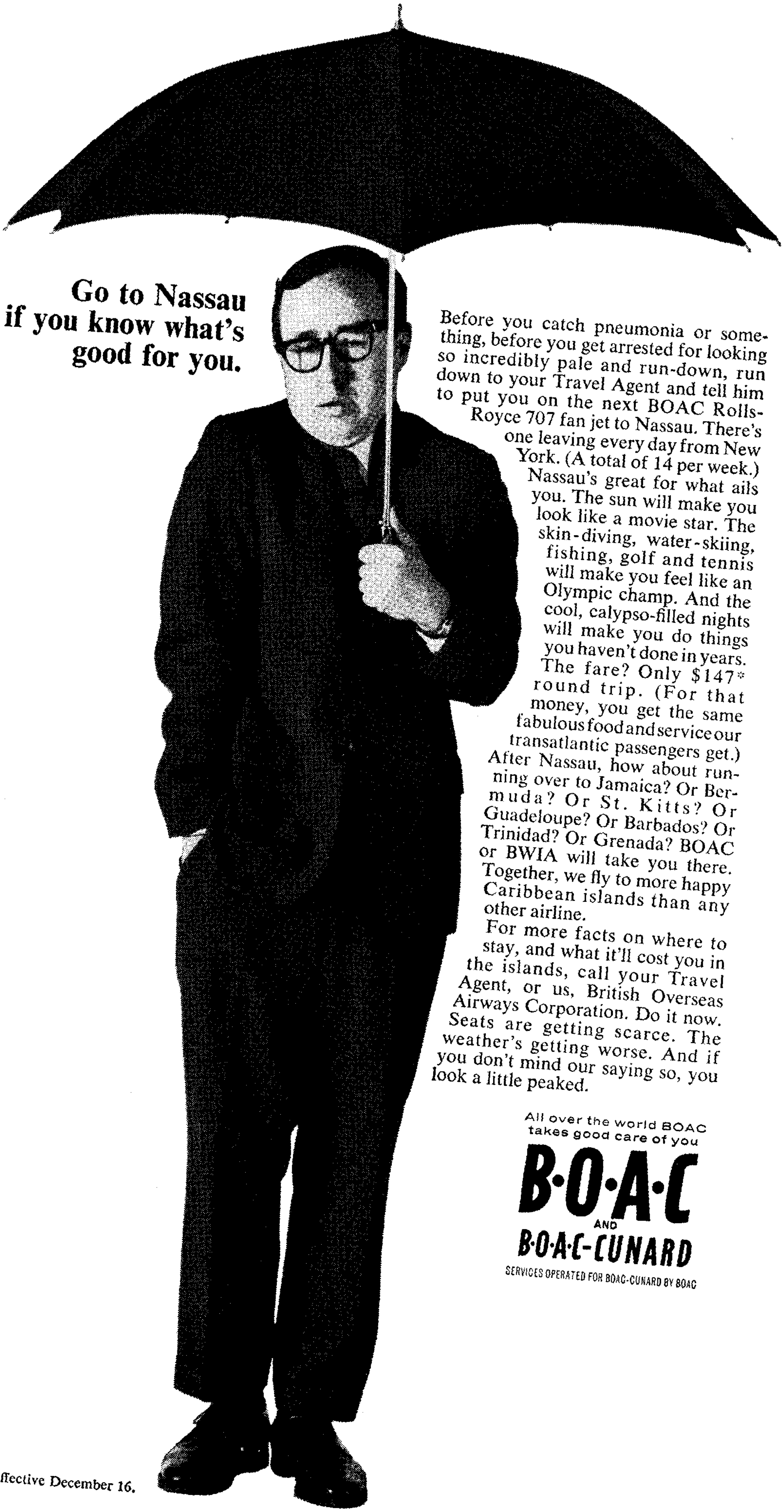
outnumber the British three to one, still refer to them as "*les anglais*" or "the garrison."

I shall return to this situation later, but it has been necessary to mention it here because this novel of Hugh MacLennan's has especially attracted attention on account of an unprecedented boldness in taking this bull by the horns, and the fact that its title—the "two solitudes" are those of the two mutually exclusive groups—has now become a common phrase seems to demonstrate that Mr. MacLennan has contributed to a realization on the part of English-speaking Canada that social solitude to that degree may not be entirely desirable. (I have the impression that the French-Canadian public has in general remained unaware of the book, but it has recently been published in France.) Yet, as a novel, to a reader from the States, "Two Solitudes" rather affects one in the same way as those schematized works of fiction of the period after the Civil War which tried to dramatize the problems of Reconstruction or, in the early years of this century, the relations between capital and labor. Mr. MacLennan, as a social satirist, is amusing when he writes about rich Montrealers entertaining a visiting Englishman, but although he does his honest best with the household, so rustic and antiquated, of Athanase Tallard, the French seigneur, one feels that this has not been experienced as imaginative fiction should be.

Another book by Hugh MacLennan that does not seem to me successful is "Each Man's Son" (1951). Here one guesses that it must have occurred to him that he ought to do something about Calvinism, so depressing and hampering an influence on the mind of Presbyterian Canada, but one feels that the relationships and the mental crises which he contrives to illustrate this influence have, in the same way, not really been lived by the author. It is not that I object to the introduction in Mr. MacLennan's novels of disquisitions on politics, religion, and society. Although H. G. Wells and his school are now very much out of favor, there are, after all, a good many people who occupy themselves seriously with these matters and who feel, think, and talk about them, but in certain of Mr. MacLennan's novels the ideas have not always been incorporated as organic elements of the drama.

And now, having got out of the way what I regard as two artistic duds, let me hasten to celebrate what I regard as Mr. MacLennan's true achievements. If he is dull when he is



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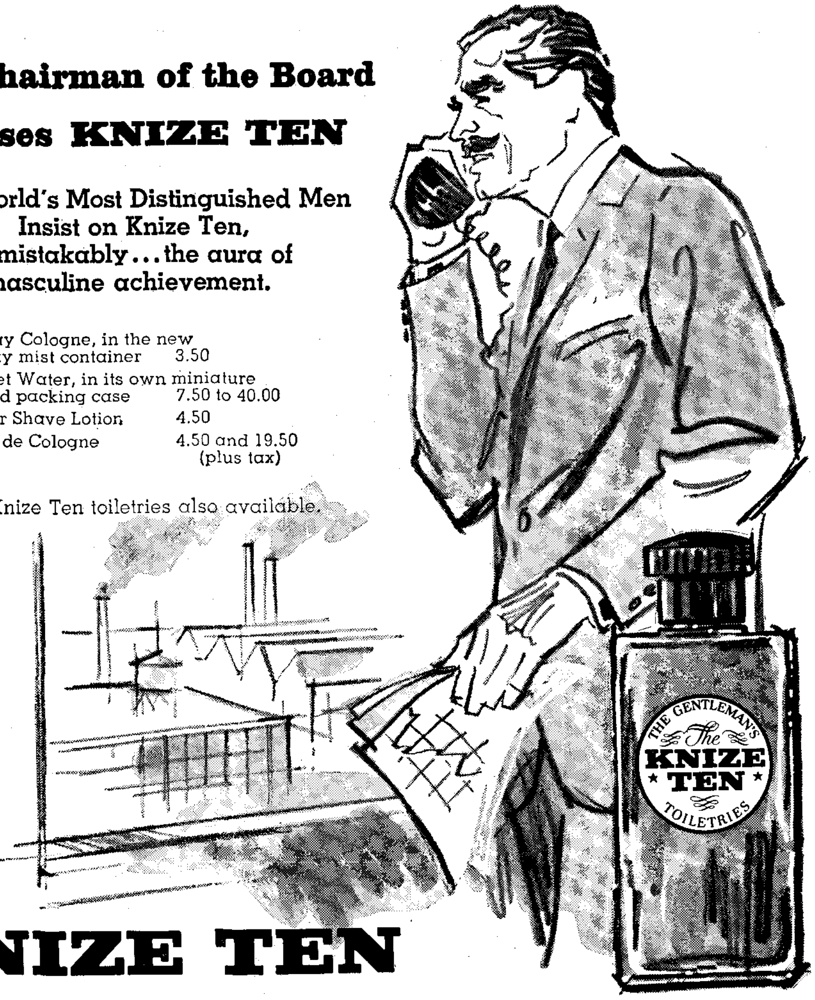

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merely being conscientious, he is capable, when an emotional force lays hold of him and charges his material, of enveloping the reader in a spell that makes it hard for one to separate oneself from the story. I found this true of both "The Precipice" and "The Watch That Ends the Night." Two of the passages best executed in these—invested with a kind of poetry that, to a reader in the United States, makes Canada seem almost exotic—are, in the former, the life of the three orphaned sisters in the slow-paced Ontario town, with its loneliness and its comforts, its adjustments and its tightening tensions, and, in the second, the escape of the strong-minded boy from the lumber camp in which his mother has been murdered by her lover, when he navigates an unknown river, alone in a stolen canoe. This spell of Hugh MacLennan's is of rather a special old-fashioned kind that we do not often find in modern fiction. He is quite right to emphasize his Highland background, because he has a strong strain of the romantic Scot, and he sometimes echoes the cadences of Robert Louis Stevenson, sometimes conveys the excitement of Walter Scott. It has been said of him that he now and then lapses into the spirit of the women's magazines, but I believe that on these occasions he is simply surrendering himself to a Scotchman's melodramatic sentiment: "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," Roderick Dhu and his lovely Ellen. This has evidently a Highland source; but he derives from Presbyterianism the compulsive passages of preaching which occasionally interrupt his narrative. He may carry you through almost a whole book—as in "The Watch That Ends the Night"—by the power of poetic vision, then let you down at the end in a spasm of revelation that will leave you disappointed because unconvinced. I think that the trouble here is that he finds a certain difficulty in ending his novels because he cannot bear to leave his characters, always exposed to possibilities of disaster, without some positive salvation and exaltation. His books are full of moral reawakenings. No matter how despairing one has been, one must pick oneself up in good order and not merely face life again but ride on in a gallant spirit. One's honor is of paramount importance; one must never be trapped into actions that are unworthy of a man of honor: "I had come there hating her. I had come remembering Catherine and prepared to say anything to make her leave Jerome [Catherine's husband] alone." . . . "Norah Blackwell really was lethally

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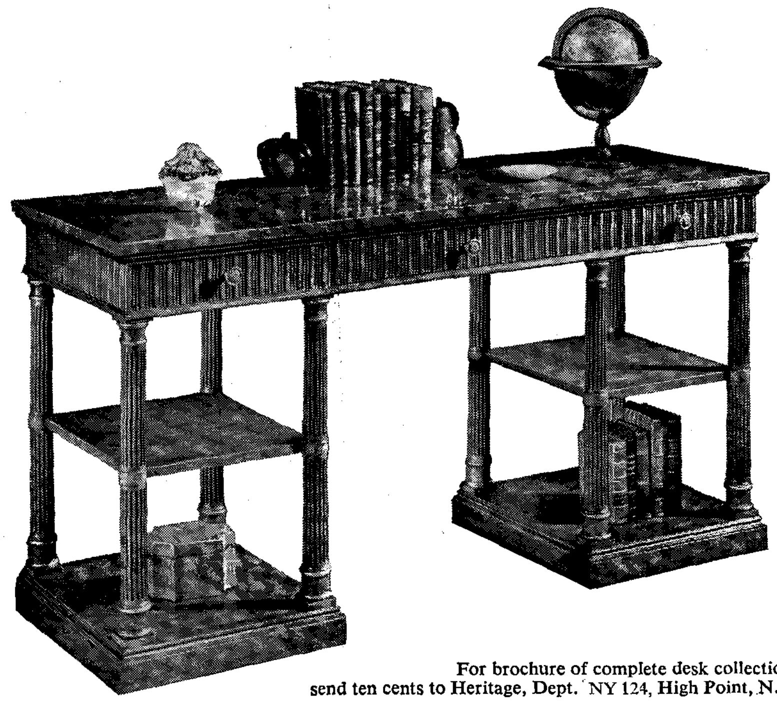

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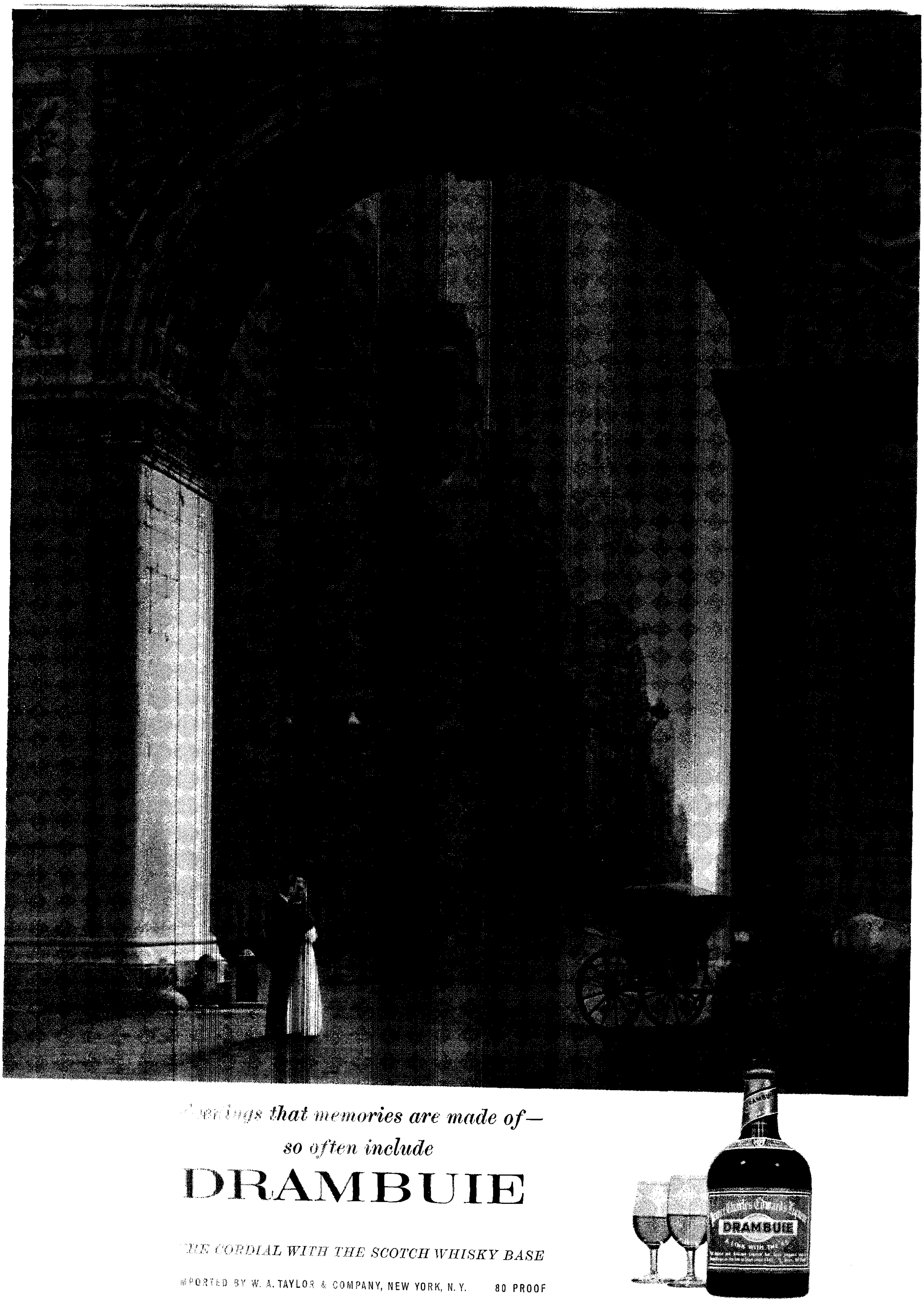
attractive, and I was attracted to her myself, and under the circumstances I hated myself for being so." Nothing could be further than this from the moral tone of recent fiction. I am writing this not long after seeing in London the stage version made by J. B. Priestley from Iris Murdoch's novel "A Severed Head," in which everyone goes to bed with everyone else with a facility that completely leaves out of account any question of fidelity or propriety. On the stage this is very funny, but I find it a relief in MacLennan to read about some women who are capable of lasting affection—because such women do exist, and MacLennan has described them in a way which is appreciative without ceasing to be realistic. The heroine, Catherine, of "The Watch That Ends the Night," is hardly a satisfactory character; she is supposed to inspire adoration, yet we do not feel we know what she is really like. But Penelope Wain, in "Barometer Rising," with her job in the offices of the shipyards and her background of heavy respectability, capable, loyal, inexpressive, and obstinately independent, is a perfectly convincing picture of one type of Canadian girl, as is Lucy Cameron, in "The Precipice," drawing back from the New York delirium for reliance on the straightness and stability that have been bred in her by her native Greenville, Ontario, with its somewhat stodgy middle-class conventions. The success of these characters is due to their having been firmly grasped as women, to their not having been, like Catherine, somewhat blurred and made insubstantial by a befuddlement of romanticization which may, in this case, have been hard to avoid, since the story is told in the first person and the narrator remains in love with her all his life.

Hugh MacLennan's methods as a novelist are usually as old-fashioned as the virtues of his characters. The beginning of "Two Solitudes" reminds one of the opening of "Ivanhoe": "The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward.... The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character, which belonged to the woodlands of the West-Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these



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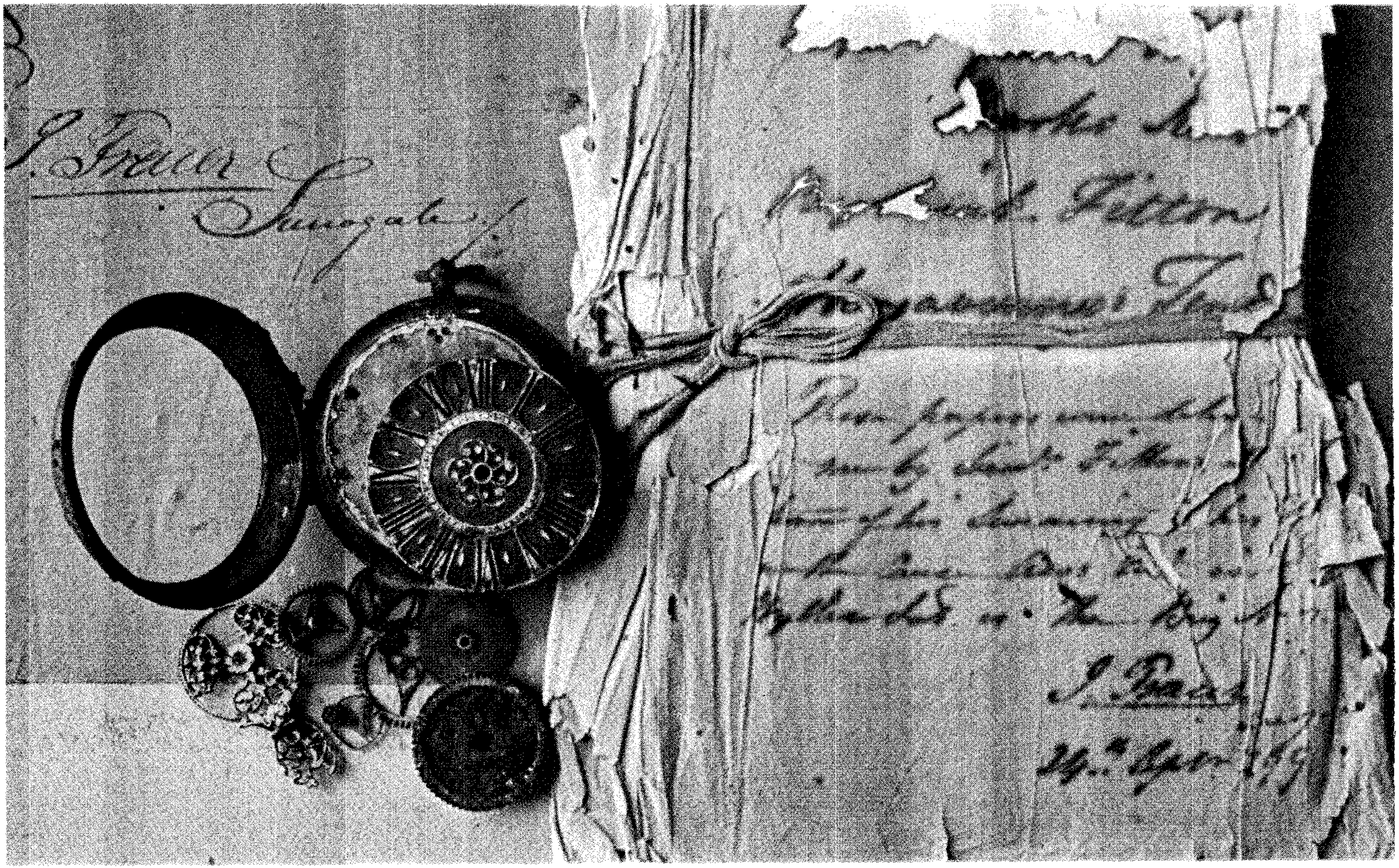

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men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable," etc.

In "Two Solitudes," after the opening pages of description, it is Père Beaubien the parish priest and Athanase Tallard the seigneur, instead of Gurth the swineherd and Wamba the jester, who take up a good many pages of landscape and social background as a setting for a very brief conversation. It can never have occurred to MacLennan that beginning a book in this way is likely to discourage the modern reader. In an essay called "The Story of a Novel," in which he describes the writing of "The Watch That Ends the Night," he explains that after putting down "millions of words" and tearing up "again and again . . . I refined my style and discovered new techniques I had previously known nothing about." But when one comes to the novel, it is hard to see what he means by "new techniques," except that the story is told partly, by a now pretty familiar device, in a series of flashbacks that alternate with the narrative of the later happenings. The one feature of MacLennan's novels that does seem to me new and interesting is his use of the geographical and the meteorological setting. He always shows us how the characters are situated—as they pursue their intrigues, undergo their ordeals, or are driven by their desperate loves—in a vast expanse of land and water, the hardly inhabited spaces of the waste upper margin of a continent. We are sometimes even told where they are in respect to the heavenly bodies. Halifax: "The sky was bright with stars. Orion and Sirius stood over the forest, and the Bear, stretching a long arm to the northwest, rested above the Basin. The forest was hushed on the verge of winter storms, and the Basin, walled by darkness and illuminated by the stars, seemed filled to capacity with ships awaiting convoy. Their riding-lights flickered like a swarm of fireflies motionless in a void." In the Laurentians: "Sipping our drinks we looked out over the lake which now was heavily shadowed along the length of its western shore with the promontories thrusting their outlines far out and deep down, the sun still bright but westerly over the hills. The wind had dropped and in the total silence of the empty north land we heard the musical sigh of a tiny stream coursing through the trees into the lake. Apart from the sound of the stream this stillness in which we sat went all the way north to the Arctic and all the way west to Hudson Bay. A robin swooped down to settle on a

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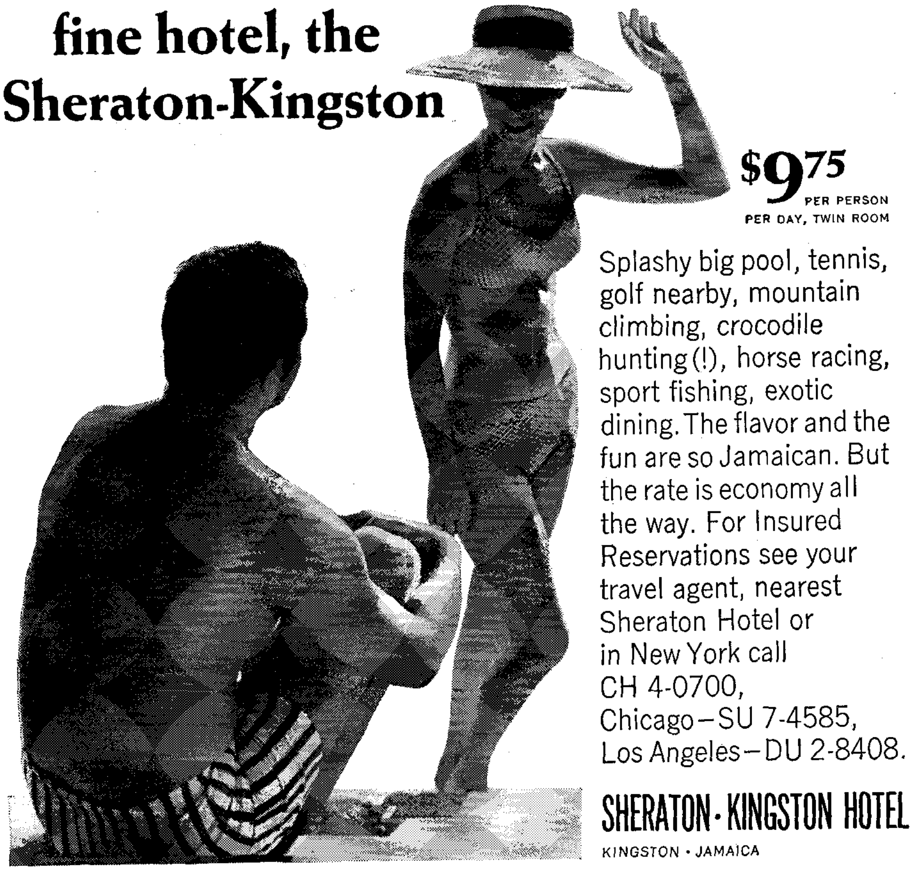

patch of manured ground and stood listening for worms." If it is windy, we are likely to be told exactly where the wind is coming from: "The Cameron house was so dark that lights had to be turned on during the day and a wind that had started far down the Mississippi Valley and then had been pushed eastward by a cold front moving from Hudson Bay tore over the rolling Ontario land." It is true that the people of Canada, widely scattered and with their rugged climate, are more conscious of geography and weather than we usually are in the United States, but one feels that Mr. MacLennan goes a little too far in attributing to one of his women an awareness of geography as vivid as his own: "The car whispered along quietly and once Lucy had the sensation of being at rest while the landscape shifted and flowed past. She pictured the waterway stretching from back eastward along the trail of the *voyageurs* to the point where Lake Ontario ends and the St. Lawrence begins, through the flat land of Dundas County where lighted ships in the canals seem like long, low houses moving across the darkness of the fields, through the blaze of light at Montreal and thence down the avenue of the river past the intimate lights of parish after parish, past Quebec and the Île d'Orléans till the river widens into the solitudes of salt water and no lights remain, and the air is cold and surges smash and drag in the darkness along the empty cliffs of the Gaspé and Labrador."

This last is, however, a good example of Mr. MacLennan's style at its best. This style is subject at moments to the same sort of lapses as the tone of his dramas. He is capable of beginning a chapter as follows: "So that summer I entered Arcadia and the pipes played and the glory of the Lord shone round about." Or of making a man speak like this in a moment of strong emotion: "I love you, Lucy. I can do anything now. I can trample down everything that's kept me back. It's been inside me, that's where the trouble was. I love you, Lucy." It is easy to pick out these banalities. I am sorry that, simply by quotation, it is impossible to show how excellent Mr. MacLennan's writing can be when he is carried along by the sweep of one of his large descriptions or impassioned actions that are solidly realistic and yet never without their poetry. The most sustained example of this is his first novel, "Barometer Rising," which deals with what might seem the unpromising subject of the great Halifax disaster at the time of the

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First World War, when a small French ship loaded with munitions collided with another ship and the explosion devastated a whole city. I find this also, although less ambitious, less brilliant, and less highly charged with emotion than some of Mr. MacLennan's other novels, still perhaps his most completely satisfactory performance. You hardly feel the personality of the author, much in evidence in his identification with some of the characters of his other books. He seems to have incorporated himself in the city of Halifax. The story covers only eight days, which are recounted hour by hour, and Mr. MacLennan appears to know every street and what everybody in the streets is up to, in a way that one would think would have impressed Arnold Bennett. But he imparts to the life of this prosaic city an excitement of suppressed suspense that one hardly finds in Bennett. One follows, as in the Wandering Rocks chapter of "Ulysses"—from which book I suspect he has learned one new technical trick, though he says he could never read it through—the varied and sometimes disjunct characters going about their various errands in different parts of the city. Where will the explosion find them? Who will be killed? Who survive? How will it affect their relationships, bring to a climax their strained situations? The description of the explosion, when it comes, is, I daresay, one of the best things of its kind in fiction. It seems plain that Mr. MacLennan must have had some first-hand knowledge of these events, but I was astonished, when I looked him up, to discover that he was nine at the time. The imagination here for locality, for urban construction, for shipping surely reaches the point of genius. But this is not merely the documented naturalism that my ac-

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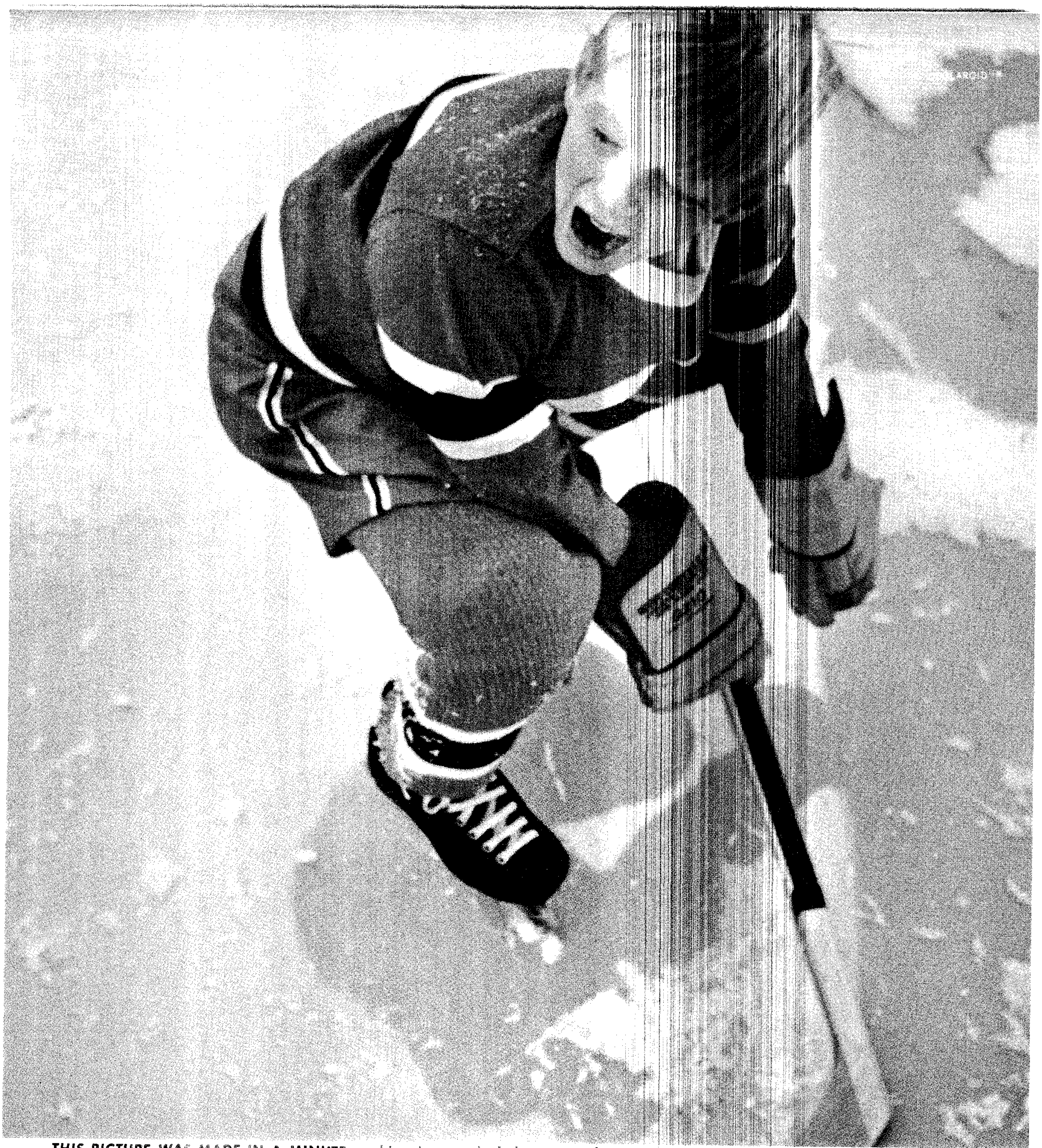

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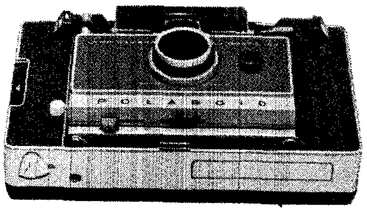

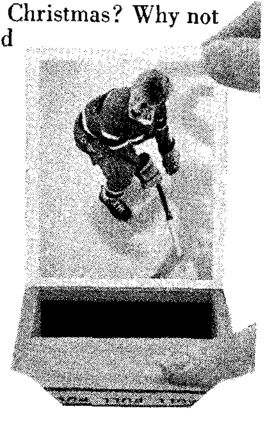

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count of it, I am afraid, is bound to suggest; the book is the work of a powerful poet who has mastered the materials of the engineer.

There is also a parable in "Barometer Rising," but not preached about or allowed to grow maudlin, as in some of his other novels. Here Canada is already in the First World War, rather reluctant to be dragged over to Europe for the purpose of defending Britain. The soldiers are uneasy and skeptical, and yet vaguely loyal to England. The businessmen are all for the war, since the war industries are giving them the chance to put themselves almost in a class with the big operators of American business. But the time is coming soon when a nation must find a new self-consciousness. It will be jolted into independence by this brutal intrusion from the outside world, this involvement in faraway conflicts which should be none of the Canadians' immediate business and which yet can cause them to be slaughtered, not only in those distant countries but even on their own shores. The wounded war veteran from Nova Scotia who has been wandering about Halifax homeless, disgraced by the false representations of an ambitious shipping magnate who has been his superior officer and who has used him, thinking him dead, to cover up a mistake of his own, survives and is vindicated, while the magnate is found crushed by the rubble, in bed with his secretary. This is melodrama, to be sure, as the author, writing later about the book, confesses. (He likes to have his Nova Scotians assert their sterling maritime qualities in opposition to the sordid practices of the worldlings and the promoters of the industrial cities.) But that hardly makes the book less authentic. I find in it the intense interest of a hitherto unexploited subject—the intimate social life of Canada, studied seriously and accurately described by an intelligent and gifted writer. It seems to me that "Barometer Rising" should stand not merely, as is admitted in Canada, a landmark in Canadian writing but also, as a work of literature, one of its authentic classics.

THE FUGITIVE: One of the most interesting of the younger Canadian novelists is John Buell of Montreal. He has published two novels—"The Pyx" and "Four Days." The first of these is a horror story—a shocker, and an extremely effective one. The principal character is a high-class call girl who finds herself caught in the toils of the Montreal underworld and con-

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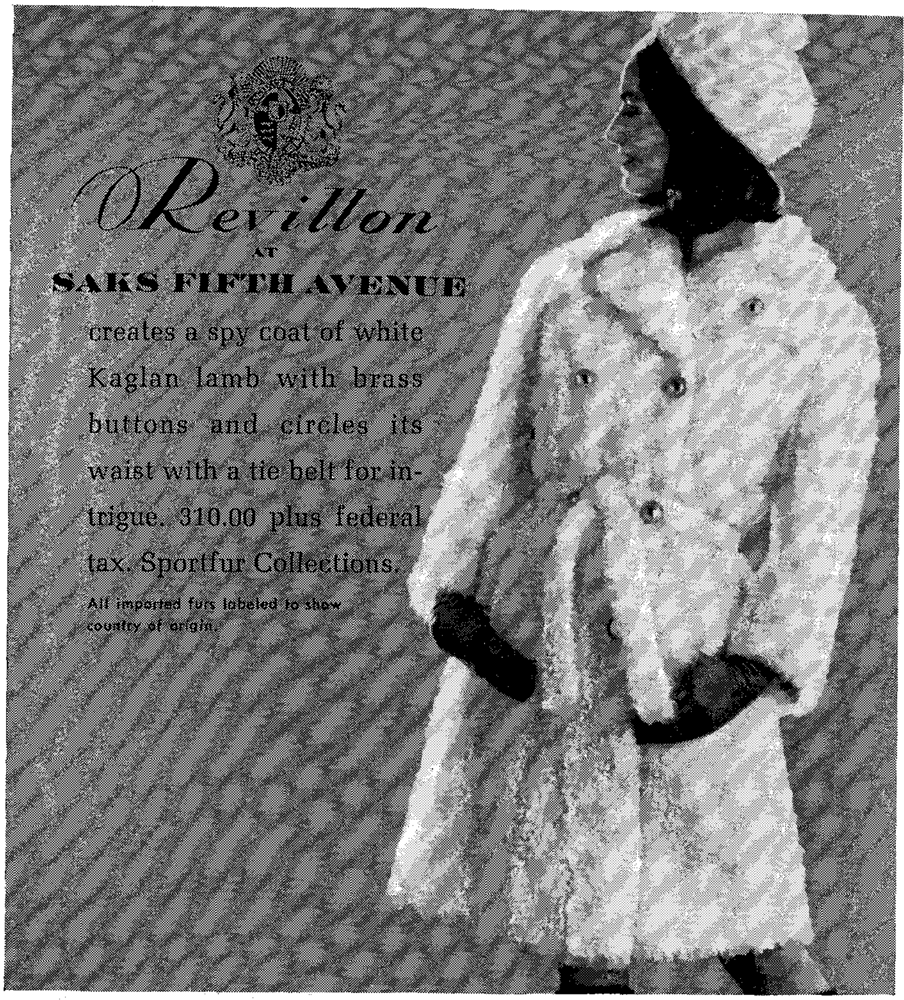
demned to some dangerous and degrading ordeal of the hideousness of which she is warned but of the nature of which she knows nothing. It is not really a serious book, but it creates an ever-tightening apprehension that may hold even a reader not particularly responsive to the coils of this kind of fiction.

"Four Days," though we are still in the underworld, is an effort on a higher level, a narrative equally full of suspense that is also a psychological study. A young boy who lives with a criminal brother, to whom he is abjectly devoted, is made use of by this brother as the ideal confederate to get away with the swag from a bank robbery. He is told to take a bus to a certain town and to stay in a certain hotel, and his brother will meet him there. He is to say that he is waiting for his uncle to take him to summer camp, and he has been promised that he will actually be sent to one. The robbery takes place and the money is passed to the boy, who carries it away in the bag that he uses for delivering papers, but the police have been tipped off, and in a skirmish with them the brother is shot to death. The boy has seen him collapsed in the street, but tries to believe that he has not been killed. He proceeds to the country hotel, and the rest of the book consists of the chronicle, hour by hour, of his agonized waiting there for the brother who will never appear. He reads in the paper that his brother is dead but is unable to face this situation, which leaves him with nowhere to go. The story is technically less adroit than "The Pyx;" the author breaks up the main narrative, which follows the adventures of the boy, with some rather perfunctory melodramatic scenes that explain what went wrong with the robbery and other matters which the boy cannot know, but there is created here a different kind of horror: the boredom, full of foreboding, which tries the reader with its long delay, of the dreary Canadian town, in which the boy walks back and forth along the same roads; of the shoddy country hotel, in which he feels he is under suspicion, alone with nothing left in the world except the bag with the stolen money and a long jackknife which his brother has given him and with which he has eventually to defend himself by sticking it into the neck of a sympathetic homosexual who has offered him refuge in his camp in the woods but has wanted to exact a price.

The flight of the boy from this camp reminds one of the flight from the



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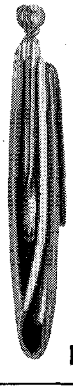

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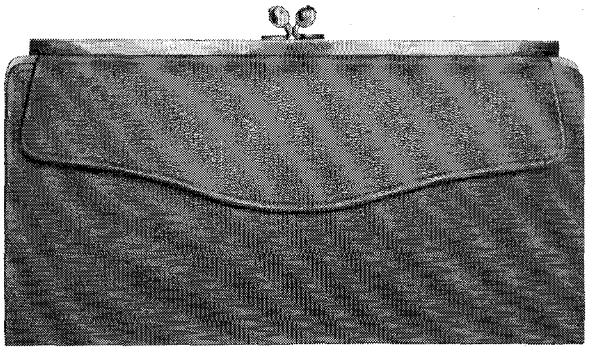

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FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. Y-25, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY lumber camp of the boy in Hugh MacLennan's "Watch," and actually what we have here in the experience of the innocent boy criminal is recognizable as the latest variation on one of the recurrent themes of modern Canadian fiction: the fugitive who is running away from justice, from some dangerous pursuer, or from organized society itself. I have spoken of the instinct of "Americans" to renew their eroded self-confidence, their conviction of primitive strength, by betaking themselves to Canada. In Canada itself, also, the men like to leave their communities and to get away to the wilds: it is still a part of their pride that they are able to face these wilds and survive. Is the life of respectable cities—and no cities could ostensibly be more respectable than Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec—often felt as a confinement, a burden? It may be an outlaw like Kip Caley, in Morley Callaghan's "More Joy in Heaven," who, released from prison for good behavior and taken up as a pet by the moneyed classes, is caught back by his underworld connections and again commits a deed of violence, to be hunted down and shot by the police—or any other of Mr. Callaghan's several principal characters who find themselves at odds with society; or any one of the several wanderers in the novels of Hugh MacLennan, who return to but do not belong in a tight, busy civic organism, who have to recognize that their instincts are quite out of tune with the correctitude they had left behind. Whether they plunge into the underworld or the hinterland, they are trying to get away. In "Four Days," the orphaned boy, carrying out the instructions of his outlawed brother, is to find himself exiled in both. In the fiction of French Canada we shall find again these disaffected or frightened fugitives who, with very rare exceptions, are frustrated or finally extinguished. In connection with French Canada, however, it is enough for the present to point out that in both the French society and the British you have a formidable and rigid church which stands for the status quo and which, by its very nature, is bound to drive the more audacious spirits to doom themselves to a blind antagonism. This instinct to escape may derive from the original seceding impulse that spurred the ancestors of both kinds of Canadians to take the risks of departing from Europe. In the New World, this impulse persisted. Why not, they would feel, in this boundless new land, go farther and depart from the settle-

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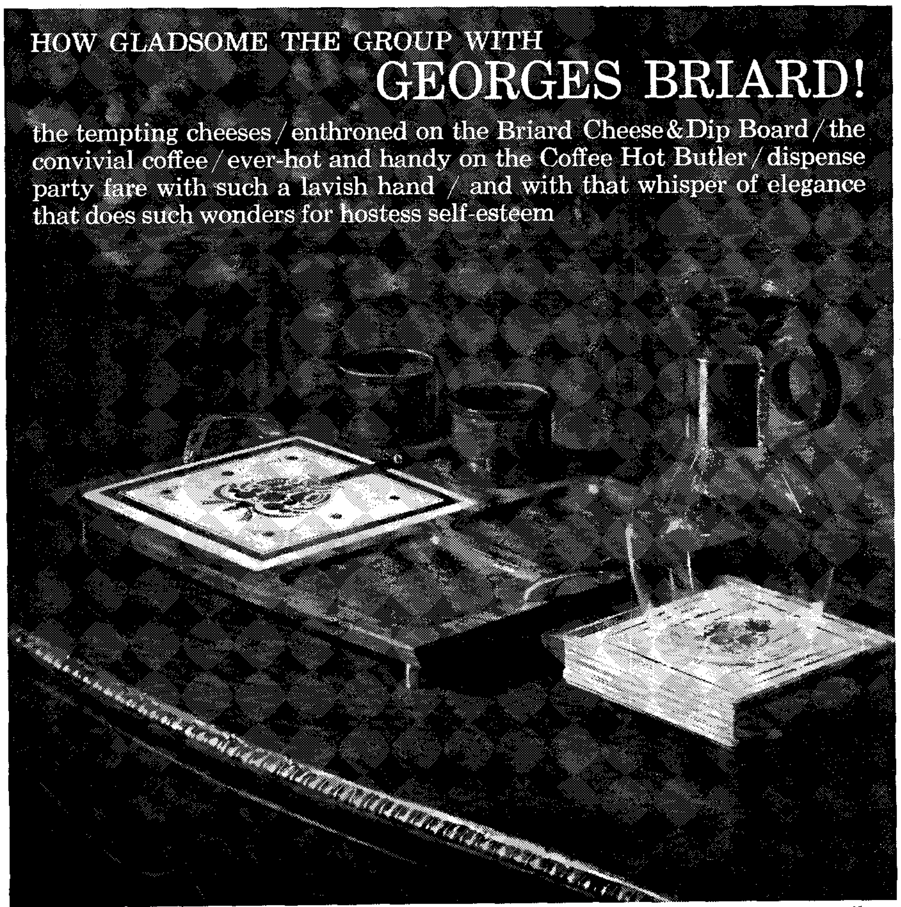

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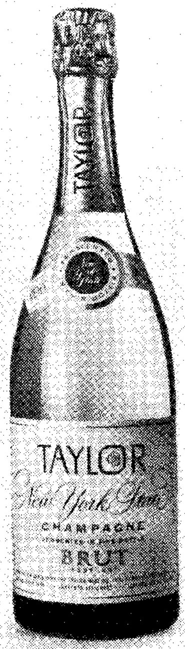

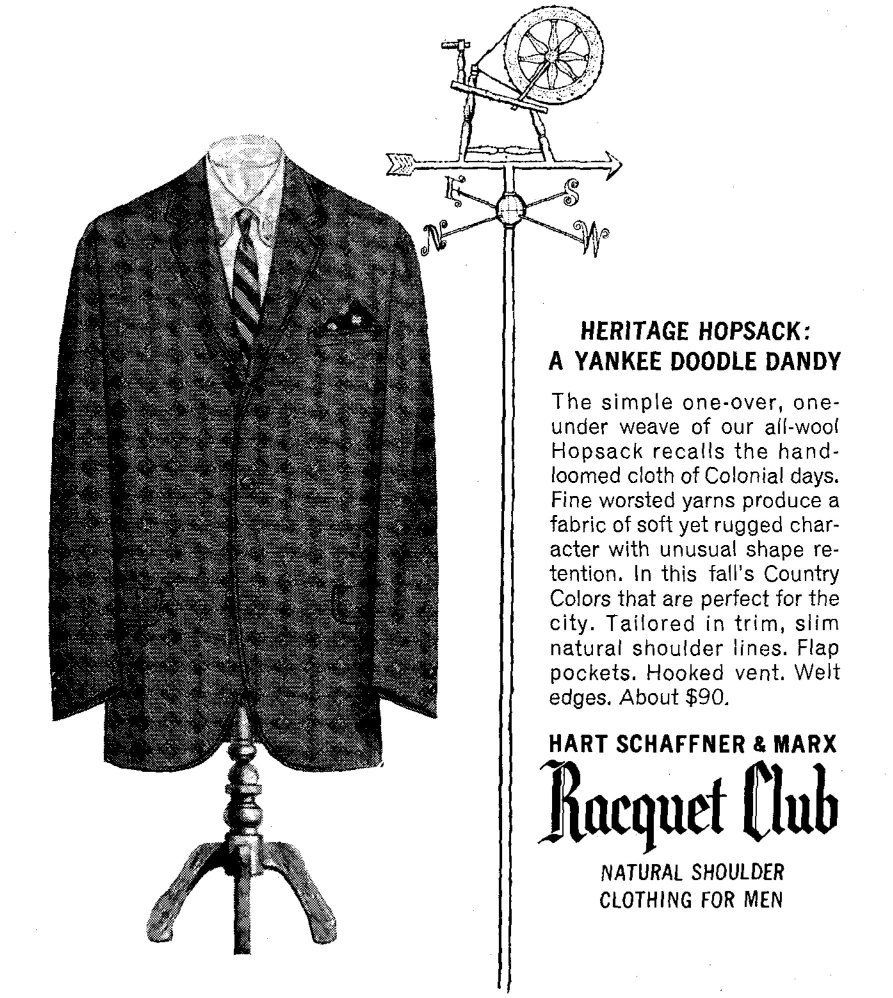

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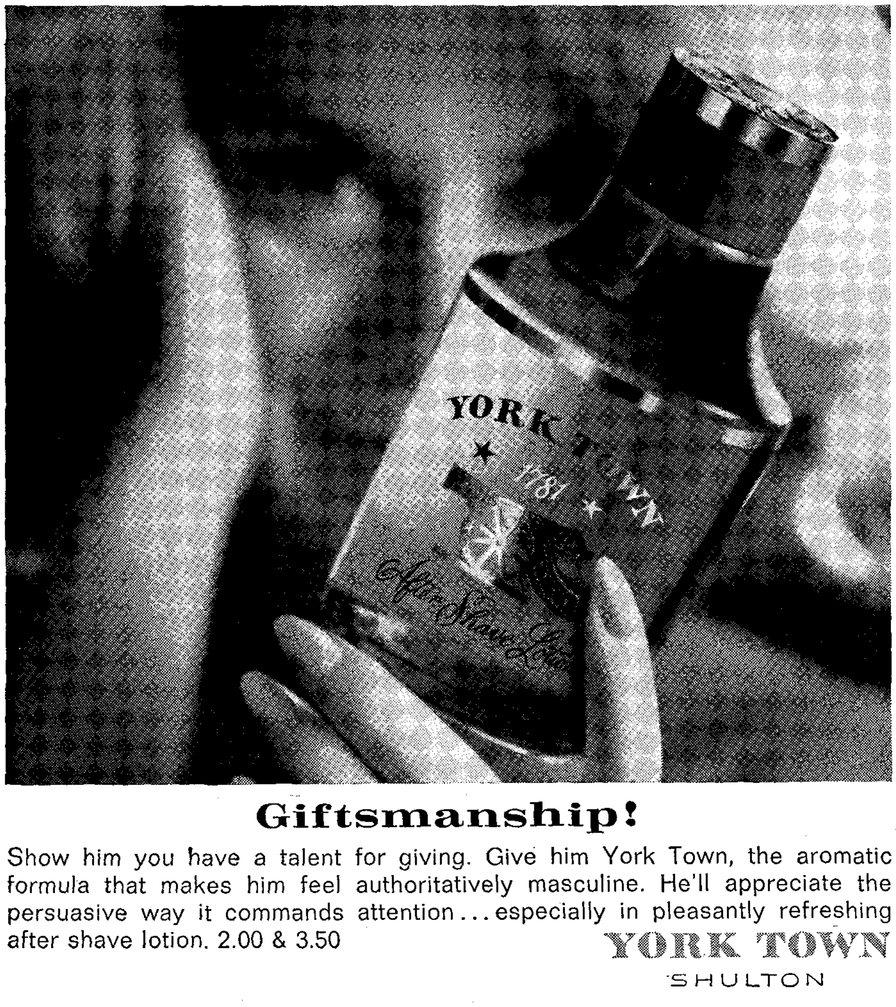

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ment? In French Canada, the *coureurs de bois* were moved to evade the constraints of even their still very crude civilization. Once released in the forest, they would drop all pretense of respecting its conventions and regulations, and they would sometimes go to live with the Indians. It is partly, I believe, this pattern which persists into modern Canada and which furnishes these themes for Canadian fiction.

John Buell would make a good bridge for a transition to French Canada from British. He is bilingual (his mother was French); he says that he thinks of "The Pyx" as essentially a French novel, and "Four Days" has been translated in France. He is thus in the curious position, probably possible only for a Canadian, of writing in the English language excellent novels which he regards as essentially French but which are published in New York and Paris and little known in either French or British Canada.

But I want to make a pause at this point to offer some explanation of the purpose and scope of these articles. I do not want it to be supposed that I am attempting here an adequate survey of even current Canadian literature, or of even, necessarily, the best of this. I have not tried to be comprehensive, and it may well be thought that my subjects have been chosen rather arbitrarily. There are writers I have not read—such as Robertson Davies and Ethel Wilson, Ringuet and Yves Thériault—who I am told are of special interest, and I hope that I shall not be reproached for omitting these figures or others. I am not pretending here to do more than try to call attention to some writers who have attracted my own attention. My ignorance of the subject is still immense. I have hardly touched the West Coast at all, and I come to the contemporary French writers knowing little about their predecessors. I find that an encyclopedic volume, "Littérature Canadienne-Française," by Samuel Baillargeon, lists articles on ninety writers, from the earliest explorers up to the nineteen-sixties, and this does not include any writers who have appeared since 1960. The last twenty years or so in French Canada have evidently been more prolific in literature than any period that has preceded them, and there are now, I am told, more titles being published in French-speaking than in English-speaking Canada, though, of course, more Canadian English books are published in the United States than Canadian French books in France. "Creative Writing in

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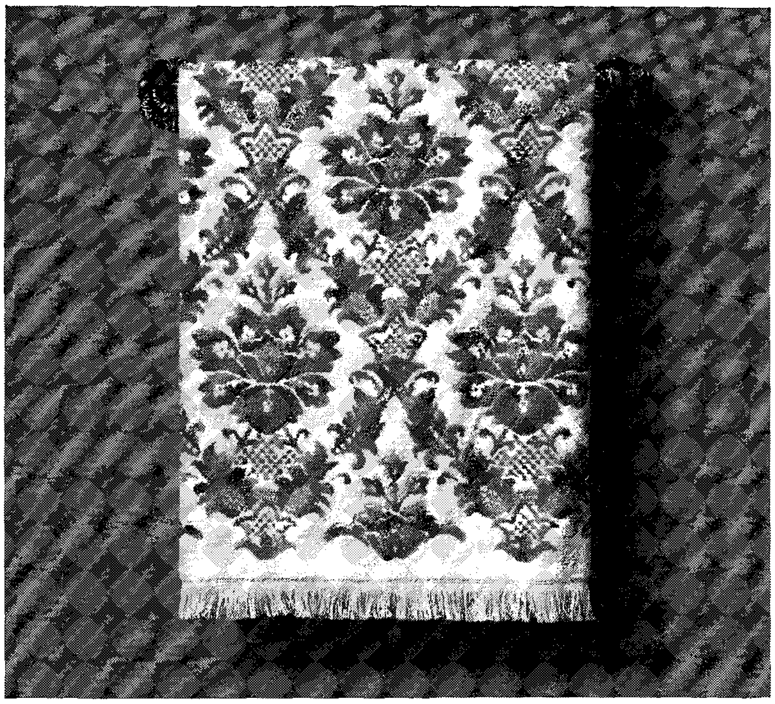

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Canada," by Desmond Pacey, the English counterpart of Baillargeon, first published in 1952 but now, in a new edition, brought up to 1961, discusses also dozens of writers of whom the non-Canadian will never have heard.

POETRY: It seems to me that the poetry of Canada, both in French and in English, is on the whole less interesting than its fiction. You can find a representative selection in the recent "Oxford Book of Canadian Verse," compiled by Mr. A. J. M. Smith. One of the merits of this excellent anthology is that it includes both English and French. It is, indeed, the first anthology to do so since a single much earlier one, now out of print and out of date, and, together with the appearance of *Canadian Literature*, a bilingual quarterly edited by George Woodcock and published by the University of British Columbia, it is evidence of a cultural *entente cordiale* that is evidently quite new in Canada. The pieces in the "Oxford Book" have been exceptionally well selected—Mr. Smith is himself a poet—and the synoptic introduction is illuminating. What is attractive in the earlier Canadian poets is that they are never ambitious professionals. They are settlers who from time to time have been moved by the raw landscape or by their arduous lives to express themselves vividly in verse. I am thinking of such pieces as Standish O'Grady's amusing "Old Nick in Sorel" (Old Nick decided he couldn't stand the winters there), and "The Canadian Herd-boy," by Susanna Moodie: this herdboy, and this herdboy alone, knows the path to the grazing ground of the cattle; through the dark swamp he threads and the "tangled maze of cedar boughs," the jingling of the bells sounds more clearly.

> He sees them now; beneath yon
>   trees
> His motley herd recline at ease;
> With lazy pace and sullen stare
> They slowly leave their shady lair;
> Cobos! Cobos! far up the dell
> Quick jingling comes the cattle-bell.

These early poets are sometimes grim, like Alexander McLachlan:

> We live in a rickety house,
>   In a dirty dismal street,
> Where the naked hide from day,
>   And thieves and drunkards meet.
>
> And pious folks with their tracts,
>   When our dens they enter in,
> They point to our shirtless backs,
>   As the fruits of beer and gin.

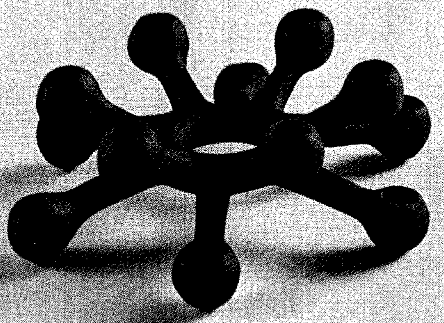
The hard Canadian winter has its moments of strenuous jollity, as in the

When Jens finished designing this candleholder we had to invent a whole new kind of candle.

Jens Quistgaard is not an easy man to reproduce. Commercially. So when he first brought us this little candleholder, we looked it over with a wary eye.

That hand-cast original of his had a curious grainy texture and an elusive color —neither exactly black, nor brown, nor gray—which gave the thing the look of some ancient ritual object. Reproducing that look, in quantity, would take some doing.

Then there were those little glass-smooth dots which turned up when we turned the thing over. An extra manufacturing step, but worth it. (We didn't want our holder scratching anyone's table.)



But these little difficulties could hardly be compared with the production problems Jens usually sets us. Quistgaard-wise, this thing still looked like a lead pipe cinch—until we tried to make candles to fit it.

They had to be very skinny. Otherwise Jens couldn't keep his holder small enough to fit any table—and still end up with twelve flaming candles. And twelve flaming candles, as Jens (and we) see it, are more practical than one, or two, or even eleven flaming candles. Because one, or two, or even eleven candle flames are less magical than twelve candle flames all glowing and flickering and dancing hypnotically together. And, in this electric-lit age, the only practical function of candles is magic.

But if our candles were very skinny, they'd have to be very long. Otherwise they wouldn't last through a leisurely dinner and a due period of candle gazing over coffee.

So we set a Danish candlemaker to dipping us some long, skinny candles.

And they bent. They bent even before we lighted them. They were just too long and skinny. Once lighted, they showed us another difficulty. Candles placed this close together melt each other. And drip. And burn too fast.

Those first candles were paraffin, the stuff of ordinary candles. Next we tried beeswax. And then tallow. And they bent. And melted each other. And dripped. And burned too fast.

Right about then, we began to feel at home again. In the past, Jens had set us to inventing new manufacturing methods. Now we had to invent a new kind of candle.

So we did. With the help of people who make waxes for molding and waxes for taking impressions and waxes for things we never even knew waxes were made for, we cooked up a new kind of wax. Out of it, we hand-dipped a new kind of candle.

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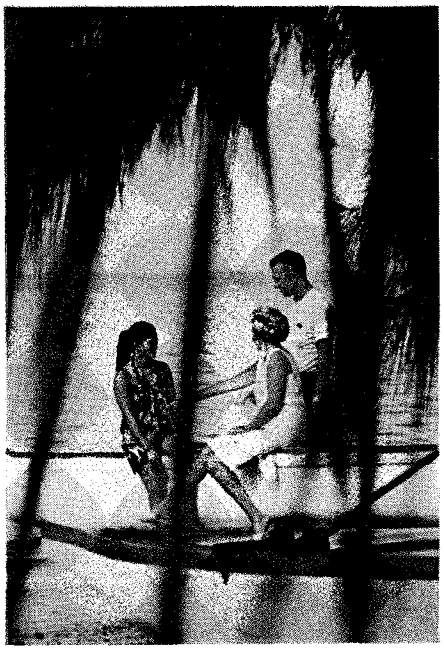

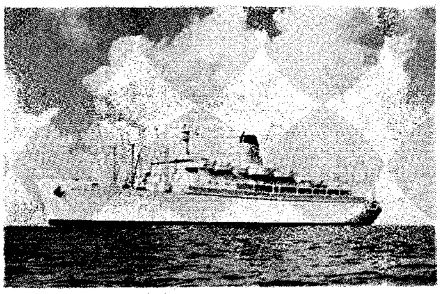

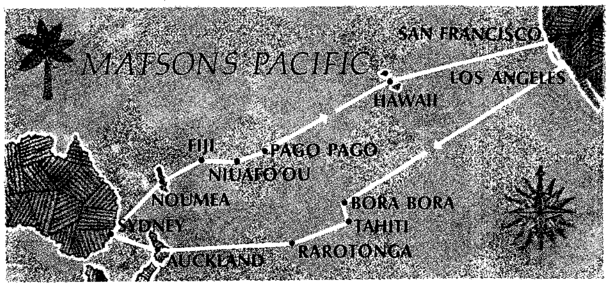

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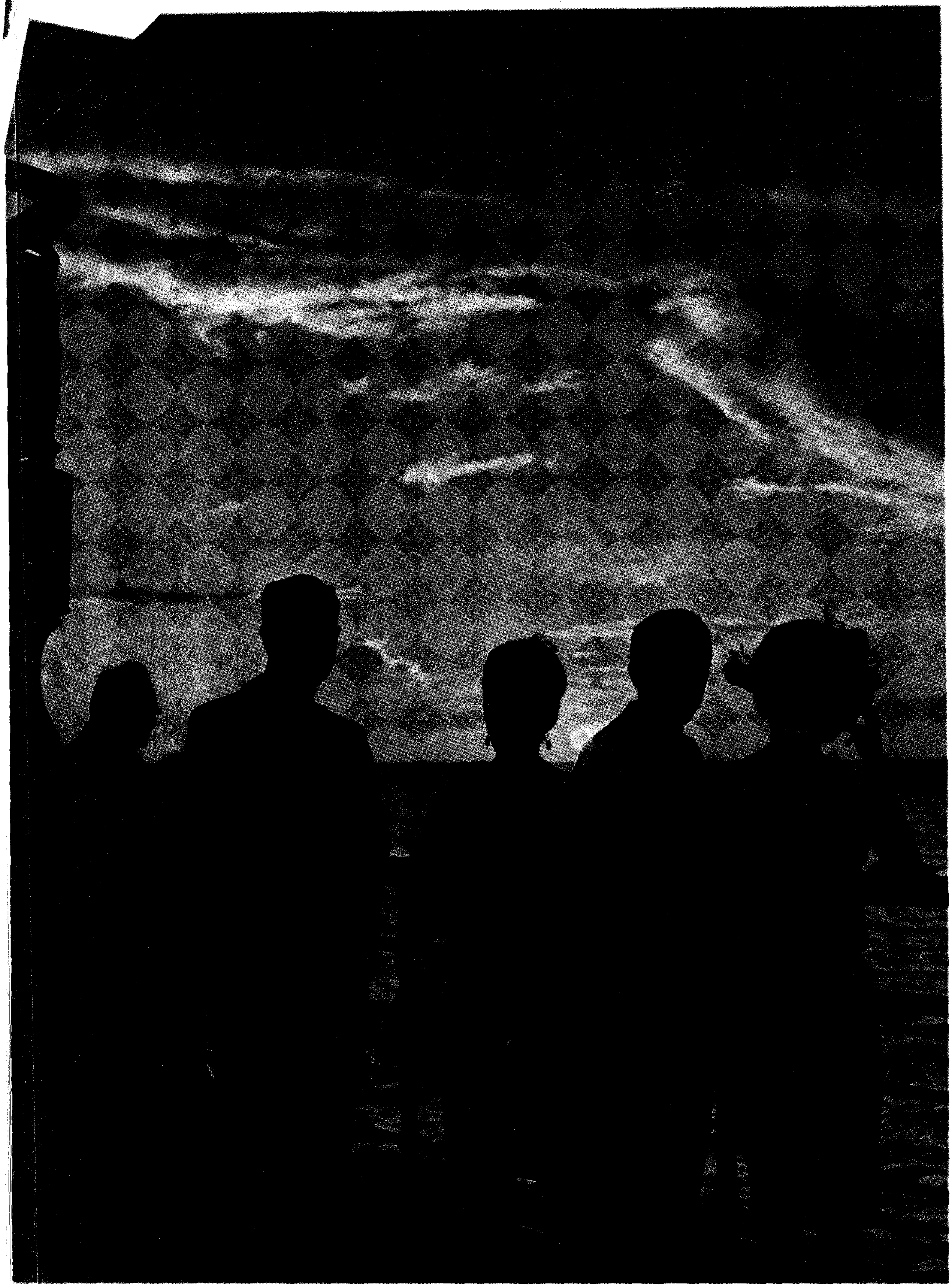

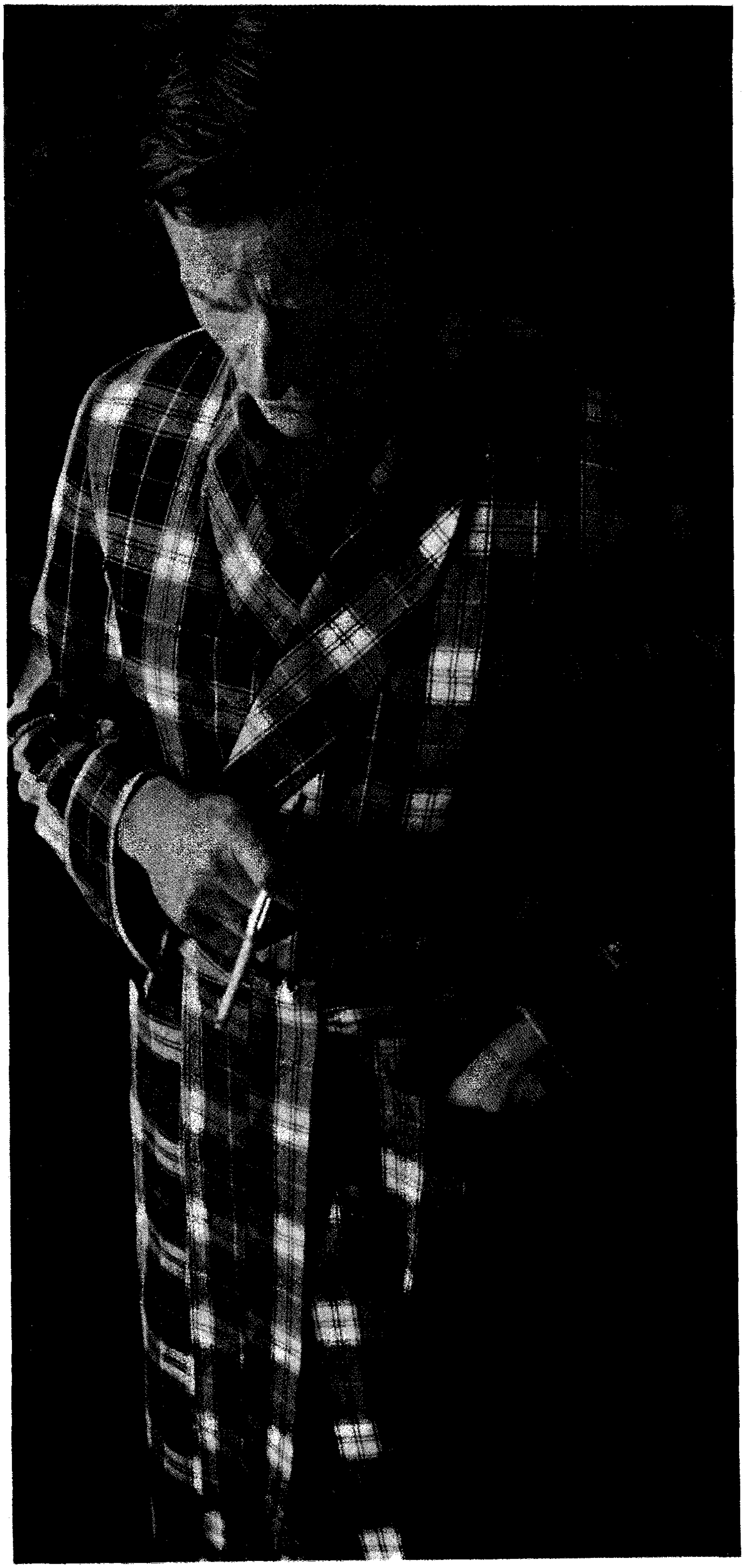

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"Sugaring" described by Pamphile Lemay:

> *Les chemins sont durcis comme par*
> *le rouleau,*
> *Et la lune les montre en des éclairs*
> *de glaive.*
> *La neige des tapis, que nul vent ne*
> *soulève,*
> *Donne une teinte chaste au*
> *sylvestre tableau.*

But the huge caldron is boiling, the maple sap is flowing into the trough, the tin bowls are waiting in the cabin on the table without a cloth, and if the boys and girls get to nibbling at the maple crystals together, somebody will surely get kissed.

These Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen will sometimes attempt long performances on historical and geographical subjects in their traditional blank verse or Spenserian stanzas; the French, in their alexandrines, which ring strangely, as if with no echoes—so far from the resonant platforms of Lamartine and Victor Hugo—in the wastes of those "*quelques arpents de neige*" which Voltaire thought were no great loss when Louis XV let them go at the Peace of Paris. But one of these French poems has a special historical interest for the foreigner as well as for the French Canadian. "Le Drapeau de Carillon," by Octave Crémazie, written in the middle of the last century, has long been a piece that French-Canadian schoolchildren have been made to memorize, and it provides a kind of simple key to the whole situation of French Canada:

> *Pensez-vous quelquefois à ces temps*
> *glorieux,*
> *Où seuls, abandonnés par la France*
> *leur mère,*
> *Nos aïeux défendaient son nom*
> *victorieux*
> *Et voyaient devant eux fuir l'armée*
> *étrangère?*

Though "abandoned by their mother France," the French Canadians were still fighting the English; they had taken Fort Carillon, and their flag-bearer, returning from the war, had cherished the white flag that was the emblem of victory. When Montcalm had, however, been beaten by the English, the old soldiers, on Sundays after Mass, would rally at this poor man's cottage and revive their heroic memories. The veteran conceives the idea of making a trip to France and going to the King with his banner. He will tell him what disasters they have suffered, what sacrifices they have made, and he will beg him to send them the help which, when they had needed it most,

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he withheld. He carries out his project of going to France, but at Versailles he never gets past the courtiers, who know nothing about Canada and laugh at him. Only a few old soldiers condole with him. The poet denounces the King for the extravagance of his vices and Voltaire for his infidelity and his never-forgiven phrase. The veteran returns to Canada and, unable to bring himself to tell the truth to his old companions in arms, assures them that the King has promised to provide them with reinforcements. But when they next come to visit him, they find him gone. He has taken the old flag and returned to the battlefield, and there, with his banner spread over him, he is found by peasants, a frozen corpse. The poet apostrophizes the flag and exhorts the French Canadians to be loyal to it, "to defend from every attack their language and their faith." This poem, for all its old-fashioned rhetoric, I find extremely moving. What differentiates it from most other patriotic ballads is that it tells of tragic defeat and offers no hope of reprisal.

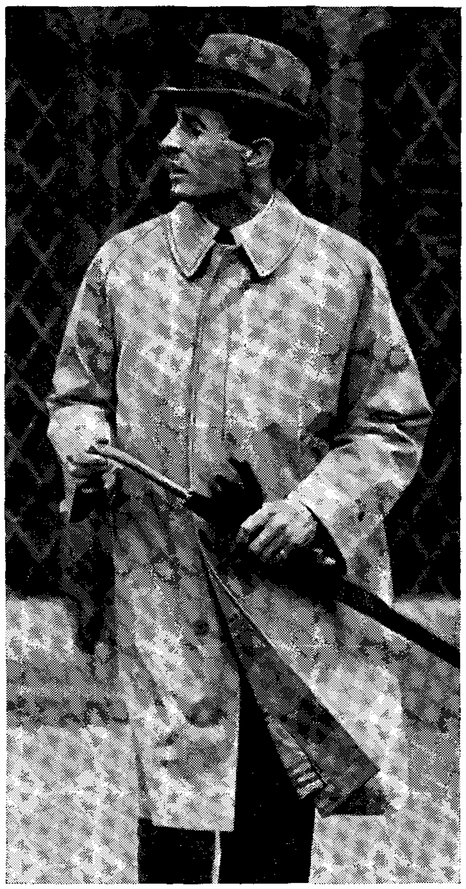
The poetry of the later nineteenth century runs to often attractive landscapes—by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Albert Lozeau—and one continues to find such landscapes in the poetry of the twentieth century. Mr. Pacey, in his "Creative Writing in Canada," quotes two poems which make a piquant contrast—one by Marjorie Pickthall:

> Wind-silvered willows hedge the
>   stream,
> And all within is hushed and cool.
> The water, in an endless dream,
> Goes sliding down from pool to
>   pool
> And every pool a sapphire is
> From shadowy deep to sunlit edge,
> Ribboned around with irises
> And cleft with emerald spears of
>   sedge. . . .

And one by A. J. M. Smith:

> Cedar and jagged fir
> uplift sharp barbs
> against the gray
> and cloud-piled sky;
> and in the bay
> blown spume and windrift
> and thin, bitter spray
> snap
> at the whirling sky;
> and the pine trees
> lean one way. . . .

The best of these landscapes, however, are probably those of Albert Lozeau, who was immobilized at eighteen by ankylosis and who occupied himself in writing descriptions of what he could see from his window. He laments in one of his poems that he



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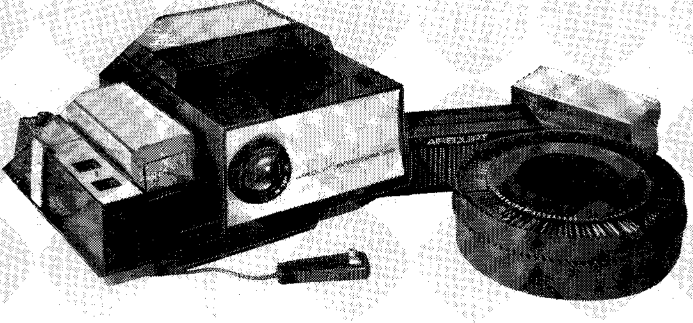

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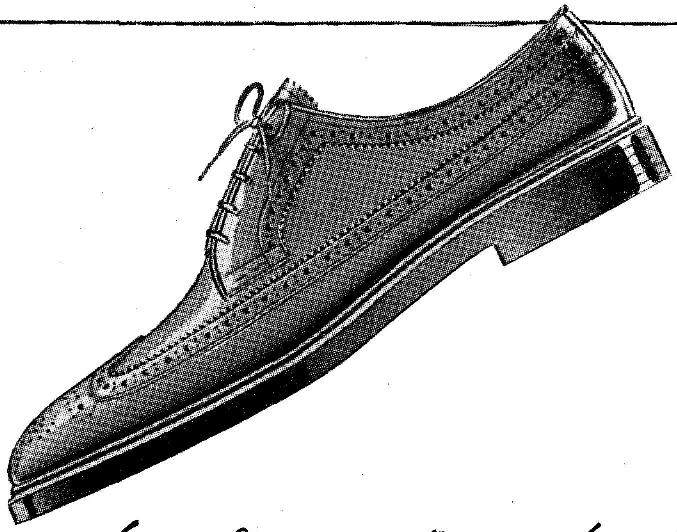

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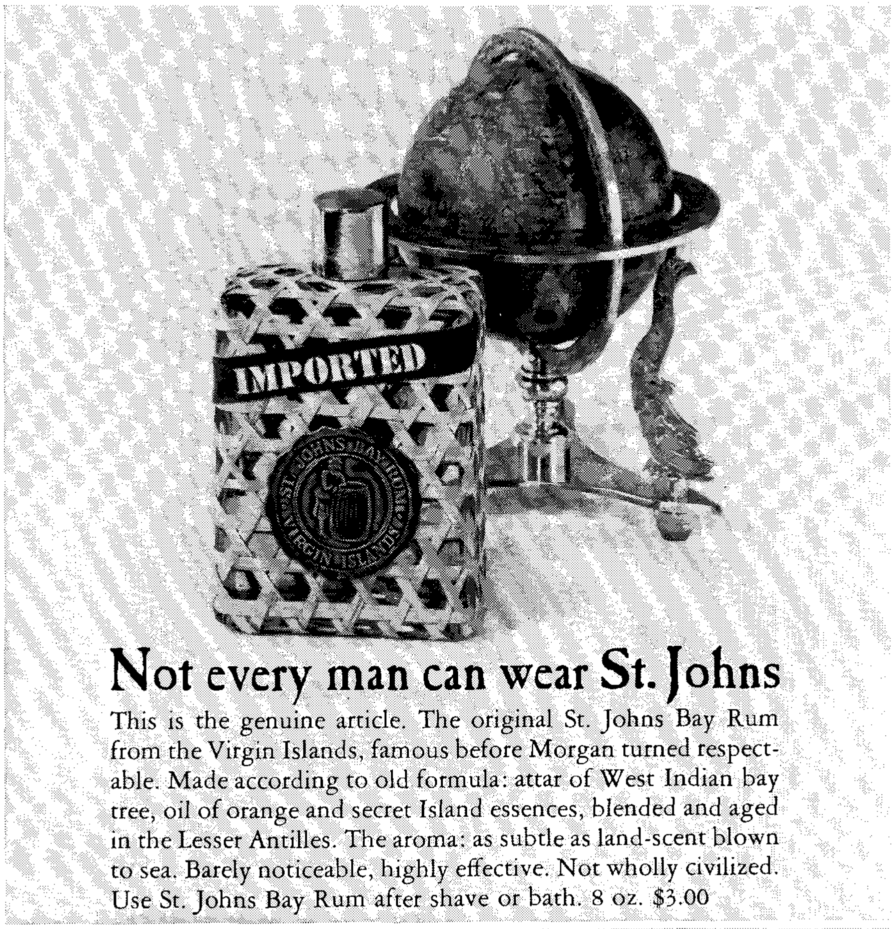

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can never know the lakes and tains of Canada. His love poems tender and rather dim, those of an valid made wistful by a woman's kindness, but he is exquisite when he is writing of moonlight, of the effects of hoarfrost and snow, of the maple turning red in autumn or losing its now yellow leaves. It is better perhaps to read him in anthologies than to go to his collected poems, because the record of these recurrent phenomena is bound to become monotonous and eventually a little insipid. But his "Epilogue" to his lifework is touching, with a pathos like that of Milton on his blindness. He is most moving, it seems to me, here and in another of his poems, in which he sighs over his unfulfillment:

J'attends. Le vent gémit. Le soir vient. L'heure sonne.
Mon cœur impatient s'émeut. Rien ni personne.
J'attends, les yeux fermés pour ne pas voir le temps
Passer en déployant les ténèbres. J'attends.
Cédant au sommeil dont la quiétude tente,
J'ai passé cette nuit en un rêve d'attente.
Le jour est apparu baigné d'or pourpre et vif,
Comme hier, comme avant, mon cœur bat attentif.
Et je suis énervé d'attendre, sans *comprendre,*
Comme hier et demain, ce que je puis attendre.
J'interroge mon cœur, qui ne répond pas bien . . .
Ah! qu'il est douloureux d'attendre toujours—rien!

WHEN one comes to contemporary English verse, as one reads it in Mr. Smith's selection, one finds later poets who *are* ambitious and who sometimes, in comparison with their predecessors, may seem nothing short of prismatic. But here again, when one reads them in quantity, they are likely to prove disappointing. They are all, one finds, fearfully imitative—of Eliot, Yeats, Auden, and especially of William Carlos Williams and Ezra Pound. Louis Dudek, the son of Polish parents, and Irving Layton, born in Rumania, have performed a very useful function by getting rid of Presbyterian inhibitions and by suddenly, in British Canada, once so sober in its manners and dress, breaking out in harlequin coats that announce their cosmopolitanism, and they and others have been able to maintain magazines which have given Canadian poets an opportunity of publishing their work without depending on

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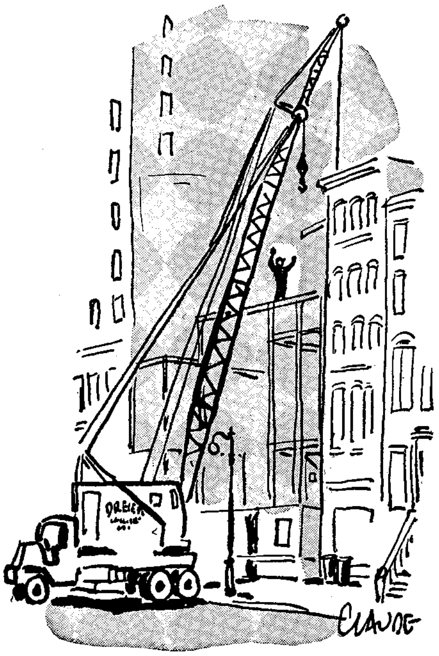
the literary market. But, though cious and full of high spirits, the va- they raise are not very arresting, as they are likely to depend too much on those cadences of the early nineteen-hundreds which are not very far from prose and upon which it took Ezra Pound, by his sharp and laconic phrases, to impose the true stamp of poetry, and on the homely, non-musical droning of William Carlos Williams (who gave high praise to Irving Layton). They seem to think that they have done what is necessary when they have ended some impression or reflection with one of those dying falls to which Pound gives ironic point but which here have too often the accent of mere mechanical echoes. The monthly *Canadian Forum* prints pages of poems of this kind, which might almost all be written by the same person. And when Canadian poets are satirical, they sound mostly like undergraduates being irreverent in the college magazines. Mr. Smith and Mr. F. R. Scott have collected examples of this humorous verse in a volume called "The Blasted Pine: An Anthology of Satire, Invective and Disrespectful Verse." But you have to be bitter for this kind of thing, and it is difficult for an English Canadian to find anything to be bitter about. Mr. Scott tries his hand at a satirical poem on the long-time Prime Minister Mackenzie King. But how can one be bitter about Mackenzie King? What is baffling about Canadian Prime Ministers is their powerlessness, in general, to do anything dynamic or striking. They are so much kept suspended in a void between the gravitational pulls of the various groups, who live in different



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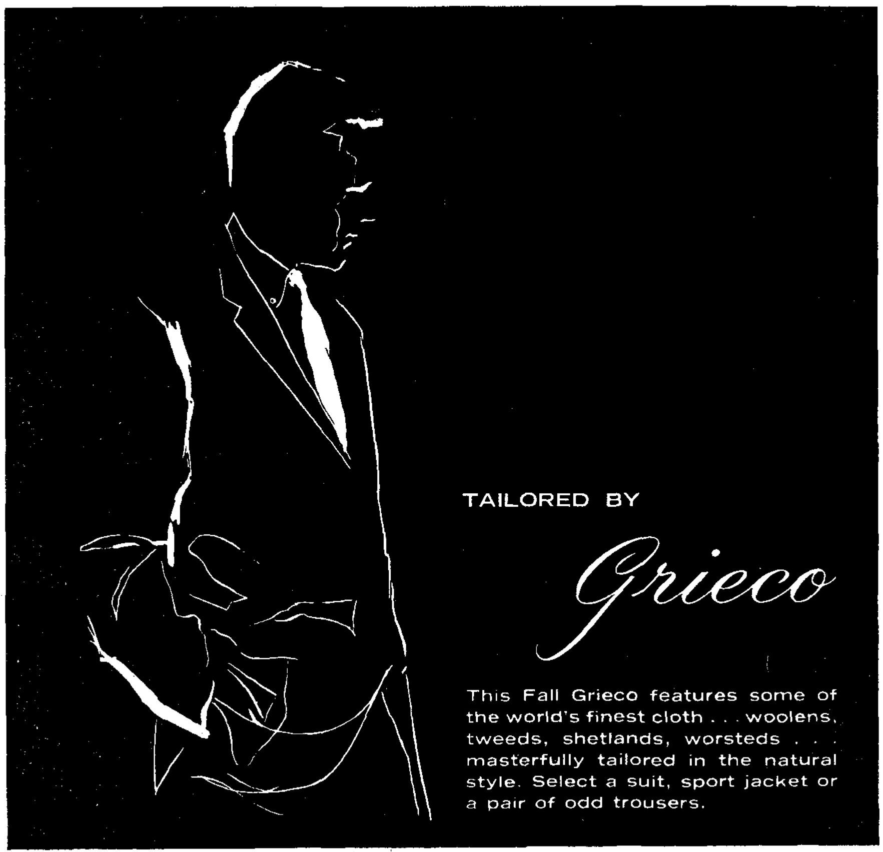

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parts of the country, belong to different cultural traditions, and represent different economic interests, that it is difficult for them to lay down clear lines, to make publicly avowed decisions. This widely scattered conflict of constituencies must either result in inaction or be smoothed over by a policy of compromise. It is for this that Mr. F. R. Scott is ridiculing Mackenzie King, and the result, though no doubt to the point, is less an incisive satire than a political editorial:

W.L.M.K.

How shall we speak of Canada,
Mackenzie King dead?
The Mother's boy in the lonely room
With his dog, his medium and his ruins?

He blunted us.

We had no shape
Because he never took sides,
And no sides
Because he never allowed them to take shape.

He skilfully avoided what was wrong
Without saying what was right,
And never let his on the one hand
Know what his on the other hand was doing.

The height of his ambition
Was to pile a Parliamentary Committee on a Royal Commission.
To have "conscription if necessary
But not necessarily conscription,"
To let Parliament decide—
Later.

Postpone, postpone, abstain.

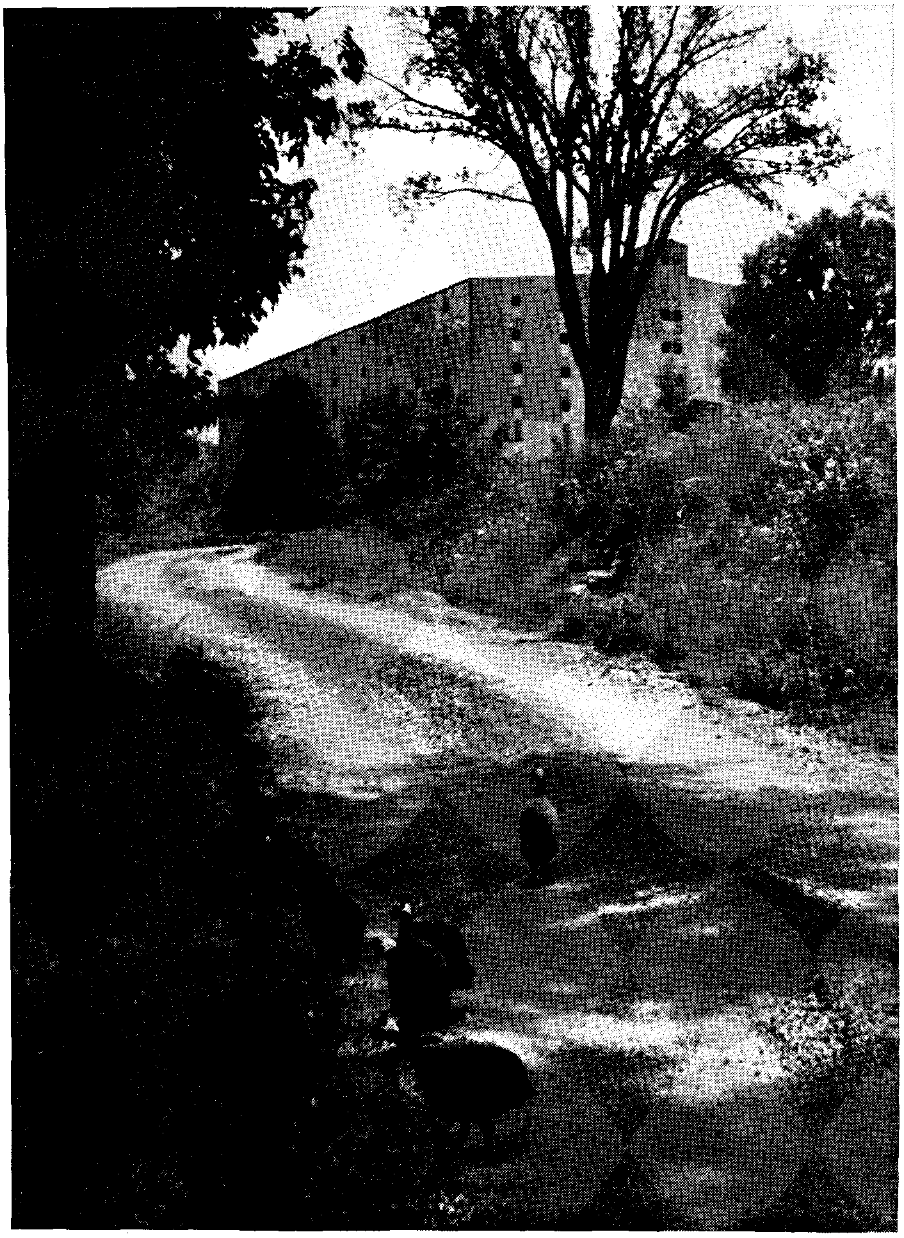
Only one thread was certain:
After World War I
Business as usual,
After World War II
Orderly decontrol.
Always he led us back to where we were before.

He seemed to be in the centre
Because we had no centre,
No vision
To pierce the smoke-screen of his politics.

Truly he will be remembered
Wherever men honour ingenuity,
Ambiguity, inactivity, and political longevity.

Let us raise up a temple
To the cult of mediocrity,
Do nothing by halves
Which can be done by quarters.

In the English Canadian world, it is only—as far as my experience goes—in the cartoons of Mr. Duncan Macpherson that one finds a high level of political satire. These appear in the Toronto *Star*, but they go far beyond the editorial. They are the work of a vigorous imagination which, taking its



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cues from political events, expands them into gratuitous fantasies. Macpherson *is* bitter on the subject of war and on Canada's yielding to the United States in the acceptance of nuclear bases, as in his picture of the skeleton-whore—"Gotta match?"—soliciting under a monument "To Our Glorious Dead." But in his caricatures of the personalities of Canadian public life he has created a phantasmagoria for which the mediocre subjects themselves sometimes seem hardly adequate. Former Premier Diefenbaker becomes animated with an energy that is truly demonic, and the Canadian common man, undersized, gopher-nosed, and chinless, is surrounded by predatory monsters who bewilder him, bully him, rob him, and are likely to leave him in tatters. The version of foreign affairs could only be that of a Canadian—see Macpherson's amusing cartoons on the relations between Kennedy, Khrushchev, and Castro—and is thus of particular interest to the non-Canadian inquirer, but these drawings, of which three albums have been published by the *Star*, have a value not confined to their aptness as a day-to-day political commentary. The cartoons of David Low were thus limited; they will have their historical importance as a clear and quizzical record of the political events of half a century. But Macpherson's, like those of James Gillray, may be fascinating quite independent of our interest in or knowledge of the happenings they commemorate. Macpherson is a Gillray reduced in scale, a more scaring and grotesque Lewis Carroll. I do not doubt that the originals of his drawings will hang someday in Canadian galleries.

E. J. Pratt: There are among the poets, however, two writers—one English, one French—who, I think, should be brought to the attention of the non-Canadian world. E. J. Pratt, who died recently at the age of eighty-one, had written an immense amount—an edition of his collected poems runs to almost four hundred tall pages—and he came to be revered in British Canada as the patriarch of its poetry. Canadian critics sometimes wonder why he is hardly known anywhere else, but this question is easily answered. When a reader in New York or London picks up the huge volume of Pratt, he is confronted with a great many long narrative poems and by shorter poems that are also rather long and that cannot be easily picked up from the page. In these shorter pieces the poet is rarely at

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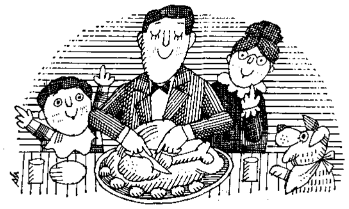

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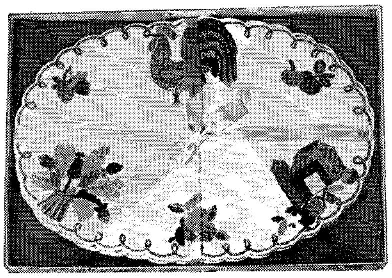

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his best, and he does not lend himself to being anthologized. As Professor Northrop Frye says in his introduction to this collected volume, Pratt has to be read in bulk. But when the reader habituated to modern verse tries to come to grips with one of Pratt's long pieces, he finds himself following metres that take him back to Byron and Scott, with a phrasing as little polished and a rhythm that verges sometimes on doggerel. What carries all this off, however, is the natural verve of the poet and the rush of his narrative power, which sometimes rise to splendid eloquence and strike off delightful imagery. These merits, though quite individual, are also of rather an old-fashioned kind—the felicities of the poet in spate, who does not care about delicate craftsmanship. Pratt's recklessness, together with his imagination, when it runs to humor and fantasy, reminds one of the "Ingoldsby Legends," Hogg's "Kilmeny," and the legends of Praed, and in that kind of performance this poet can be sometimes extremely effective. One hardly notices the roughness of the metrics; one hardly pays attention to the rhymes, which, though often very clever ones, seem to have come to the poet's fingers without his thinking about them. (He is not so successful in blank verse, where it is easy for the careless to become prosaic.) And his vocabulary has also this readiness to acquit itself in any situation; his admixture with the traditionally literary of the technical and the scientific has often surprising results.

Pratt's subjects, though presented with considerable realism, are likely to be grandiose: a great disaster like the sinking of the Titanic or a heroic event like the retreat from Dunkirk, the ordeals of the Jesuit missionaries among the American Indians or the driving of the last spike of the Canadian Pacific railroad. Even his humorous poems are cosmic—a supersaturnalia of witches, which is made to involve all the spirits of the earth and the underworld; a terrible prehistoric war between the land and the water creatures. Pratt was born in Newfoundland and, like MacLennan, he is always conscious of infinite forbidding spaces. In the midst of all this wind and water, these sweeping elemental forces, it is difficult to attain intensity, and in his tumultuousness he is sometimes clumsy. But his kind of imagination has its grandeur and its catastrophic drama, and it could only have been stimulated to such imagery by the materials pro-

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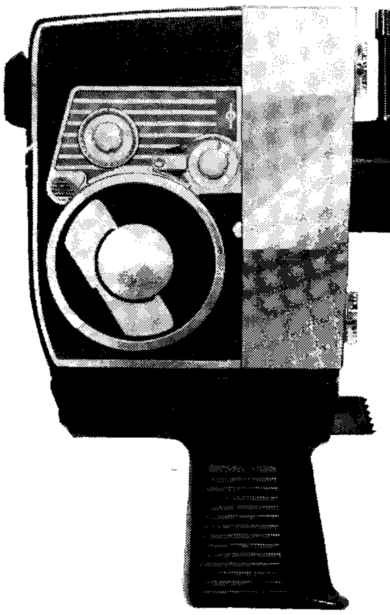

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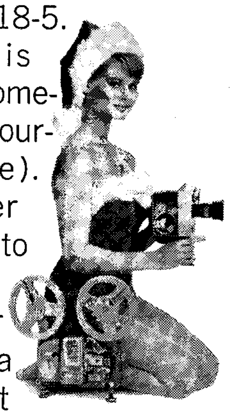

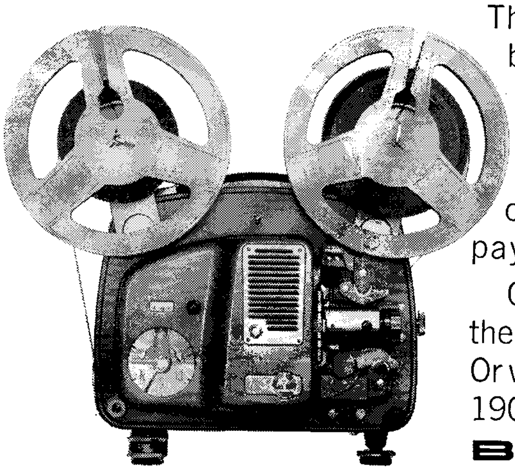

vided by Canada. It has the freedom of a natural and supernatural world that lies beyond human habitations; it ventures into unknown domains where it can only encounter wild animals or Indian warriors who seem equally wild; it moves over the immensity and uncertainty of the sea, which can always obliterate its trespassers, and beneath the far constellations, which we have made the attempt to domesticate by naming them for earthly shapes and for mythological figures, but the challenges of both of which abysses move man to augment his energy, to swell his work, and to heighten his stature.

EMILE NELLIGAN: This poet is at once the Rimbaud and the Gérard de Nerval of French Canada, and he seems to me the only really first-rate Canadian poet, French or English, that I have yet read. Émile Nelligan's mother was French, but his father had come over from Ireland. At school, the boy did poorly and failed to finish, yet his vocation as a poet was passionate and from his earliest years all-absorbing. His first poems were published when he was sixteen, in 1896, and he was soon the star of an *école littéraire* in his native Montreal. He read all the then modern poets, and his work shows a variety of influences: Baudelaire, Verlaine, Heredia. But he developed his own rich imagery and his own perfection of form, which make him, in the Canada of the end of the century, a quite unfamiliar phenomenon. He has nothing of the dilution and tepidity that were encouraged in the United States by the slack standards of the magazines. All the poems are full of point and close-packed; some are very complex. A virtuosity of metre, rhyme, and assonance, a peculiar intensity and strength make something that is Nelligan's own out of even the Verlainean pathos or the metallic Heredian sonnet. In this poetry of stained glass, golden heavens, and dawns that bathe the mountains in blood, of celestial visions as dazzling as the imaginings of fabrics and gems, one almost loses sight of the milieu in which this brilliant work was done, and yet the chill sternness of that milieu lies behind these bright tapestries, in the background—in the recurrent rhyme *givre-vivre*, which suggests the recurrent problem of survival in that paralyzing climate, and in the glimpses of family life, in which even the mother's piano, by whose music the boy is enchanted, cannot make him forget the lace curtains, the faded brocade and moire, all

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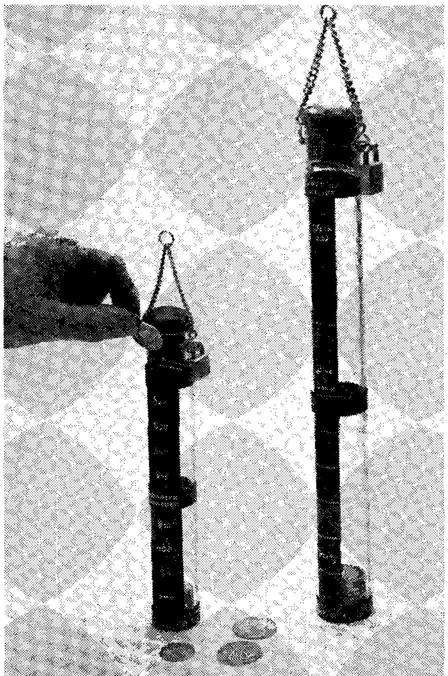

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the dreary "*mobilier de deuil.*" A poem of six lines strikes the note:

De mon berceau d'enfant j'ai fait l'autre berceau
Où ma Muse s'endort dans des trilles d'oiseau,
Ma Muse en robe blanche, Ô ma toute maîtresse!
Oyez nos baisers d'or aux grands soirs familiers . . .
Mais chut! j'entends déjà la mégère Détresse
À notre seuil faisant craquer ses noirs souliers!

He speaks often of his "*névrose*"—once it is "*mes troupeaux de névroses.*" Nor are his visions of madness mere exercises: the idiot woman who wants to find the church bells in order to hold them in her hands, the "spectral bull," huge and red, "*aux cornes glauques,*" "from which we must all flee." At the end of May, 1899, the young Nelligan, still then in his twentieth year, recited at a public reading conducted by L'École Littéraire, the cenacle of which he was a hero, a poem called "La Romance du Vin." It is ecstatic and yet full of bitterness; the drunkenness proclaimed can scarcely keep at bay a darkness which is about to swallow him up. One of the audience reports that "*les applaudissements prirent la fureur d'une ovation,*" and his comrades carried him home on their shoulders. Two months later, he was found kneeling and reciting his poems before a statue of the Virgin. He was evidently schizophrenic, and he spent the rest of his life in an institution. After carrying on a lifelong struggle with a practical, prosaic father, who wanted to make him a clerk, he had desperately been concentrating his forces on preparing a volume of verse, which he did not retain his faculties to put into final shape. After his moment of public triumph, he suddenly short-circuited, burnt out, and, tragically, became indifferent. To come to the end of his poetry and to learn of the blankness that followed is like reading of the last years of Nijinsky:

J'ai la douceur, j'ai la tristesse et je suis seul
Et le monde est pour moi comme quelque linceul
Immense d'où soudain par des causes étranges

J'aurai surgi mal mort dans un vertige fou
Pour murmurer tout bas des musiques aux Anges
Pour après m'en aller puis mourir dans mon trou.

But he lived on till almost 1942. He had published in periodicals, at the time of his extinction, no more than twenty-six pieces, but his reputation was kept

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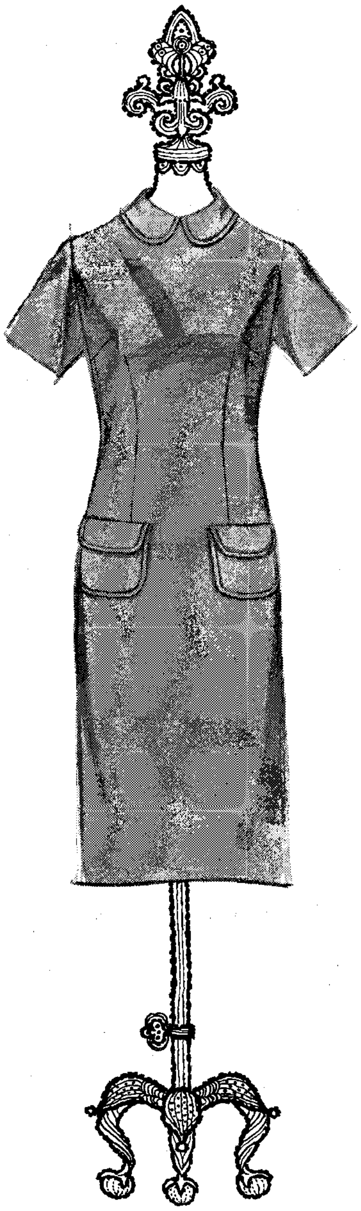

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alive, and there were several editions of his poems. On the occasion of the third edition, there was a radio reading of his poetry, to which the poet himself, it is said, listened "*d'une oreille distraite.*" It was, however, only in 1952 that Nelligan was done full justice, with a scholarly "Poésies Complètes" in the series called Collection du Nénuphar, which included a good many pieces thitherto uncollected. It would seem that, as in the case of Hopkins, his original editor was rather afraid of some of Nelligan's more *délirantes* pieces, which were likely to be disconcerting to the conventional taste of the time. Of certain such poems only fragments survive, one of which had been cited by this editor as the kind of thing that was not worth saving. French-Canadian literature was long to remain at least fifty years behind Paris.

—EDMUND WILSON

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

•

KEY TO THE CONNECTOR

Now that the Atlanta Downtown Connector is nearing completion, many who have been asking *when* they will be able to use it are now asking *how* they will find their way through the huge Capitol Avenue-Memorial Drive Interchange.

Highway Department engineers agree that the size and complexity of this giant interchange are bound to cause some confusion, and suggest that advance study of the interchange by as many motorists as possible will help to alleviate this confusion.

The engineers believe that the interchange has been as well signed as possible, but they feel that the speed of traffic flow and the relatively limited maneuvering distances may make it difficult to depend entirely upon signs.

By way of general guidelines, they suggest that motorists desiring to go straight through the interchange should stay in the center of the roadway, those wishing to turn right should get in the right lane, and those wishing to turn left should keep to the left.—*Instruction sheet for users of the Atlanta Freeway.*

Just close your eyes and step on the accelerator hard.

•

I believe it is the duty of every doctor, be he an internist, a radiologist, even a dermatologist, in fact whatever he may be, if he is interested in human welfare that he pay attention to the fact that no American couple should have more than two and a half babies, and if he doesn't know how to make it possible for them to limit their output to that then he ought to send them to somebody who does.—*Dr. John Rock, quoted in New York Medicine.*

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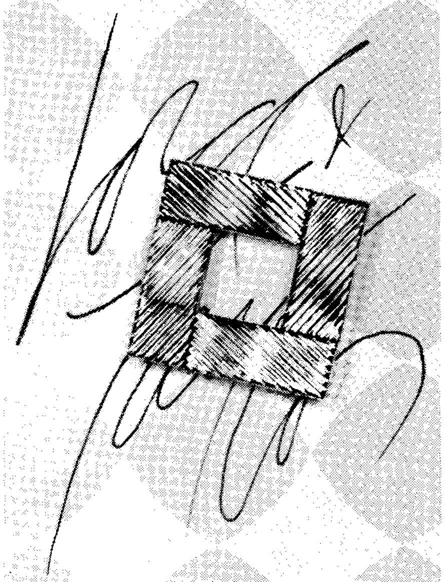

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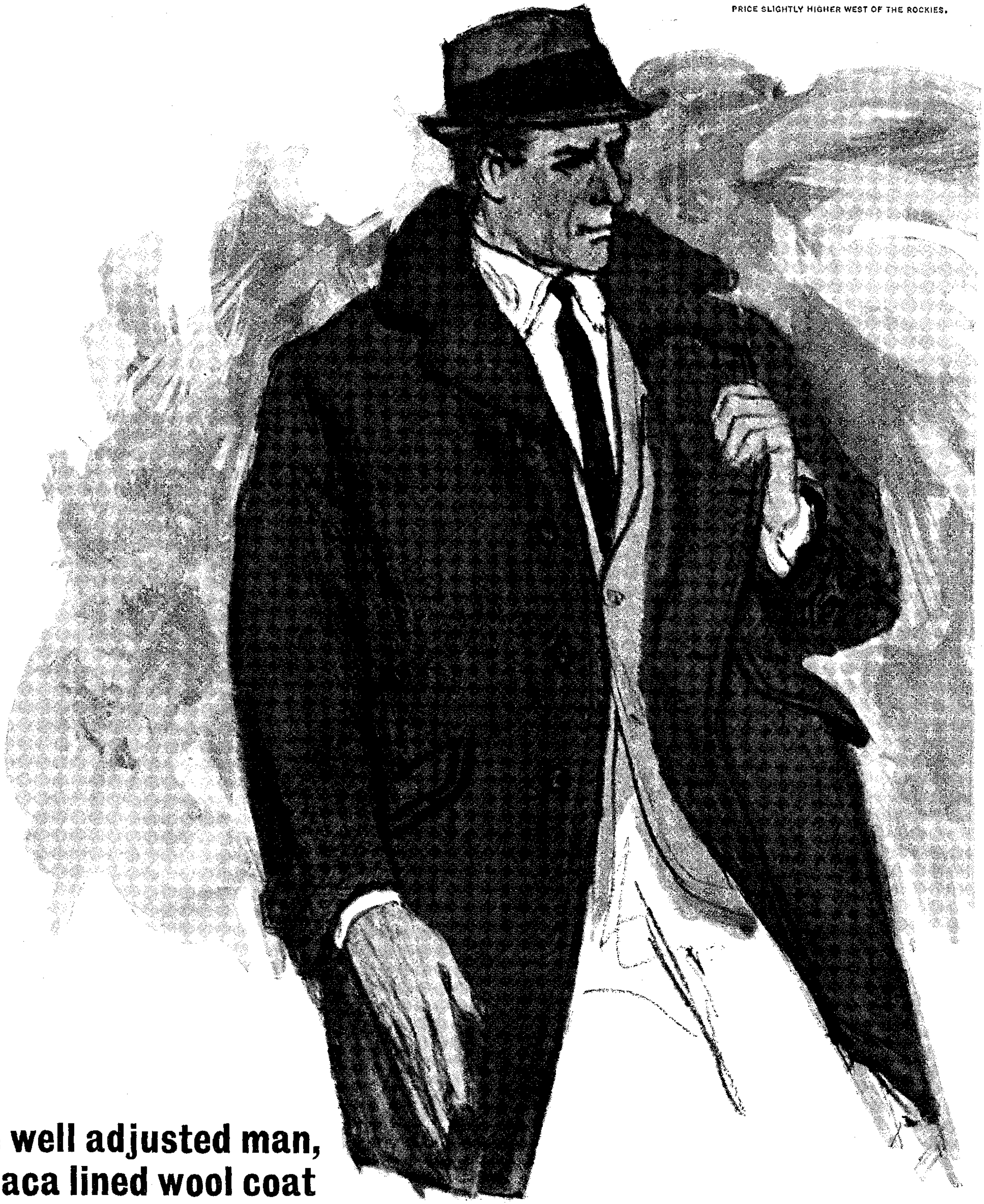

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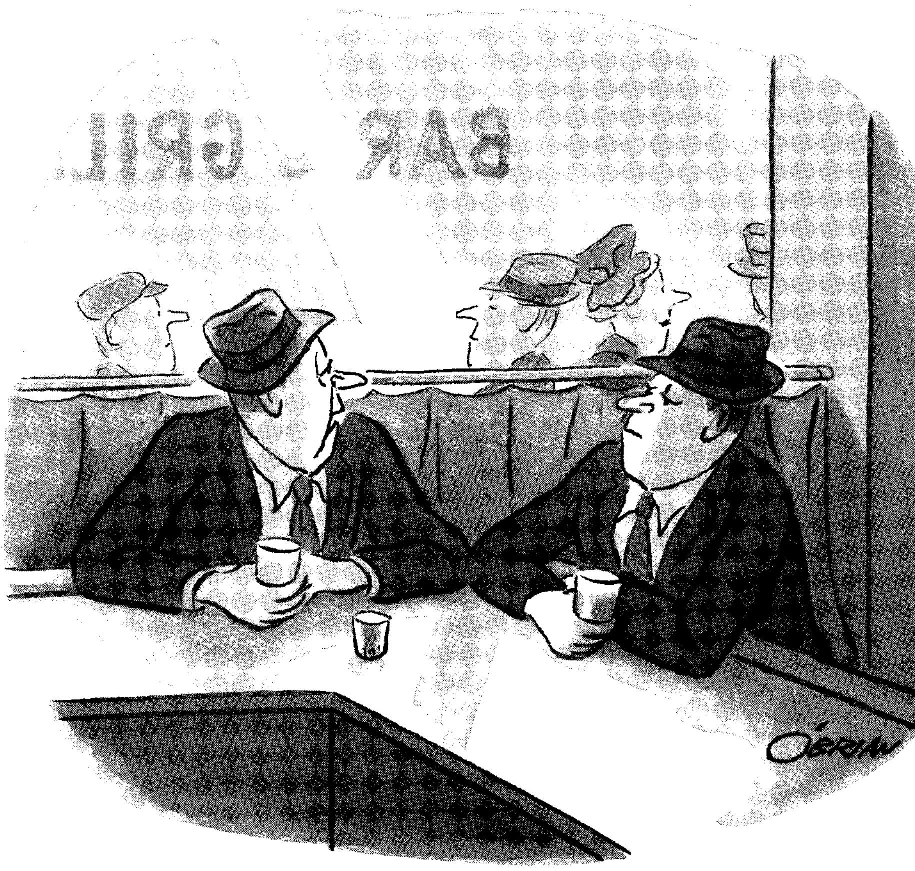
THE THEATRE

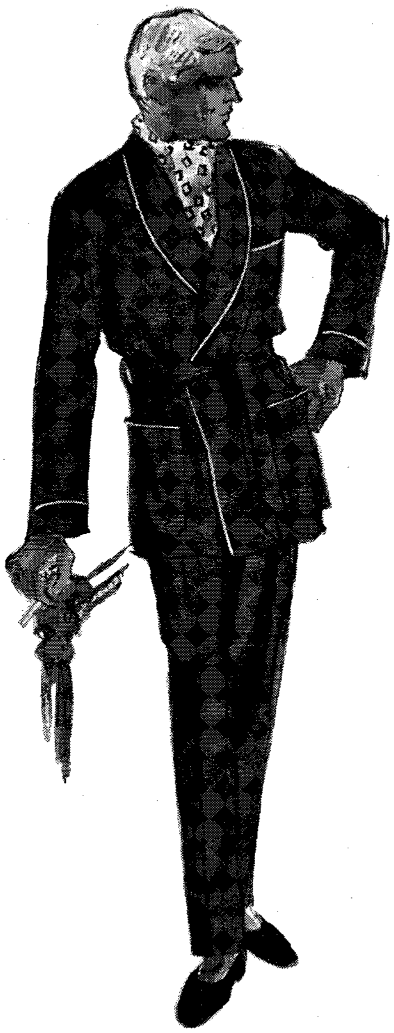
OFF BROADWAY

"The Old Glory" is the arresting and ironic title of a pair of one-acters by Robert Lowell at The American Place. Of the two, "Benito Cereno," based on Herman Melville's wonderful story, is easily the winner, and, like the original, which I had not read before I saw the play, it is a model of compression and power. It tells of the captain of an American merchant ship who, with his bosun, comes to the rescue of a Spanish vessel in distress, and of the Americans' discovery, bit by bit, of the precise and complex nature of that distress. The time is 1800. The play opens in pitch dark. Abruptly, the stage lights go on. A pole in the center of the stage has become the mast of the President Adams, at anchor somewhere off the coast of South America. Two sailors in red-and-white striped middies are folding the flag as other sailors stand at attention. When the ceremony is over, Captain Delano and Mr. Perkins, New Englanders both, break into a casual conversation as they pace the deck, and slowly the character of each of them is filled in. Delano is worldly, tolerant, and humorous; Perkins, the bosun, is a more rigid, Yankee type. Mr. Lowell's dialogue is tasty and funny as well as revealing. ("Do you believe in slavery, Captain Delano?" "Don't ask me such intense questions—you should take up smoking." "*I* don't believe in slavery." "You're a Puritan—all faith and fire. God save America from Americans!") The bosun spots a sail on the horizon and hands the glass to the Captain. Trouble is apparent, even at a distance, and the men leave to help. The lights go out, and when they come on again, the almost identical setting has become the Spanish ship, laden with a cargo of slaves. The Spanish captain, Benito Cereno, so weak and emaciated that he can hardly stand, is the only officer aboard, and he recounts the series of disasters that have brought them all to the fix they are in—no supplies, no water, and only three or four sailors left alive. The slaves, though, are quite plentiful and seem to be in somewhat better shape. One of them, Babu, is Cereno's personal servant and looks after him with a strange, insinuating tenderness, which Cereno apparently reciprocates. Events aboard get odder and odder. The Negroes appear and disappear. When Babu shaves his jittery master, he puts a Spanish flag around him instead of a towel. Delano feels that Cereno's hard-luck story doesn't quite hold water but brushes off his doubts. When the climax comes, it is shocking, and everything that has taken place has prepared us for it. The play is a skillful exercise in deception. It is also a truly classic tragedy, and it is as sound as anything I have ever seen on the conflict of Negroes and white men. Jonathan Miller has staged it with intelligence and imagination, letting what is wrong aboard the ship dawn on the audience at approximately the speed with which it dawns on the visiting Americans. And yet I feel that the production is awfully elaborate for a story as strong as this one, either because the story has been overdramatized or because the direction is needlessly emphatic and obtrusive. The lighting gets too tricky, there are too many unspontaneous outbreaks of wailing or chanting or mocking laughs among the slaves, and a kind of sinister, demented Maypole dance of the Negroes, while fleetingly effective, is just too stagy for belief. All the actors do quite well. Lester Rawlins makes a vigorous and amusing Captain Delano, and Roscoe Lee Browne, though perhaps a bit too sophisticated and knowledgeable, is a fascinating Babu. Anyway, the play is what matters. I hope it will send its audiences scurrying to Melville, as it did me.

The evening opens with "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," a dramatization of a short story by Nathaniel Hawthorne that is set just before the American Revolution. It is about a young fellow from Deerfield and his little brother who go to Boston to visit their cousin, a major in command of the British forces there. They find themselves in a town where nothing is quite what it seems to be, where every word spoken to them has a menacing or ambivalent ring, and where everyone is guarded or secretly amused and elated. Something is up, and everyone they run into is in on it. It isn't until the Major is dragged forth and, seeing them in the crowd, accuses them of betraying him that they finally understand what is going on. Since I've never read (or even heard



"A hundred and ninety-one million people, yes. But how many human beings?"



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of) Hawthorne's story, I cannot tell whether the tone of his writing is as mocking—joky, really—as Mr. Lowell's. "*Et tu, Brute!*" the Major cries when he recognizes the boys, and various members of the crowd call out "Take him all in all, he was a man" and "*Sic semper tyrannis*" and other Familiar Quotations. As a matter of fact, it is tough to sift anything worth bothering about from the elaborate, mannered, larky production—what used to be called an "interesting" production when *Theatre Arts Monthly* was keeping us up-to-date on the dramatic activities of various teachers' colleges in Central Europe. The Boston citizens wear chalk-white makeups and black-and-white or gray costumes, and they strike any number of poses and switch accents from Cockney to Down East and back. Visually, the effect is of a series of Hogarth or Daumier caricatures—interesting as hell and thoroughly distracting. Most of the performances are all right, although the actors seem pretty constricted by their stylistic requirements. Heywood Hale Broun, unconstricted, is quite funny as a tittery, prancing old beau. The sets, by Will Steven Armstrong, and the costumes, by Willa Kim, are especially good. The American Place is St. Clement's Church, on West Forty-sixth Street, which has been converted into an attractive theatre. Admission is a sort of membership business, which costs less than most Off Broadway tickets.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Otis and Myrtle Hall were recent callers of Vadna Buell who is at the home of her son, Keith in South Gilboa.

The breakdown of home ties is the first step toward the collapse of a nation.—*Stamford* (*N.Y.*) *Mirror-Recorder.*

Vadna knows *that*, silly.

•

Chemicals 78 antiplasticizers for bisphenol polycarbonates have been developed by Tennessee Eastman. These additives usually make a plastic tougher and more flexible while increasing tensile modulus and reducing flexibility.—*From the news magazine of the American Chemical Society.*

Good! Fine!

•

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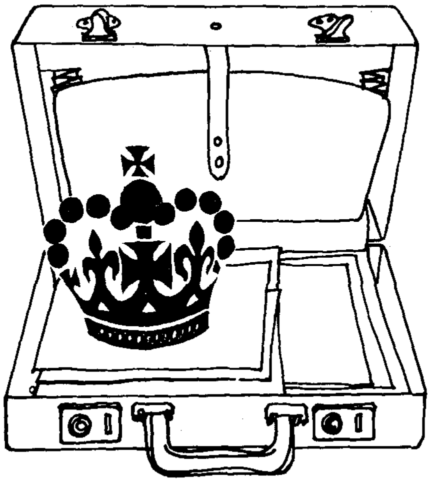

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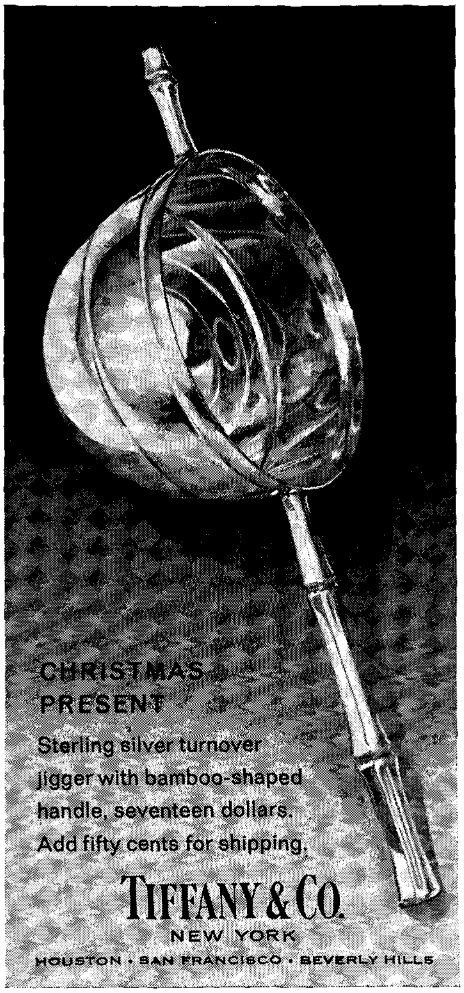

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THE RACE TRACK

Ladies' Day

AMERICA's oldest and richest races for mares and fillies were run off Saturday. In the oldest, the ninety-fourth Ladies Handicap, at Aqueduct, George D. Widener's Steeple Jill won decisively from Dupage Lady, Tona, and nine others, and in the richest, the $188,090 Gardenia Stakes, at Garden State Park, in Jersey, the Wheatley Stable's Queen Empress beat her persistent rival, Marshua, by a neck. Wheatley's Discipline was third. In each event, the winner led most of the way.

I've seen a number of runnings of the Ladies Handicap (never you mind how many), but not since 1940, when the distance was increased from a mile to a mile and a half, and Don Meade, riding one of his smartest finishes, brought Hal Price Headley's Salaminia home in front, has there been, as far as I can recall, a more thrilling performance than Steeple Jill's. From the start, she went head and head with Treachery for a mile and a quarter, and then, when Treachery fell back, she beat off the late challenge of Batteur, who was fresh from her victory in the New York Handicap ten days before. Steeple Jill went under the wire three and a half lengths to the good, and Dupage Lady, who was third in the fixture last year, was three lengths ahead of Tona. Steeple Jill, a useful-looking three-year-old bay filly by Jester, had won only twice this season, but she had never been out of the money. I'd also like to say a word for Ruane, her rider, who hasn't had much success this year. One of the most difficult feats for a jockey is to keep his mount in the forefront of a race for a mile and a half, especially nowadays, when most of the races are at half that distance, but Ruane brought it off in fine style. So Mr. Widener won his third Ladies Handicap. Stefanita did the trick for him in 1943 and Rare Treat in 1957. By the way, the long shot this year was Dupage Lady, who swept past tiring runners in the last quarter. When her payoff of $50.70 to place was flashed on the tote board, it brought a louder shout from the crowd than Steeple Jill got when she passed the winning post. She paid only $13.30. For reasons that escape me, Miss Cavandish started the favorite, at 7–5, despite her dull effort in the New York Handicap.

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She finished fifth, beaten by about ten lengths.

I'M delighted that I was proved wrong about Queen Empress. I thought the mile and a sixteenth of the Gardenia Stakes would be too far for her, but she came through beautifully and paid Marshua off for having beaten her in the Selima at Laurel a fortnight before. There is no doubt now that she stands out above all the other two-year-old fillies. I caught the race on television, and it had me all atingle from beginning to end, and even through the minutes of apprehension while the stewards discussed two claims of foul. (Chambers, who rode Marshua, charged that Shoemaker, on Queen Empress, had crowded him in the stretch, and Thornburg, on Juanita, complained that Hartack, on Amerivan, who came in fourth, had bothered him twice. Both claims were disallowed.) Marshua headed Queen Empress in the stretch, but Queen Empress showed the stuff she's made of by taking the lead again in the last few strides. Her share of the purse was $112,854, bringing her earnings to $319,262. Just for the record, the $18,809 that her stablemate Discipline picked up for third money gave the Wheatley pair a total of $131,663 for the trip to Jersey. Taking one thing with another, I'd say that this is the best season the Wheatley Stable has ever had with its two-year-olds, what with Bold Lad heading the colts and Queen Empress the fillies. No stable has topped both fields since Calumet did it with Citation and Bewitch seventeen years ago.

FRANKLY, I haven't the foggiest notion who is going to win the Garden State Stakes at Garden State Park this weekend. However, I venture to predict that there probably will be as many starters as the track can accommodate and that the race will be as merry a scramble as any in the past.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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HELOISE

—*Wichita (Kans.) Eagle.*

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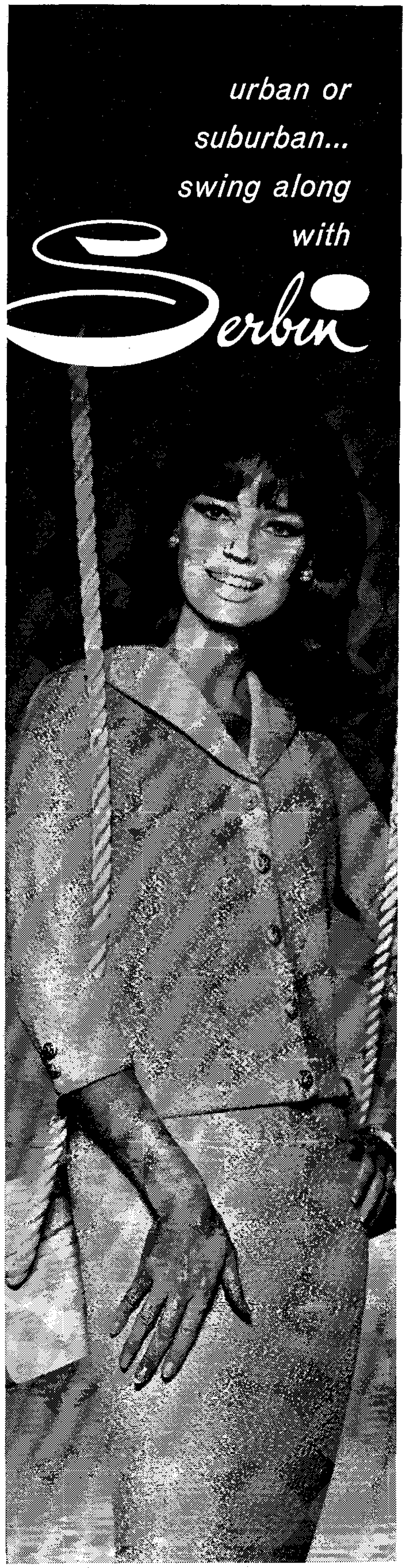

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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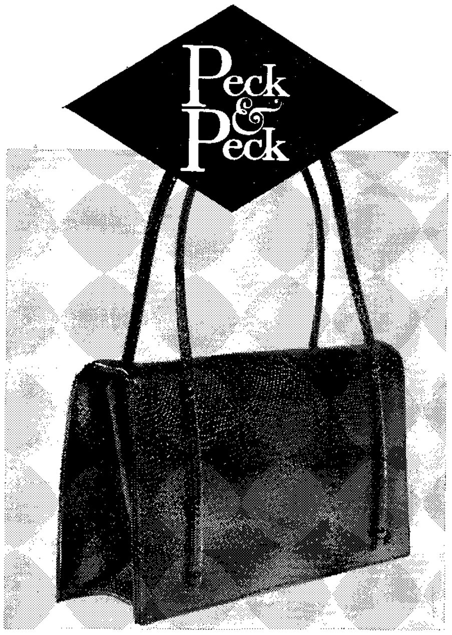
MATRIMONY is an honorable estate, not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God, and I never felt more sure that the Book of Common Prayer had the proper opinion of this terrifying sacrament than when I was watching a very attractive, if rather puzzling, English movie called "The Pumpkin Eater," based on a novel of that name by Penelope Mortimer. The movie, which was directed by Jack Clayton and has the benefit of a dazzling screenplay by that master of oral shorthand, Harold Pinter, concerns a couple who shouldn't have been married to each other, or perhaps to anyone, but who can't bear *not* to be married to each other and whose life in common therefore becomes a continuous hell of their own choosing. (A hell of one's own choosing is arguably a sort of heaven, heaven being whatever we long for most, but I suspect that we'd better leave this aspect of the married state to Rose Franzblau.) The picture is so full of good things, both funny and sad, that one forgives it certain notable defects, including the basic dottiness of the leading character—a woman who marries three times and, having already had more children than she knows what to do with, can think of nothing more helpful in the presence of the mystery of her misery than to hurl still more life into the face of life. Now, "The Pumpkin Eater" is one of those movies that men and women draw wholly different conclusions from, and it's only fair to say that while the wife's dottiness seems indisputable to me, several women who saw the picture when I did came away convinced that she was perfectly sane and was driven to act insanely by the misconduct of her weak, glamorous husband—a hardworking poor devil of a screenwriter, who, in spite of occasional infidelities between bouts at the typewriter, will strike most men in the audience as a model of married rectitude. After a number of increasingly desperate passages at arms, the picture ends with the couple still together, but their future



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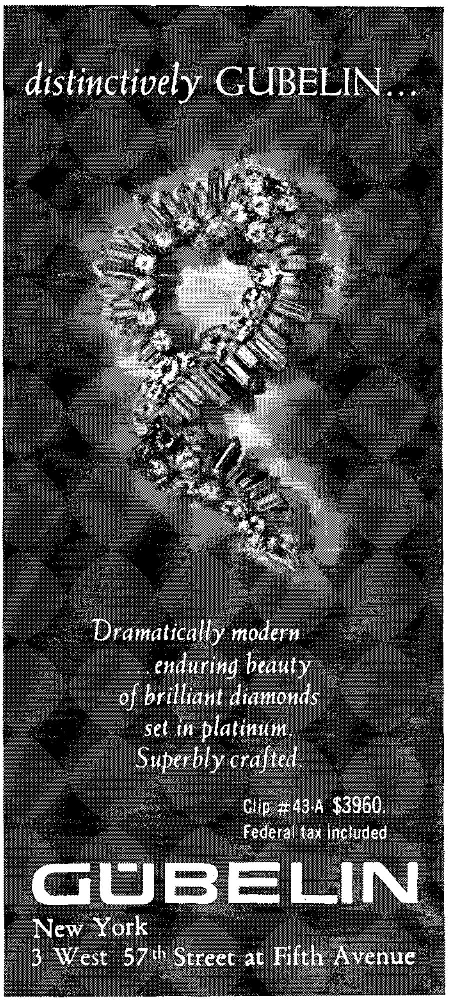
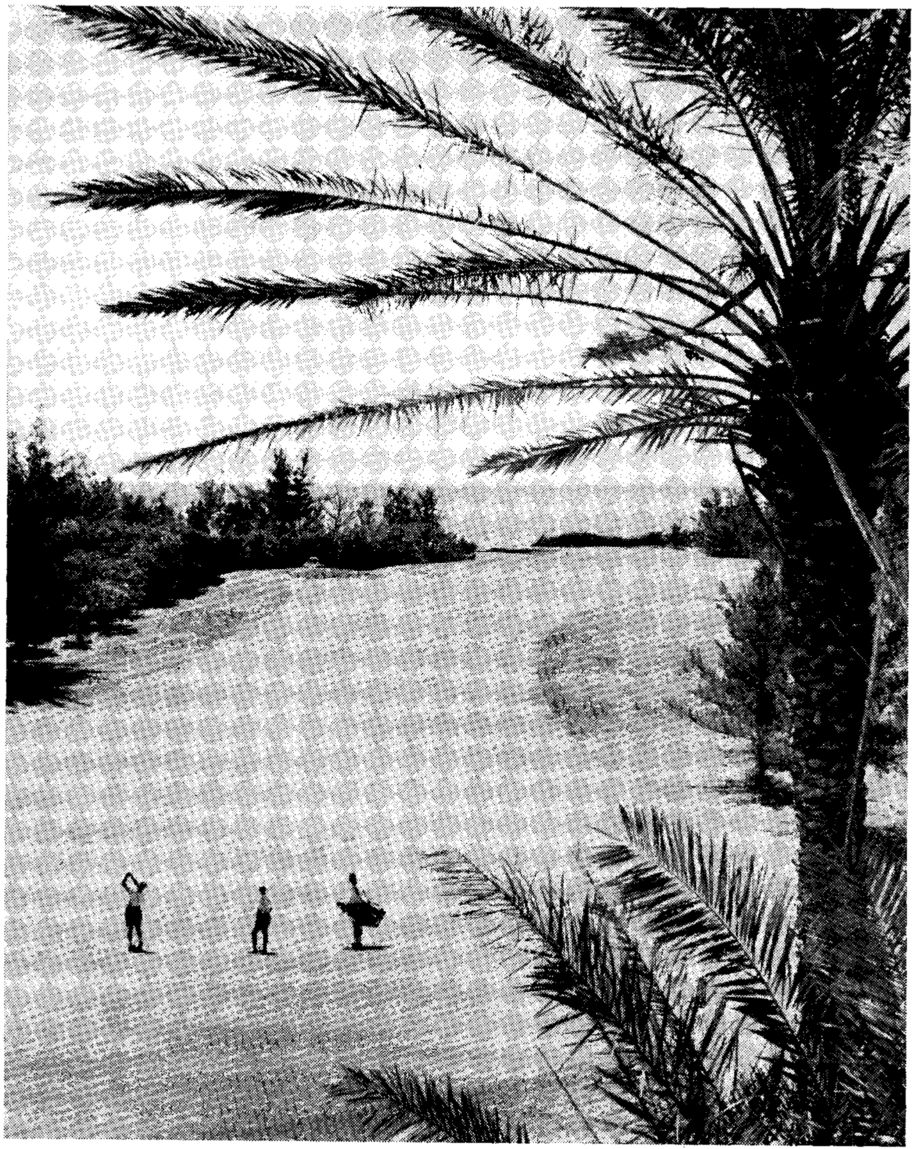


promises to be a difficult one, and I hope the children grow up fast and give their harried parents some *real* problems to worry about.

As the mother of eight, Anne Bancroft is marvellously self-assured, even when she has little to do except moon about bleakly behind closed windows, and Peter Finch is winning as the noble/wicked husband. In the part of a gross, aggressive businessman whose wife is having an affair with the screenwriter, James Mason is by turns comical and menacing, while Maggie Smith has a fine time playing the part of a silly, sexy, trouble-making girl, and the late Sir Cedric Hardwicke makes the most of a few moments as the wife's grumpy father. (Sad to think of that splendid voice being stilled.) My congratulations go to Oswald Morris, the director of photography; to the indefatigable Georges Delerue, who wrote the music; and to Mr. Clayton, whose direction, though sometimes irritating in its languor—those closed windows!—is always immensely clever. I've no doubt that it's thanks to him that "The Pumpkin Eater" is so oddly haunting: a ghost story in which nobody who matters is dead and the only apparitions to be encountered by the living are the selves inside themselves.

"Séance on a Wet Afternoon" is also from England and may also be said to be about a marriage, though its real subject is the kidnapping of a child—or, rather, the malady of mind that leads to the kidnapping of a child. A fat cormorant of a wife and a fat mouse of a husband dwell in sterile, shabby-genteel disarray in an old house in a London suburb. The wife is a half-mad medium, trapped since childhood in the exercise of powers she appears to believe she doesn't possess; her husband is her lackey, and when she conceives a plan for committing a terrible crime and then decides to cap that crime with a second and still more terrible one, his panicky scampering back and forth between submission and rebellion is awful to behold. Since the movie is an exceptionally compelling thriller, I'd only spoil things by revealing the sequence of events that leads to the double, or maybe even triple, climax. I *can* say, though, in respect to the intricacy of the plot, that Bryan Forbes, who wrote the screenplay from a novel by Mark McShane, has left a number of loose ends lying about and has then, in his capacity as director of the picture, kept things moving so fast and so convincingly that the loose ends



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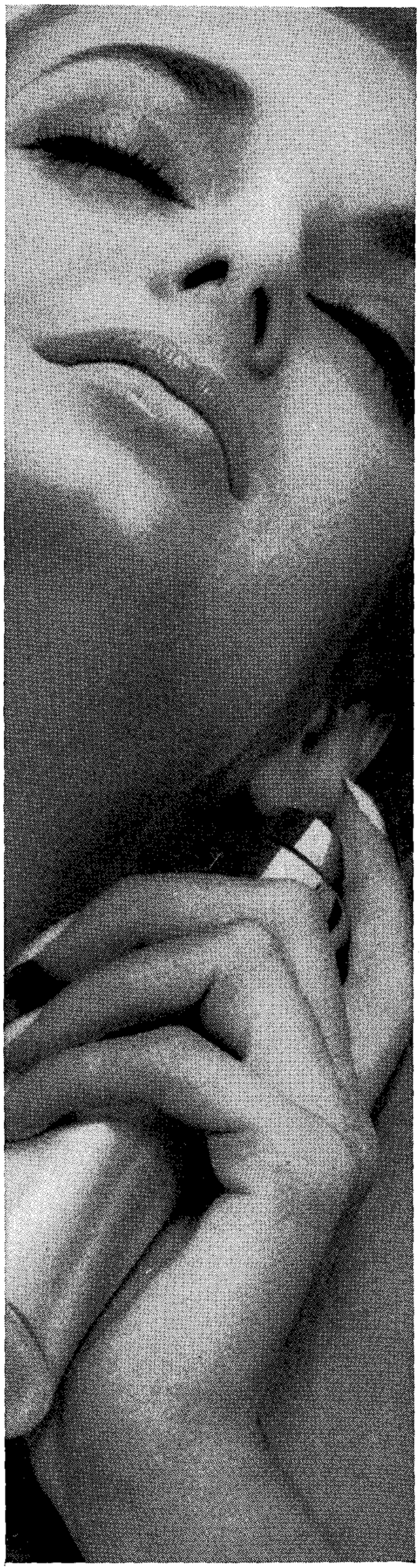
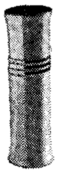

Give her L'Aimant before someone else does . . .


L'AIMANT spray mist by COTY

©COTY, 1964

scarcely show. The acting throughout is first-rate. The loony medium is played by Kim Stanley, the husband by Richard Attenborough (who has also served as producer of the picture), the parents of the kidnapped child by Mark Eden and Nanette Newman, and a couple of policemen—permit me the pleasure of calling them sleuths—by Gerald Sim and Ronald Hines. The camerawork, by Gerry Turpin, is superb, especially the shots of London streets and tube stations, which were made with a telescopic lens and seemingly without the notice of a single passerby. It's an ironic fact that *cinéma-vérité* techniques add far more to made-up actions than they do to real ones.

"A WOMAN IS A WOMAN" is a freewheeling private prank of a movie by Jean-Luc Godard. If you're an admirer of this exceedingly gifted young movie-maker, you'll be willing to indulge him in the prank, but if you have yet to form an opinion of him, or have already formed an adverse one, the picture will strike you as so much smart-alecky horseplay—a home movie for people far too young to want to stay at home. From the tiniest glinting thread of a plot (a pretty young strip-tease artist in Paris longs to have a baby by her lover, who refuses to coöperate, and so she turns to her lover's best friend and attempts to provoke him into parenthood), Godard hangs what amounts to a series of hastily scribbled, never quite finished love poems to Paris, to being young, to his own success as the creator of "Breathless," and to his three companionable stars—Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Anna Karina. Miss Karina, who is M. Godard's wife and, it appears, his favorite actress, is precisely the girl one ought to bump into by chance at, say, twenty-two, on one's first evening in Paris. "*Pardon, Mademoiselle, mais où se trouve la Tour Eiffel?*" —BRENDAN GILL

•

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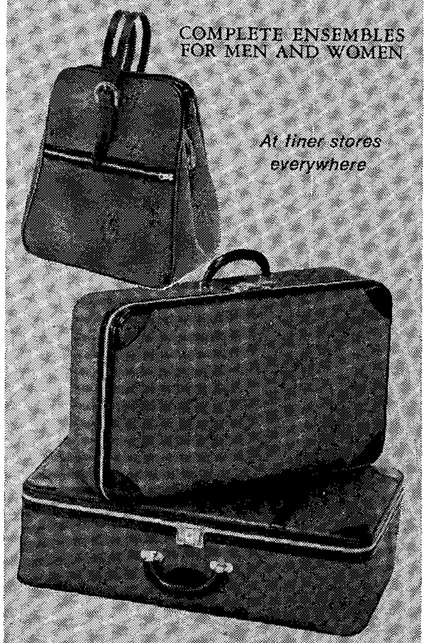
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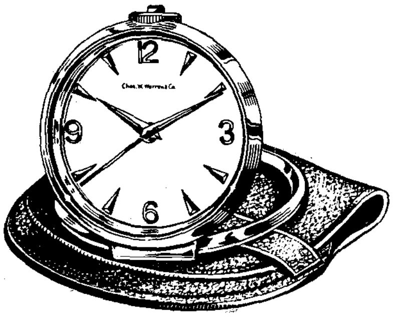

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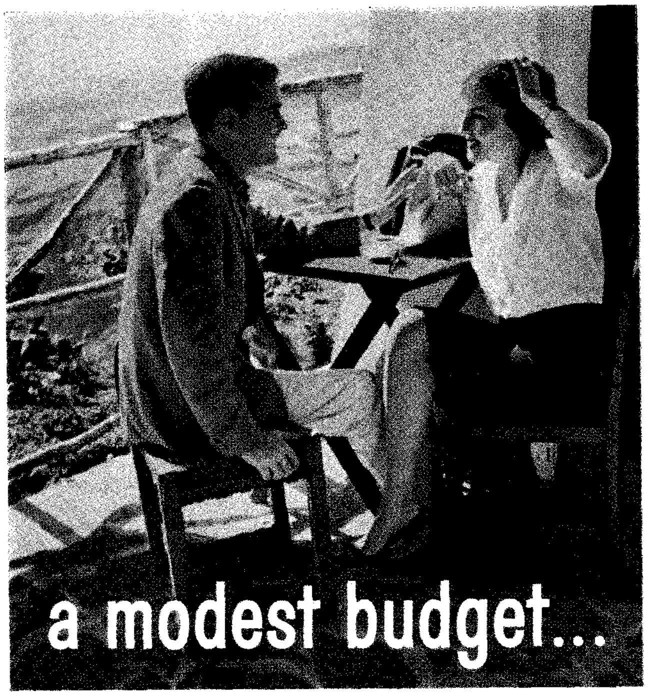
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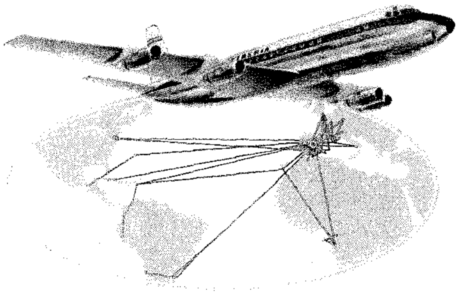

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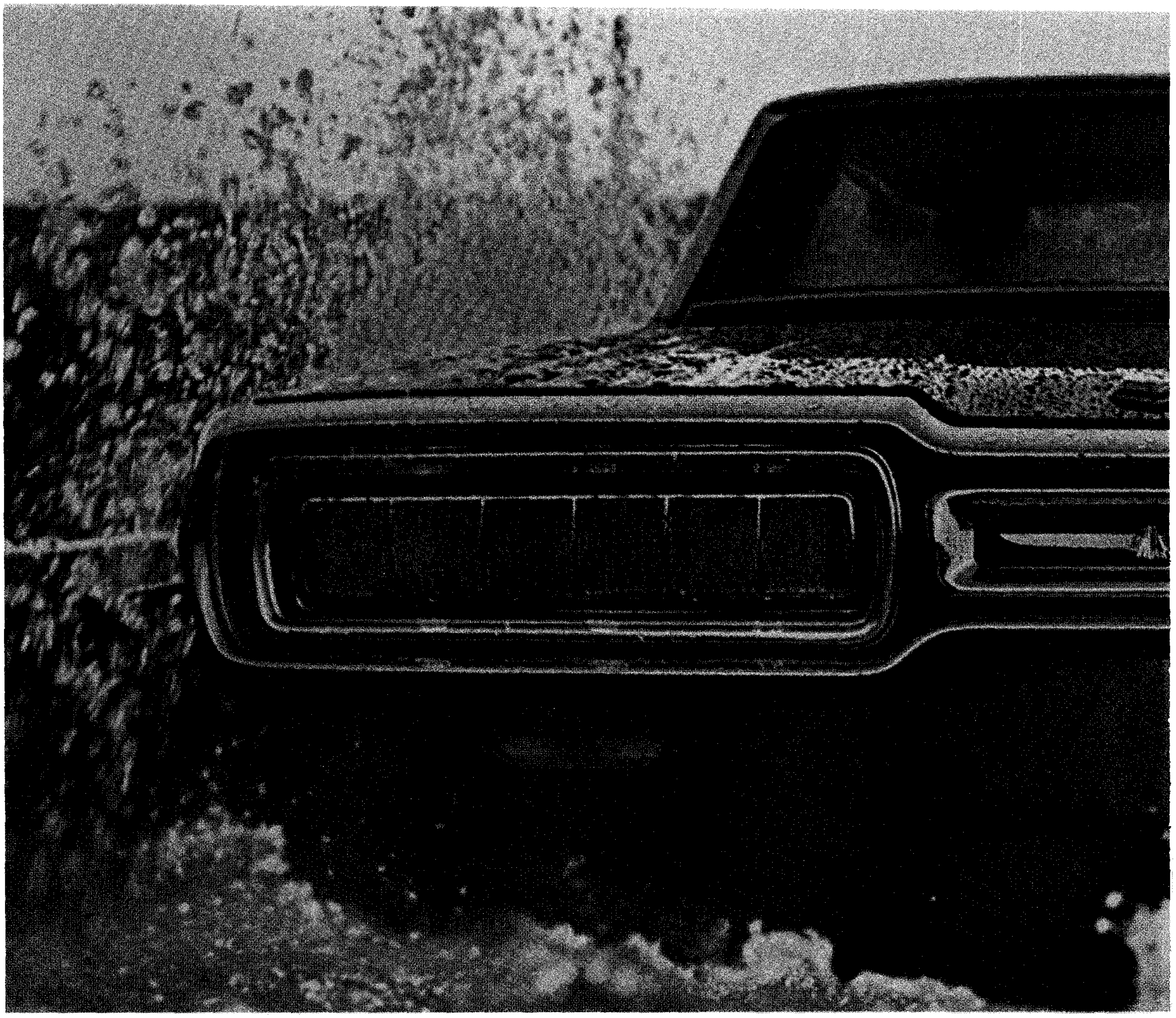

putting salt on a bird's tail.

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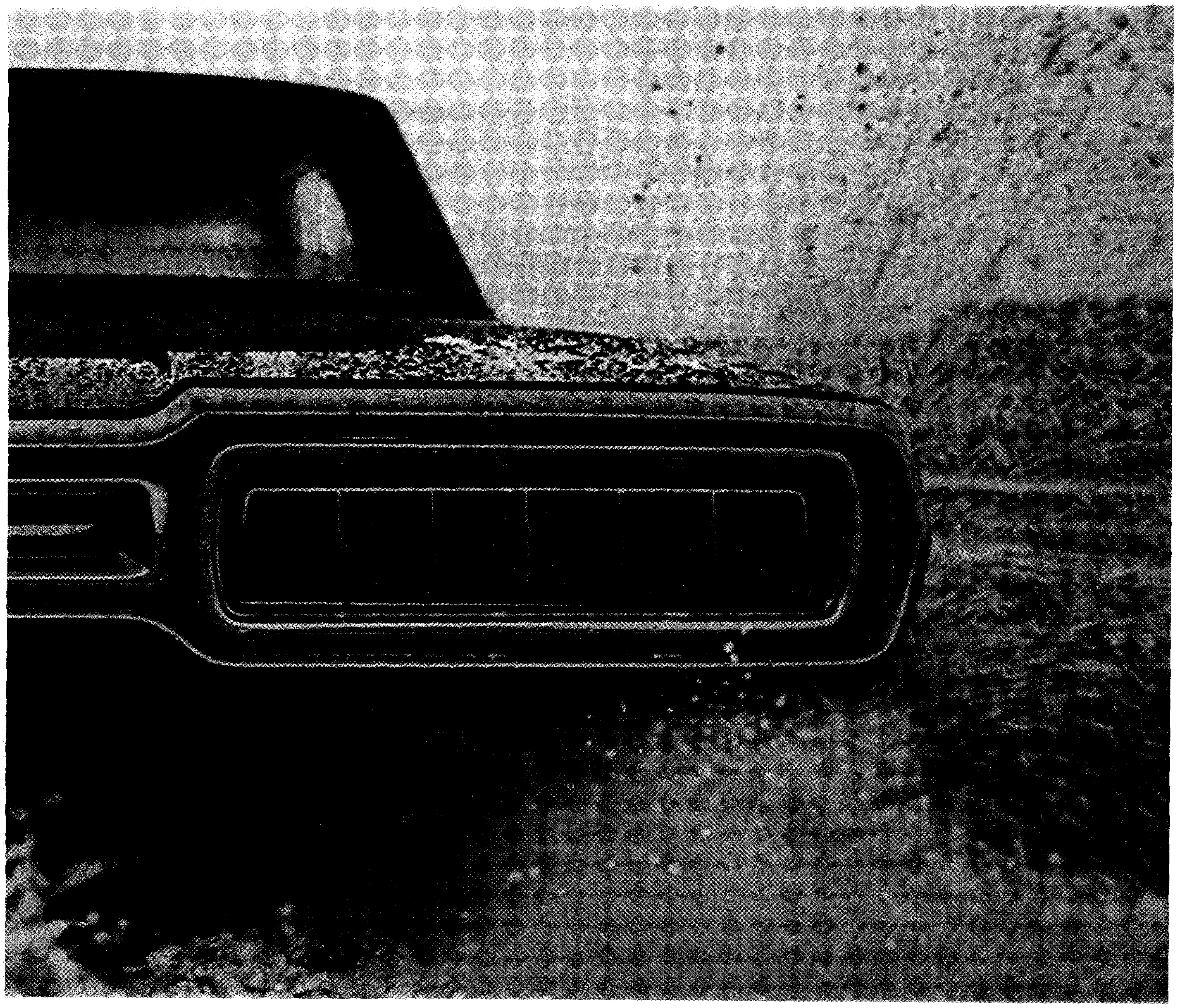

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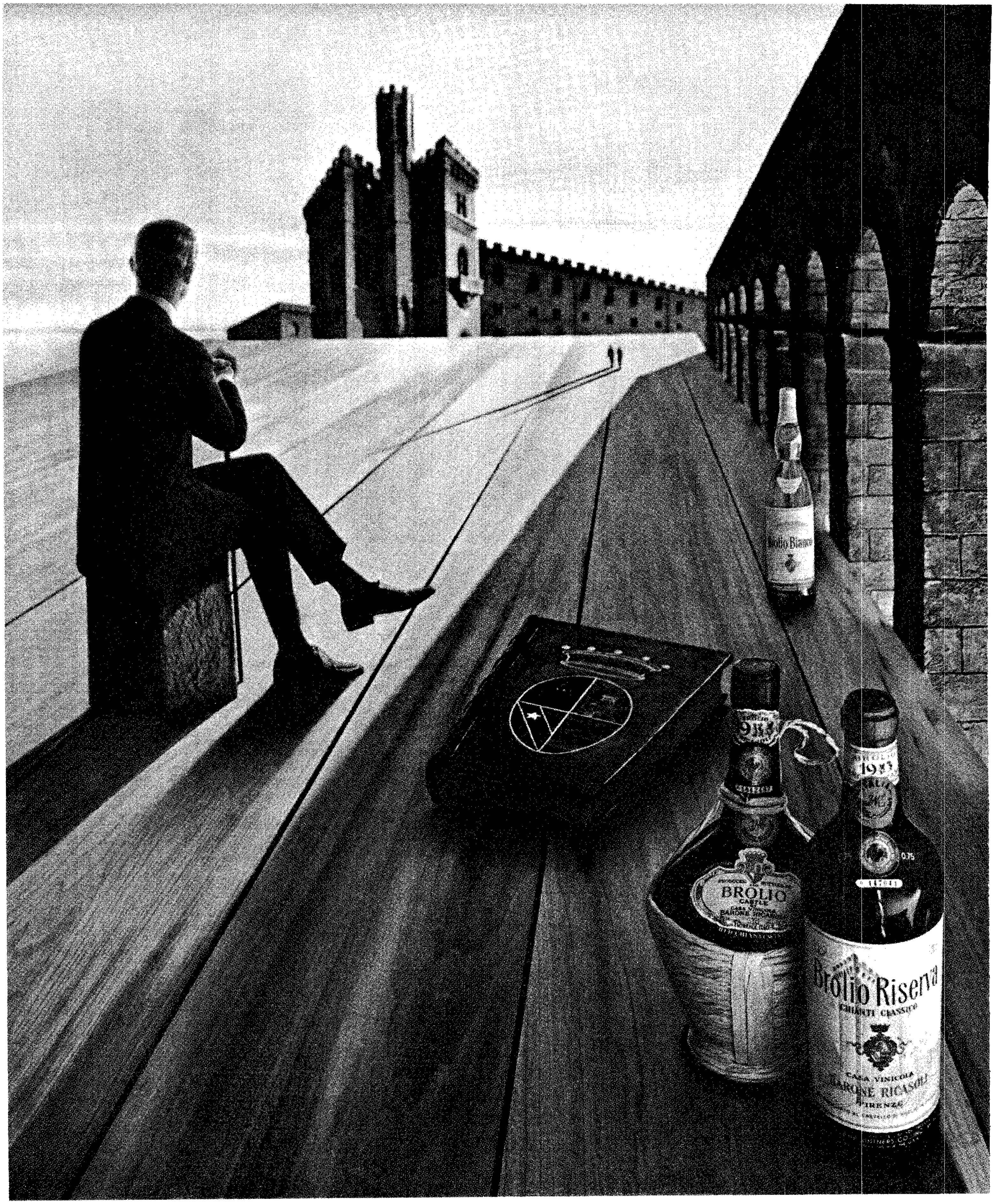
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WELL, Election Night has come and gone, and like millions of other good citizens I spent it fitfully switching my television dial from N.B.C.'s Huntley-Brinkley to C.B.S.'s Reasoner-Mudd to A.B.C.'s Smith-Morgan, constantly searching the paired faces for significant differences or conclusions. For meaningful commentary, Huntley-Brinkley were perhaps outstanding, but Reasoner-Mudd came up with some excellent vote profile analyses, while Smith-Morgan held a steady, judicious, wait-and-see journalistic course. All in all, I thought the various duos performed efficiently under the circumstances, and they certainly must have left a favorable impression on most viewers. Very favorable.

The morning after this video orgy, I whispered goodbye to my blear-eyed wife, who was heavy with child and sleep, and walked down the three flights to the lobby of our brownstone. On my way out, I met the mailman, who was methodically stuffing Third-Class matter into the pigeonholes of the building's mailbox.

"Morning," he said, nodding slightly.

"Morning," I answered.

"Morning," I heard him say again, only this time his voice was a good octave higher. I looked up from the tips of my shoes—the general direction of my gaze until I've had a second cup of coffee at the office—and saw another, shorter mailman standing just behind him.

"Morning," I said to the second mailman.

"Going to be another beautiful day today—right, Al?" said the first mailman, turning to the second.

"That's right, Fred," agreed the second. "Fifty degrees already and still going up."

"You know it, Al," the first said brightly.

I retrieved three bills, two A. & P. throwaways, and a sample stainless-steel blade from my pigeonhole and headed for the door.

"So long, Mister," Fred called after me.

"So long, Mister," added Al.

"So long," I said and left the building, wondering why one small apartment house needed two mailmen, even if it was a balmy morning. I walked to the corner and caught a half-empty bus downtown. As usual, I didn't have fifteen cents in change and I had to give the driver a quarter. He took my coin

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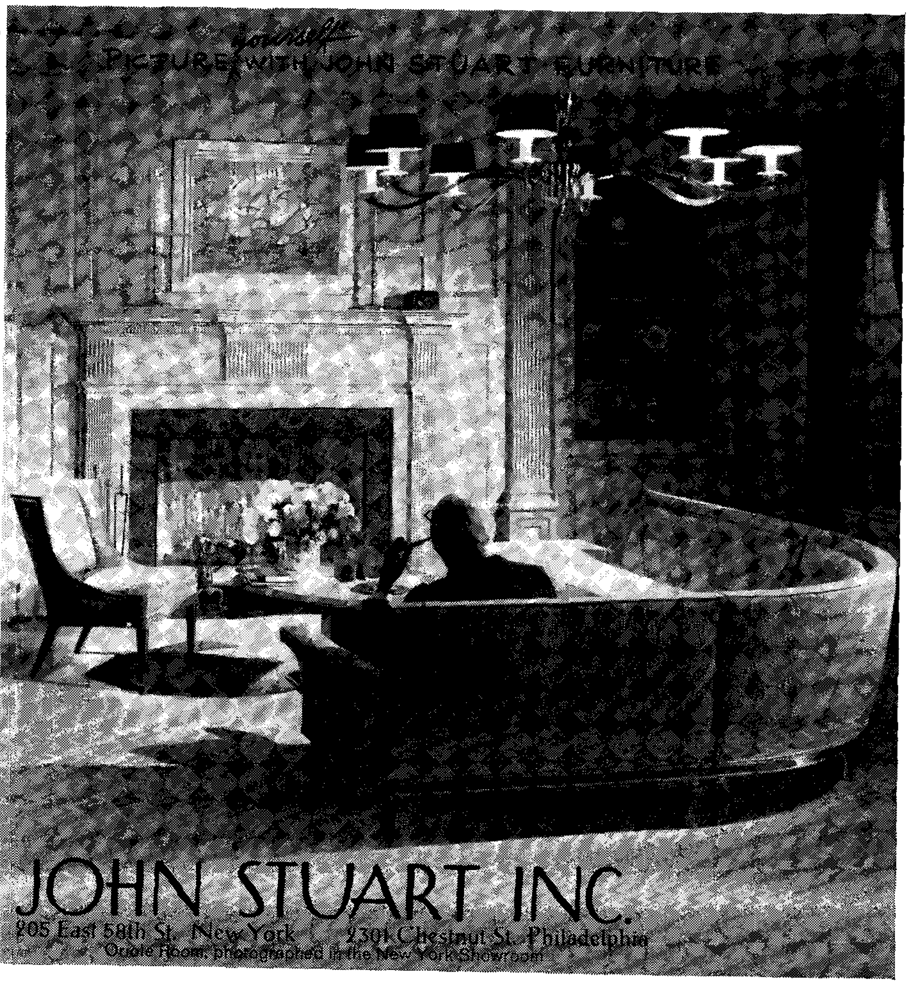

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and passed it over his shoulder to a florid man sitting behind him. "You want to take care of this, Charlie?" the driver asked.

"Sure thing, Frank," the man answered. He had a coin dispenser strapped to his waist. "Here you are, pal," he said, clicking out two dimes and a nickel and handing them to me. I deposited fifteen cents in the fare box and took a seat well in the back.

"Next stop, Fifty-ninth Street," the driver shouted. "Charlie?"

"Thank you, Frank," the other fellow said. "All out for Bloomingdale's, folks, and subway connections to Brooklyn and Queens. Anything to add to that, Frank?"

"Nothing much," said Frank, "except Bloomingdale's is having a nifty two-trouser-suit sale, and there's a couple of swell foreign flicks on at the Cinema I and Cinema II, which me and the wife enjoyed very much."

"Thank you, Frank," said Charlie.

"You're welcome, Charlie," responded Frank. "Next stop, Fifty-seventh Street, folks."

"Fifty-seventh Street," echoed Charlie.

THE regular receptionist and the lunchtime relief girl were sitting side by side at the front desk when I arrived at my office. They rarely chatted together in the morning, but today, I reminded myself, there was something particularly newsworthy to talk about.

"Civil rights—that was the key issue," I heard the receptionist declare as I passed her desk.

"Absolutely, Jane," said the other girl. "And don't forget Social Security and the responsibility issue. They certainly affected a lot of middle-of-the-road votes."

"I'll go along with that, Susan," Jane answered. "Let's phone up Cynthia on the twentieth floor and see what she has to say. O.K.?"

"Check," said Susan.

I hurried on to my cubicle, where two office boys were delivering one basket of papers. "Good morning, sir," they said in unison.

"Morning," I mumbled, and quickly closed the door behind them.

Perhaps I shouldn't have stayed up so late the night before watching the returns, because I found it very difficult to get straight to work. After my fifth cigarette, I gave up and decided on a haircut as a form of relaxing therapy. I made tracks for the lobby barbershop, where I found my regular barber, Domènico, standing proudly

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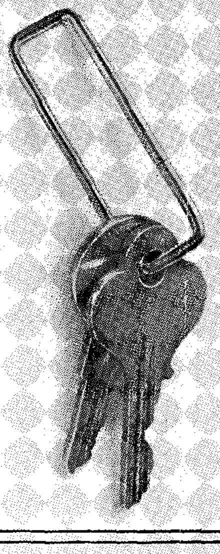

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We might be asking too much from the kind of young man our colleges are turning out these days.

But we'd like to hire one.

Maybe two if we thought we could find them.

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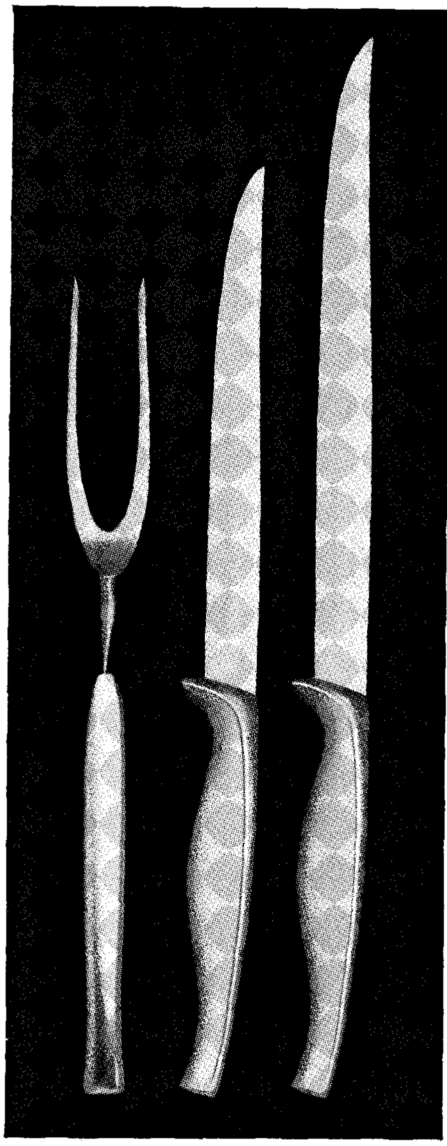

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TOWLE SILVERSMITHS

© Towle 1964

beside his chair and another barber standing proudly beside him. His tunic bore the name "Lucio" in blue script.

"*Ciao*," they chorused.

"*Ciao, ciao*," I answered warily. Once I was seated, two pairs of scissors began to snip at my hair, while their manipulators belted out a duet from, I believe, "Il Trovatore." Noticing that Domènico was cutting a good deal more hair on his side than Lucio was cutting on his, I suggested that perhaps one of them could do the job better.

"Sorry," vocalized Domènico. "Is against the new rule."

"Is against the rule, is against the rule, is *all* against the brand-a new rule," sang Lucio, standing back and admiring his handiwork on my right temple.

"Two heads-a better than one, no?" warbled Domènico.

"That's-a right," bellowed Lucio in his lusty tenor, "two heads-a better than one." They returned to "Il Trovatore," as two shoeshine boys simultaneously attacked my brogans.

My next stop was the neighborhood intimate tavern, across the street. On this day, four cynical eyes, belonging to a brace of bartenders, stared me down as I settled myself on a stool.

"What'll you have, chief?" one of them asked.

"Yeah, what'll it be, champ?" asked the other, almost at the same instant. I ordered a double shot of Haig & Haig and a two-decker club sandwich.

"I see where President Johnson is going ahead full steam with Project Gemini," said one bartender, holding up the front page of an afternoon newspaper.

"Yeah," said the other, "with that big Titan 2 rocket. How soon you think they'll get up there in orbit?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd say in about a couple of years."

I finished my drink in one gulp, left my sandwich untouched, paid my bill, and started to leave.

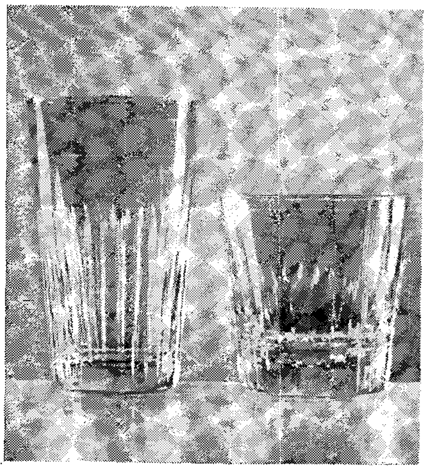
"I never liked these lone drinkers," one of the bartenders commented snidely.

"You ain't just whistling Bach's Two Part Invention," the other said. "They don't add nothing to life."

"I mean, if they haven't got a friend, they gotta be pretty strange, right?" the first went on.

"You ain't just humming the Double Violin Concerto, either," remarked the second.

Suddenly it was clear that the best thing for me would be to go right home and call it a day. I hailed a taxi,



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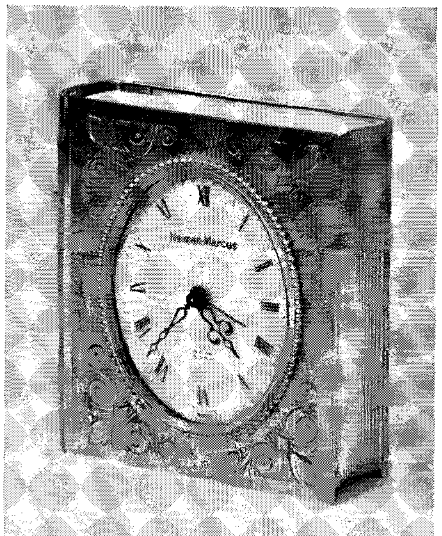

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and as it pulled away from the curb I noticed two identification photos glowering at me from the hack license posted on the dashboard. One driver steered around a truck that was double-parked in front of us, while the other blew two long blasts on the horn and shouted indecencies at the truck driver.

“Take it easy. Life’s a two-way street,” the steering cabby mused philosophically.

“And a woman’s a two-face thing,” muttered the other.

I FINALLY arrived at my apartment and found nobody home. Strange. My wife was in her last month of pregnancy, and rarely left the house these days. . . . Unless! All thumbs, I dialled the number of the hospital where we had reserved a room, and asked for Dr. Nesbitt, our obstetrician. After a few moments with a couple of giggly switchboard operators, I heard a voice say, “Hello. Dr. Nesbitt, Maternity Floor.” A different, cheerier voice added, “And this is Dr. Fogel, Delivery Room. What can we do for you?”

I explained who I was. “Oh, we’ve been trying to get hold of you for hours, haven’t we, Dr. Nesbitt?” said Dr. Fogel.

“We sure have, Dr. Fogel,” said Dr. Nesbitt.

“Anyway,” Dr. Fogel continued, “your wife’s doing just fine, and we’re happy to tell you that you’re the father of— But wait a minute, perhaps you’d like to break the news, Cyril?”

“All right, Sam, if you like,” Dr. Nesbitt said obligingly. “As we were saying, we’re happy to tell you that you’re the father of—”

“Twins,” I whispered hoarsely.

“Hey, that’s right!” they both exclaimed. “How did you know?”

“I had a feeling,” I said and hung up.

“Twins?” I muttered to myself. “Good *night!*”

“Good night, Chet,” said a voice.

—BURTON BERNSTEIN

•

The decision to hire Keane as the third Yankee manager since Casey Stengel was fired in 1960 was made Sept. 25. Three days later Keane had his wife, Lela, write a letter of resignation to McKnight but Miami promptly took it back with a three yard touchdown pass from Biletnitwo-pointers.
—*Pueblo (Colo.) Star-Journal & Chieftain.*

They don’t kid around down there.

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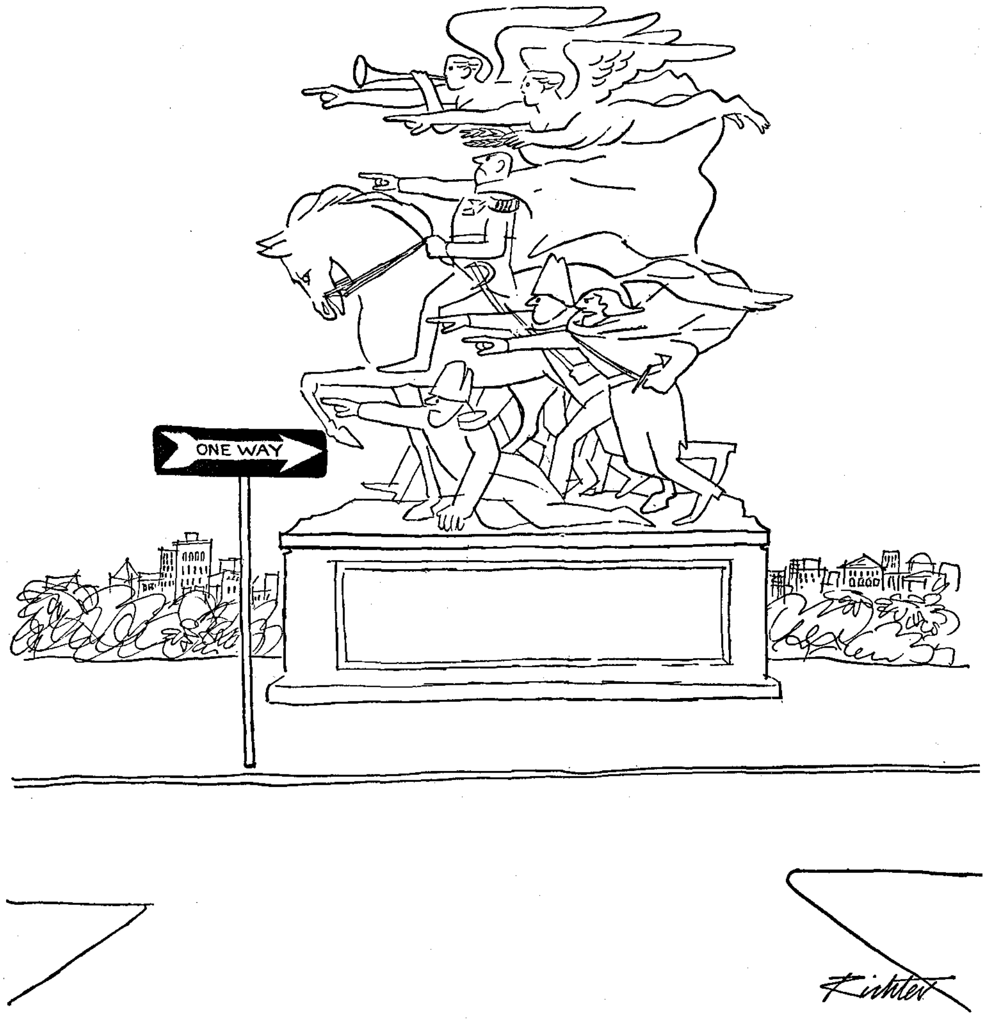
LAST year, on the morning of Tuesday, November 19th, a well-dressed but haggard-looking man in his middle thirties presented himself at the executive offices of the New York Stock Exchange, at 11 Wall Street, with the announcement that he was Morton Kamerman, managing partner of the brokerage firm of Ira Haupt & Co., a member of the Stock Exchange, and that he wanted to see Frank J. Coyle, head of the Exchange's member-firms department. After checking, a receptionist explained politely that Mr. Coyle was tied up in a meeting, whereupon the visitor said that his mission was an urgent one and asked to see Robert M. Bishop, the department's second-in-command. Bishop, the receptionist found, was unavailable, too; he was tied up with an important phone call. At length, Kamerman, who seemed to be growing more and more distracted, was ushered into the presence of a less exalted Exchange official named George H. Newman. He then duly delivered his message—that, to the best of his belief, the capital reserve of the Haupt firm had fallen below the Exchange's requirements for member firms, and that he was formally reporting the fact, in accordance with regulations. While this startling announcement was being made, Bishop, in a nearby office, was continuing his important telephone conversation, the second party to which was a knowledgeable Wall Streeter whom Bishop has since declined to identify. The caller was telling Bishop he had reason to believe that two Stock Exchange member firms—J. R. Williston & Beane, Inc., and Ira Haupt & Co.—were in financial trouble serious enough to warrant the Exchange's attention. After hanging up, Bishop made an interoffice call to Newman to tell him what he had just heard. To Bishop's surprise, Newman already had the news, or part of it. "As a matter of fact, Kamerman is right here with me now," he said.

In this humdrum setting of office confusion there began one of the most trying—and in some ways one of the most serious—crises in the Stock Exchange's long history. Before it was over, this crisis had been exacerbated by the greater crisis resulting from the assassination of President Kennedy, and *out of it the* Stock Exchange—which has not always been noted for acting in the public interest, and, indeed, had been accused only a few months before by the Securities and Exchange Commission of an anti-social tendency to conduct itself like a private club—emerged temporarily poorer by *almost ten million dollars but incalcu*lably richer in the esteem of at least some of its countrymen. The event that had brought Haupt and Williston & Beane into straitened circumstances is history—or, rather, future history. It was the sudden souring of a huge speculation that these two firms (along with various brokers not members of the Stock Exchange) had become involved in on behalf of a single customer—the Allied Crude Vegetable Oil & Refining Co., of Bayonne, New Jersey. The speculation was in contracts to buy vast quantities of cottonseed oil and soybean oil for future delivery. Such contracts are known as commodity futures, and the element of speculation in them lies in the possibility that by delivery date the commodity will be worth more (or less) than the contract price. Vegetable-oil futures are traded daily at the New York Produce Exchange, at 2 Broadway, and at the Board of Trade, in Chicago, and they are bought and sold on behalf of customers by about eighty of the four hundred-odd firms that belong to the Stock Exchange and conduct a public business. On the day that Kamerman came to the Exchange, the Haupt firm was holding for Allied—on credit—so many cottonseed-oil and soybean-oil contracts that the change of a single penny per pound in the prices of the commodities meant a twelve-million-dollar change in the value of the Allied account with Haupt. On the two previous business days—Friday the fifteenth and Monday the eighteenth—the prices had dropped an average of a little less than a cent and a half per pound, and as a result Haupt had demanded that Allied put up about fifteen million dollars in cash to keep the account seaworthy. Allied had declined to do this, so Haupt—like any broker when a customer operating on credit has defaulted—was faced with the necessity of selling out the Allied contracts to get back what it could of its advances. The



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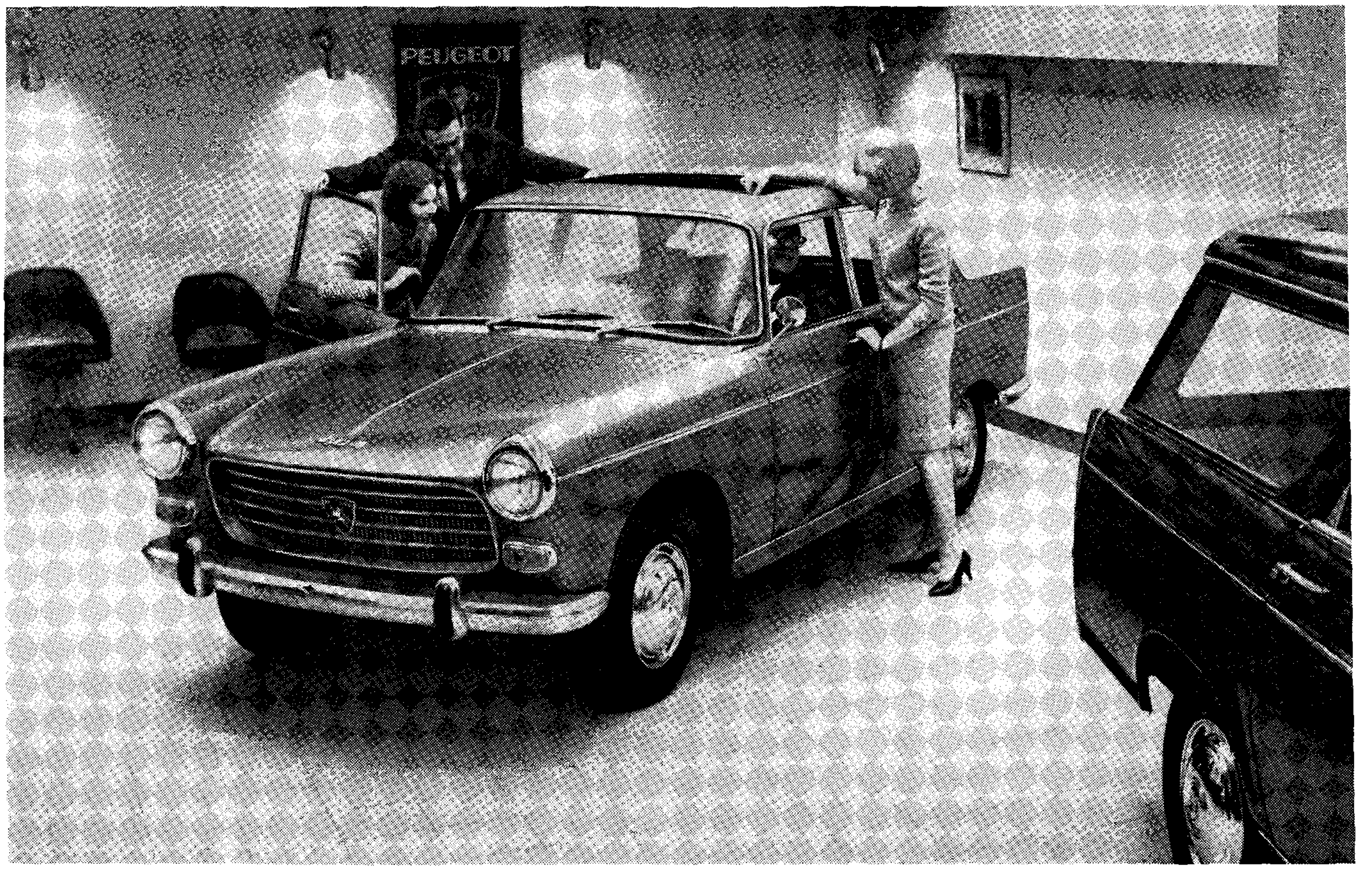

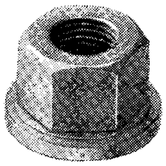

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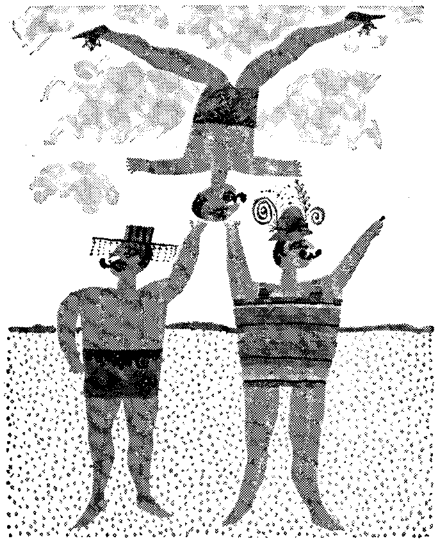

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suicidal extent of the risk that Haupt had undertaken is further indicated by the fact that while the firm's capital in early November had amounted to only about eight million dollars, it had borrowed enough money to supply a single customer—Allied—with some thirty-seven million dollars to finance the oil speculations. Worse still, as things turned out it had accepted as collateral for some of these advances enormous amounts of actual cottonseed oil and soybean oil from Allied's inventory, the presence of which in tanks at Bayonne was attested to by warehouse receipts stating the precise amount and kind of oil on hand. Haupt had borrowed the money it supplied Allied with from various banks, passing along most of the warehouse receipts to the banks as collateral. All this would have been well and good if it had not developed later that many of the warehouse receipts were forged, that much of the oil they attested to was not, and probably never had been, in Bayonne, and that Allied's president, Anthony De Angelis (who is now awaiting trial on a whole parcel of charges), had apparently pulled off the biggest commercial fraud since that of Ivar Kreuger, the match king.

Where was the missing oil? How could Allied's direct and indirect creditors, including some of the most powerful and worldly-wise banks of the United States and Great Britain, have been so thoroughly gulled? Would aggregate losses on the whole debacle finally total a hundred and fifty million dollars, as some authorities had estimated, or would the bill be even bigger? How could a leading Stock Exchange firm like Haupt have been so foolish as to take on such an inconceivably risky commitment for a single customer? These questions had not even been raised, let alone answered, on November 19th; they have not been answered yet, and some of them may not be answered for years. What began to emerge on November 19th, and what became clear in the harrowing days that followed, was that in the case of Haupt, which had about twenty thousand individual stock-market customers on its books, and in the case of Williston & Beane, which had about nine thousand, the impending disaster directly involved the personal savings of many totally innocent persons who had never heard of Allied and had only the vaguest notion of what commodity trading is.

Kamerman's report to the Stock Exchange did not mean that Haupt had gone broke, and at the

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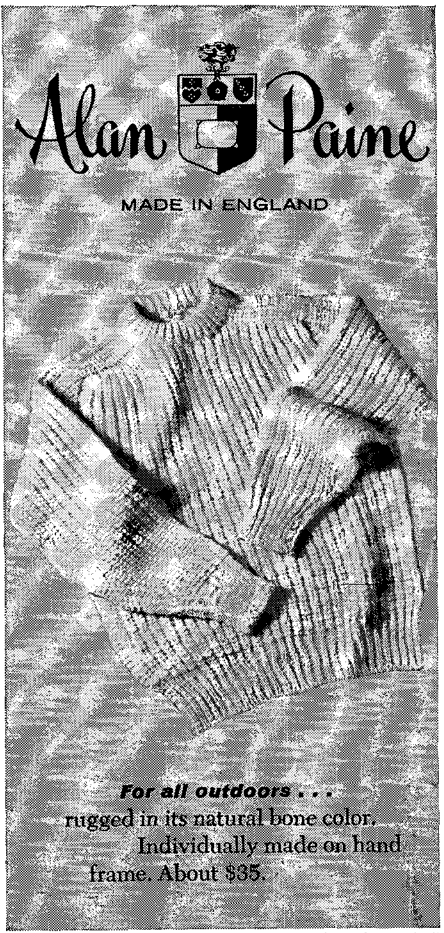

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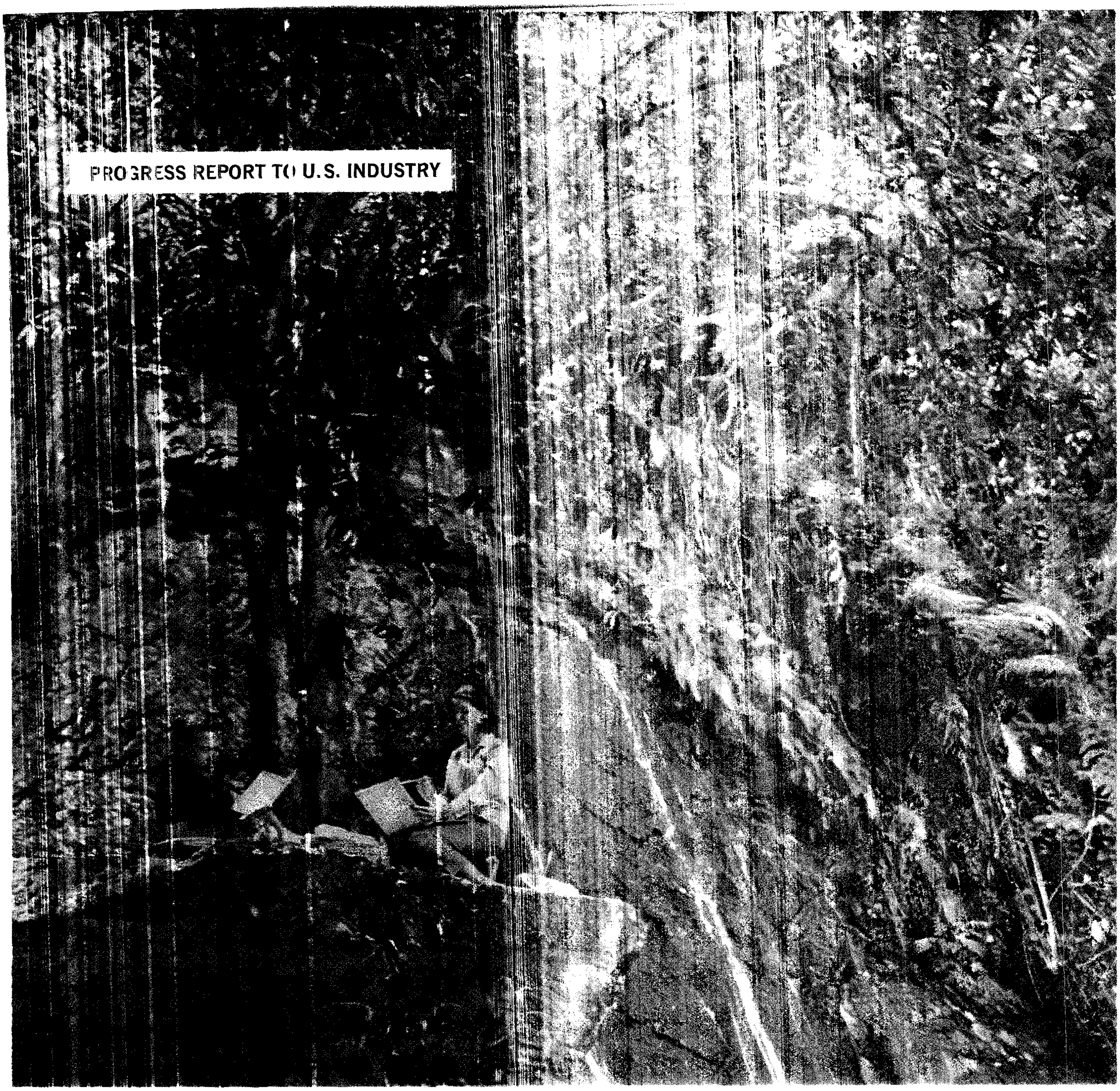

Plastics manuf [illegible] *El Yunque rain-forest.*

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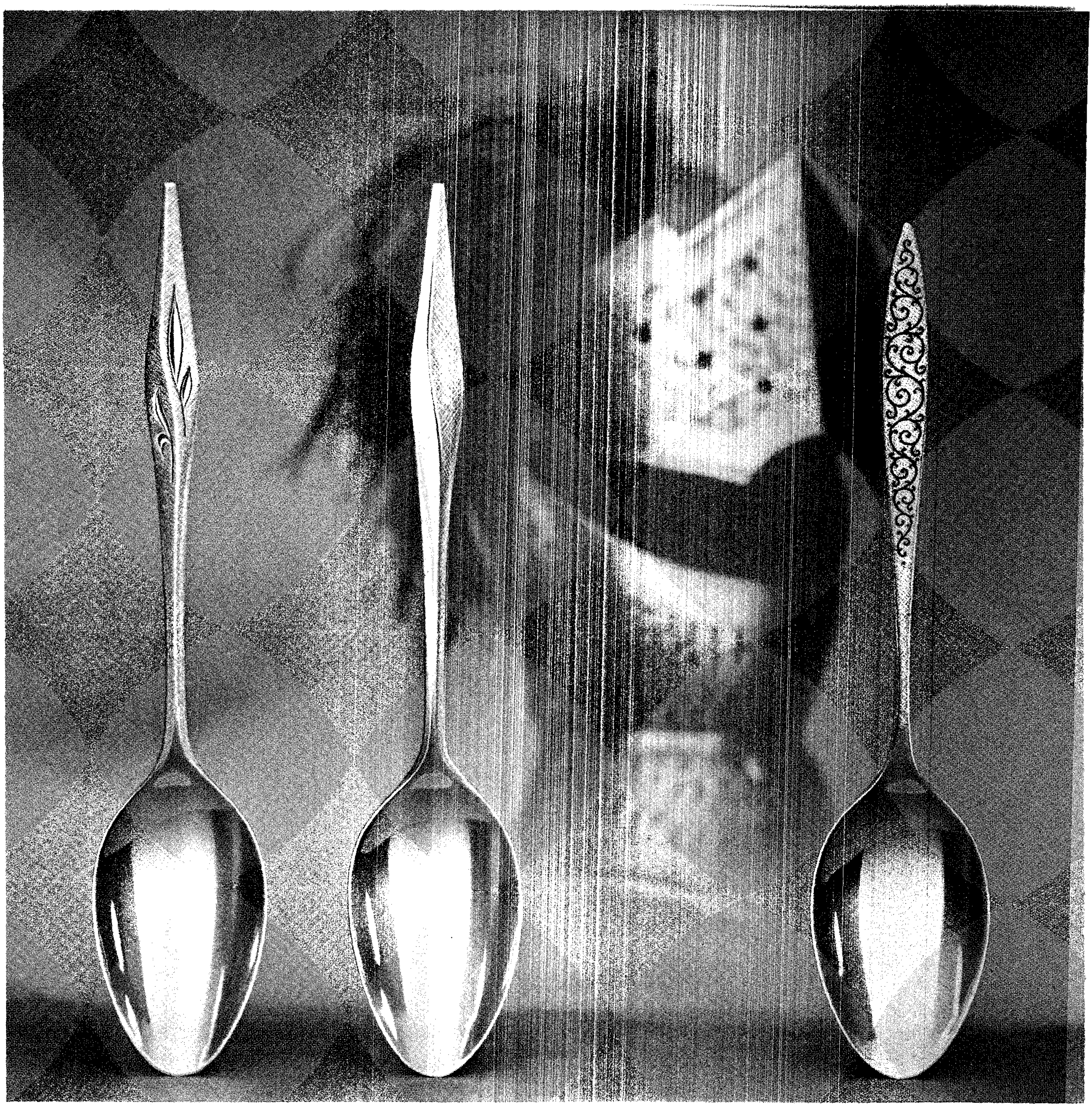

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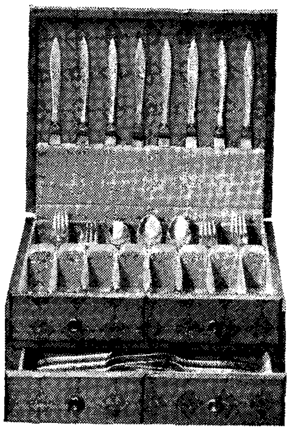

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time he made it Kamerman himself surely did not think that his firm *had* gone broke; there is a great difference between insolvency and a mere failure to meet the Exchange's rather stringent capital requirements, which are intended to provide a margin of safety. Indeed, various Stock Exchange officials have said that on that Tuesday morning they did not consider the Haupt situation to be especially serious, while the Williston & Beane situation, it was clear from the first, was even less so. One of the first reactions in the member-firms department was chagrin that Kamerman had come to the Exchange with his problem before the Exchange, through its elaborate system of audits and examinations, had discovered the problem for itself. This, the Exchange insists stubbornly, if a bit lamely, was a matter of bad luck rather than bad management. As a matter of routine, the Exchange requires each of its member firms to fill out detailed questionnaires on its financial condition several times a year, and as an additional check an expert accountant from the Exchange staff descends unexpectedly on each member firm at least once a year to subject its books to a surprise inspection. Ira Haupt & Co. had filled out its most recent questionnaire early in October, and since the huge buildup in Allied's commodities position with Haupt took place after that, the questionnaire showed nothing amiss. As for the surprise inspection, the Exchange's man was in the Haupt offices conducting it at the very time the trouble broke. The auditor had been there for a week, his nose buried in Haupt's account books, but the task of conducting such an inspection is a tedious one, and by November 19th the auditor hadn't got around to examining the Haupt commodities department. "They had set our man up with a desk in a department where nothing unusual was going on," an Exchange official has since said. "It's easy to say now that he should have *smelled* trouble, but he didn't."

At midmorning on Tuesday the nineteenth, Coyle and Bishop sat down with Kamerman to see what needed to be done about Haupt's problem, and what could be done. Bishop remembers that the atmosphere of the meeting was by no means grim; according to Kamerman's figures, the amount of capital that Haupt needed to bring it up to snuff was about a hundred and eighty thousand dollars—an almost paltry sum for a firm of Haupt's size. Haupt could make up the deficiency either by obtaining new money from outside or by converting securities it owned into

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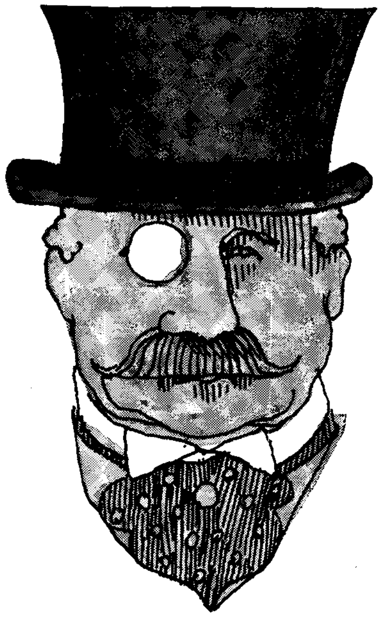
cash. Bishop urged the latter course as the quicker and surer, whereupon Kamerman telephoned his firm and instructed his partners to begin selling some of their securities at once. The difficulty apparently was going to be solved as simply as that.

But during the rest of the day, after Kamerman had left 11 Wall, the crisis showed a tendency to go through the process that in political circles has come to be called escalation. In the late afternoon, an ominous piece of news arrived. Allied had just filed a voluntary-bankruptcy petition in Newark. Theoretically, the bankruptcy did not affect the financial position of its former brokers, since they held security for the money they had supplied Allied with; nevertheless, the news was alarming in that it provided a hint of worse news to follow. Such news, indeed, was not long in coming; the same evening, word reached the Stock Exchange that the managers of the New York Produce Exchange, in an effort to forestall chaos in their market, had voted to suspend all trading in cottonseed-oil futures until further notice, and to require immediate settlement of all outstanding contracts at a price dictated by them. Since the dictated price would have to be a low one, this meant that any remaining chance that Haupt or Williston & Beane had of getting out from under the Allied speculations on favorable terms was gone.

In the member-firms department that evening, Bishop was frantically trying to get in touch with G. Keith Funston, the president of the Stock Exchange, who was first at a midtown dinner and then on a train bound for Washington, where he was scheduled to testify the next day before a congressional committee. What with one thing and another, Bishop was busy in his office all evening; toward midnight, he found himself the last man in the member-firms department, and, having decided it was too late to go home to Fanwood, New Jersey, for the night, he collapsed on a leather couch in Coyle's office. He had a restless night there; the cleaning women were considerately quiet, he says, but the phones kept ringing all night long.

Promptly at nine-thirty on Wednesday morning, the Stock Exchange's board of governors met in the sixth-floor Governors' Room—which, with its regal red carpet, fierce old portraits, and fluted gilt columns, carries rather uncomfortable connotations of Wall Street's checkered past—and, in accordance with Exchange regulations, voted to suspend Haupt and Williston



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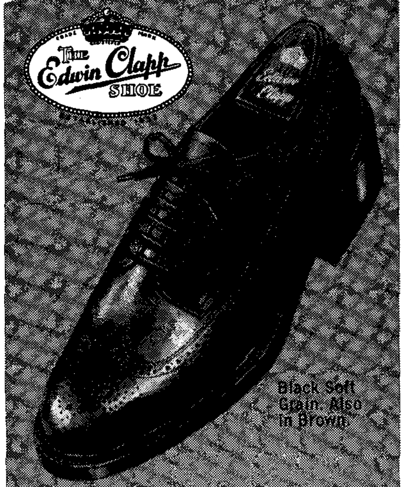

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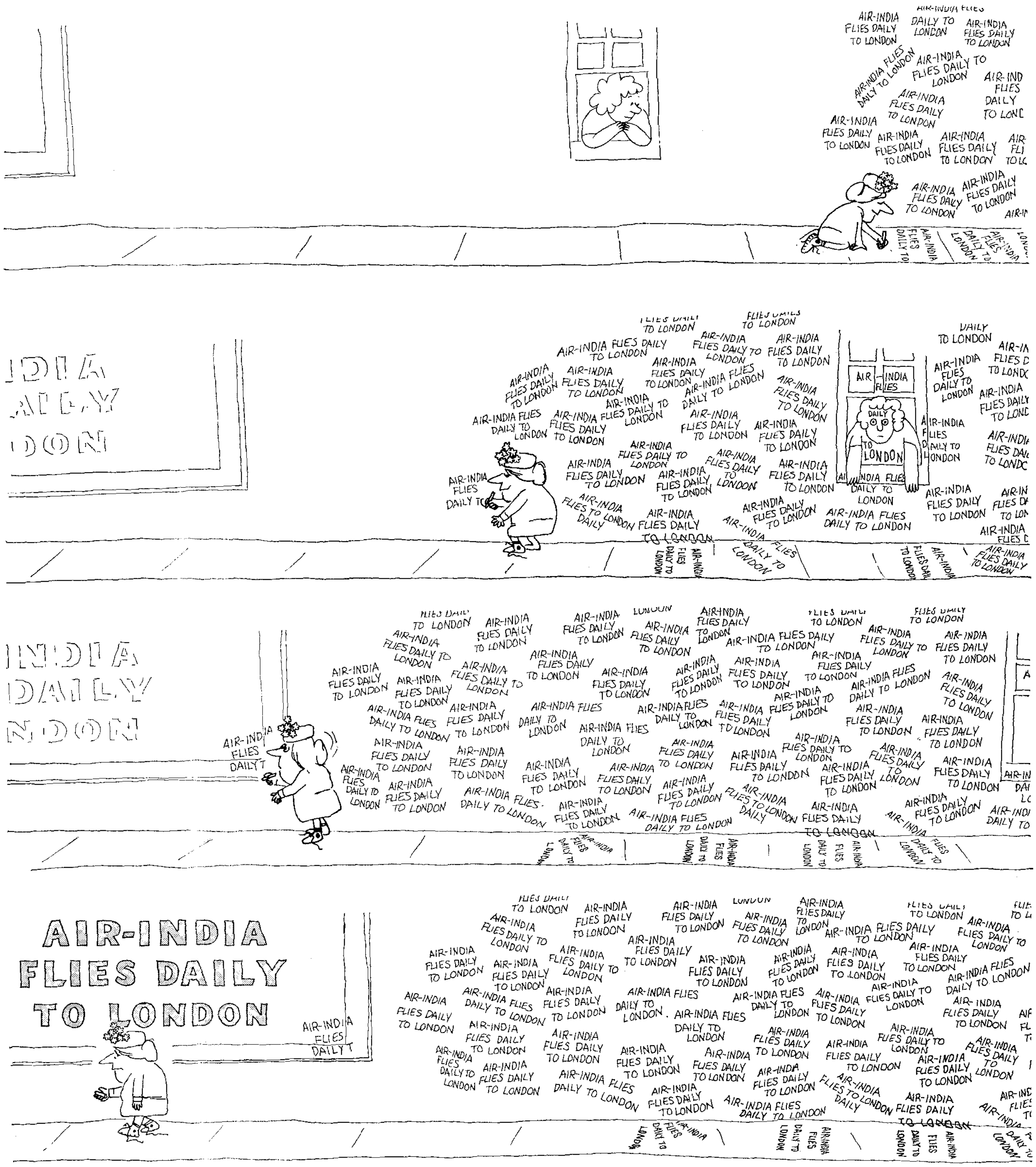
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& Beane because of their capital difficulties. The suspension was made public a few minutes after trading opened, at ten o'clock, by Henry M. Watts, Jr., chairman of the board of governors, who ascended a rostrum that overlooks the trading floor, rang the bell that normally signals the beginning or ending of a day's trading, and read an announcement of it. From the point of view of the public, the immediate effect of the action was that the accounts of the almost thirty thousand customers of the two suspended firms were now frozen—that is, the owners of the accounts could neither sell their stocks nor get their money out. Touched by the plight of these unfortunates, the Stock Exchange brass now set about trying to help the beleaguered firms raise enough capital to lift the suspensions and free the accounts. In the case of Williston & Beane, its efforts were triumphantly successful. It developed that this firm needed about half a million dollars to get back into business, and so many fellow-brokers came forward to help out with loans that the firm actually had to fight off unwanted offers. The half million was finally accepted partly from Walston & Co. and partly from Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. (Cozily, the Beane of Williston & Beane was the very man who had been the caboose when the firm's name was Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane.) Restored to financial health by this timely injection of capital, Williston & Beane was relieved of its suspension—and its nine thousand customers were relieved of their anxiety—just after noon on Friday, or slightly more than two days after the suspension had been imposed.

But in the case of Haupt things went differently. It was clear by Wednesday that the capital-shortage figure of a hundred and eighty thousand dollars had been the rosiest of dreams. Even so, it appeared that the firm might still be solvent despite its losses on the forced sale of the oil contracts—on one condition. The condition was that the oil in Bayonne tanks that Allied had pledged to Haupt as collateral—and that now, through Allied's default, belonged to Haupt—could be sold to other oil processors at a fair price. Richard M. Crooks, an Exchange governor who, unlike nearly all his colleagues, is an expert on commodities trading, figured that if the Bayonne oil were thus unloaded, Haupt might still end up slightly in the black. He therefore telephoned a couple of the country's leading vegetable-oil proces-

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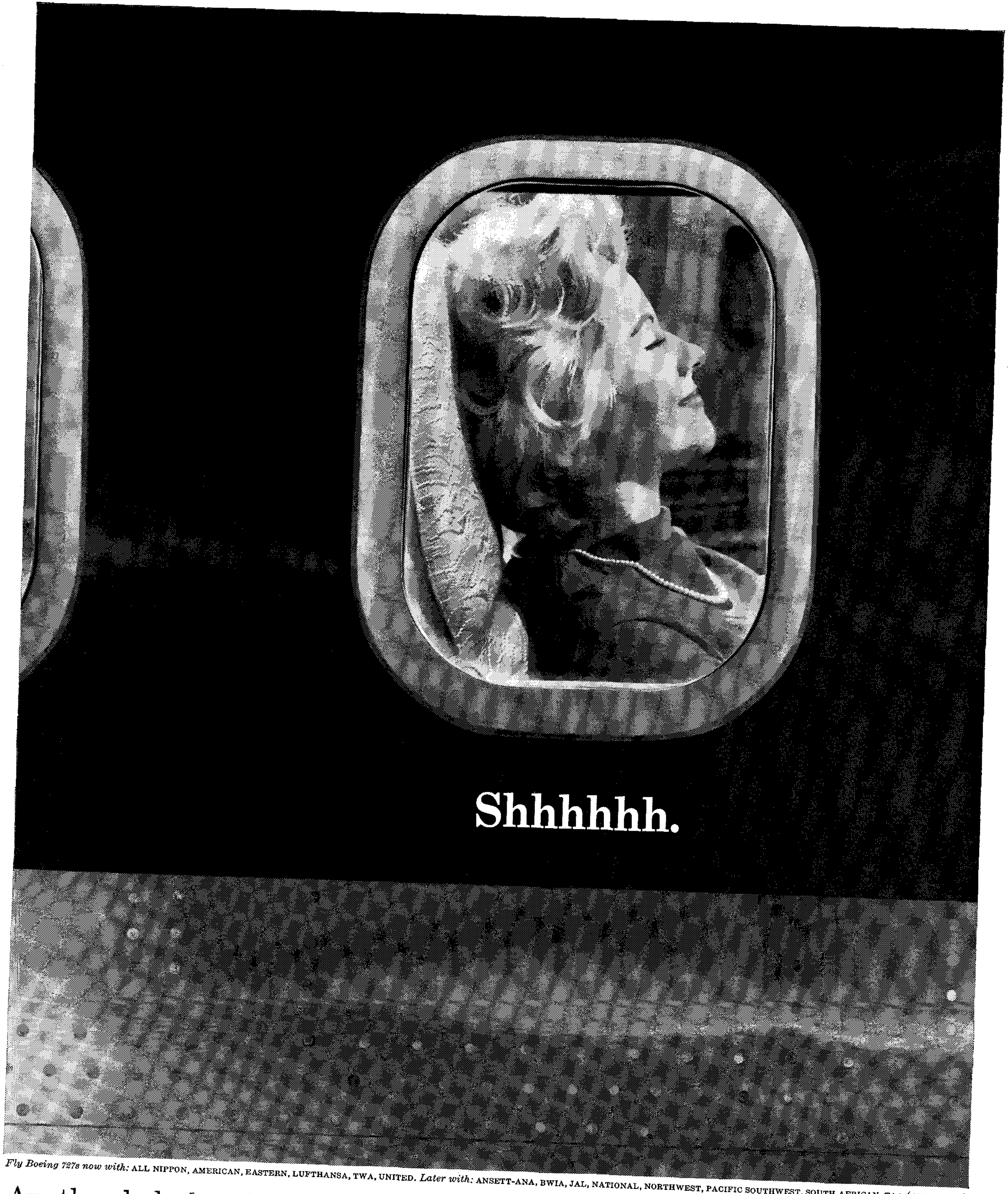

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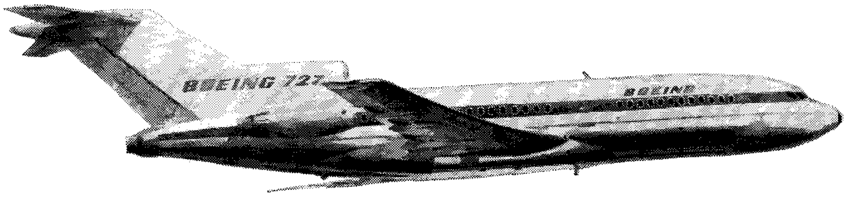

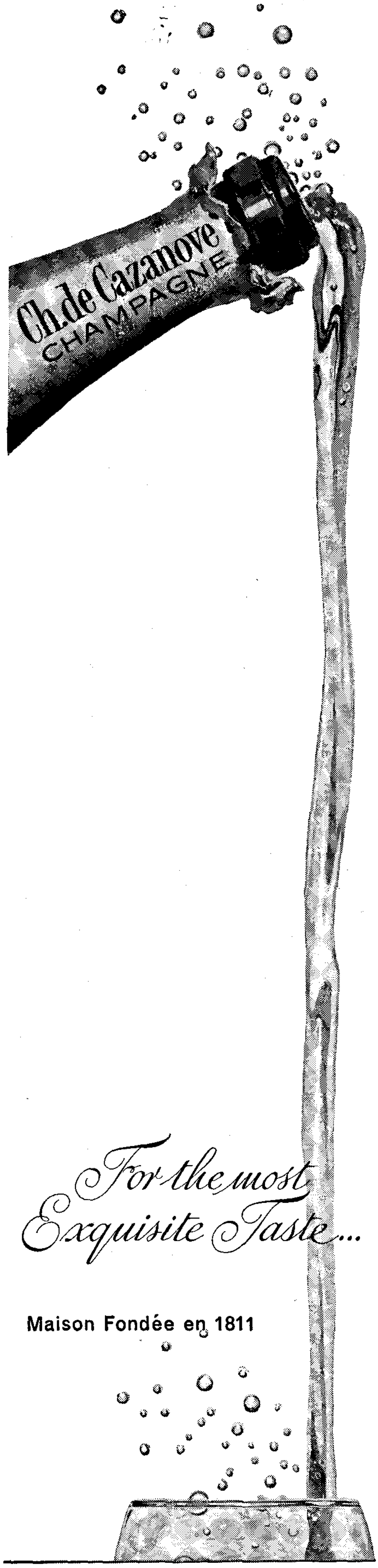

CHAMPAGNE
CH. de CAZANOVE
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sors and urged them to bid on the oil. The replies he received were unanimous and startling. The leading processors declined to make any bid at all, and they left Crooks with the feeling that they were suspicious of the Bayonne warehouse receipts held by Haupt—that they suspected some or all of them to be forgeries. If these suspicions were well founded, it would follow that some or all of the oil attested to by the receipts was not in Bayonne. "The situation was very simple," Crooks has said. "Warehouse receipts are accepted in the commodities business as practically as good as currency, and now the possibility had been raised that millions of dollars of Haupt's assets consisted of counterfeit money."

Still, all that Crooks knew definitely on Wednesday morning was that the processors would not bid on Allied oil, and throughout the rest of Wednesday and all day Thursday the Exchange diligently went on trying to help Haupt get back on its feet along with Williston & Beane. Needless to say, the fifteen partners of Haupt were busy at the same endeavor, and in aid of it Kamerman told the *Times* buoyantly on Wednesday evening, "Ira Haupt & Co. is solvent and is in an excellent financial position." Also on Wednesday evening, Crooks had dinner in New York with a veteran commodities broker from Chicago. "Although I'm an optimist by temperament, my experience tells me that these things always turn out to be much worse than they look at first," Crooks said recently. "I mentioned this to my broker friend, and he agreed. The next morning at about eleven-thirty, he called me and said, 'Dick, this thing is a hundred per cent worse than even *you* think.' " A bit later, at midday on Thursday, the Exchange's member-firms department learned that many of Allied's warehouse receipts were indeed fake.

As nearly as can be determined, the Haupt partners were making the same unhappy discovery at about the same time. At any rate, a number of them did not go home Thursday evening but spent the night at their offices at 111 Broadway, trying to figure out what their position was. Bishop got home to Fanwood that night, but he found that he could sleep hardly any better there than on Coyle's couch. Accordingly, he rose before dawn, took the Jersey Central's five-eight to the city, and on a hunch went to the Haupt offices. There, in the partners' area—recently redecorated with modern contour chairs, marble-topped filing

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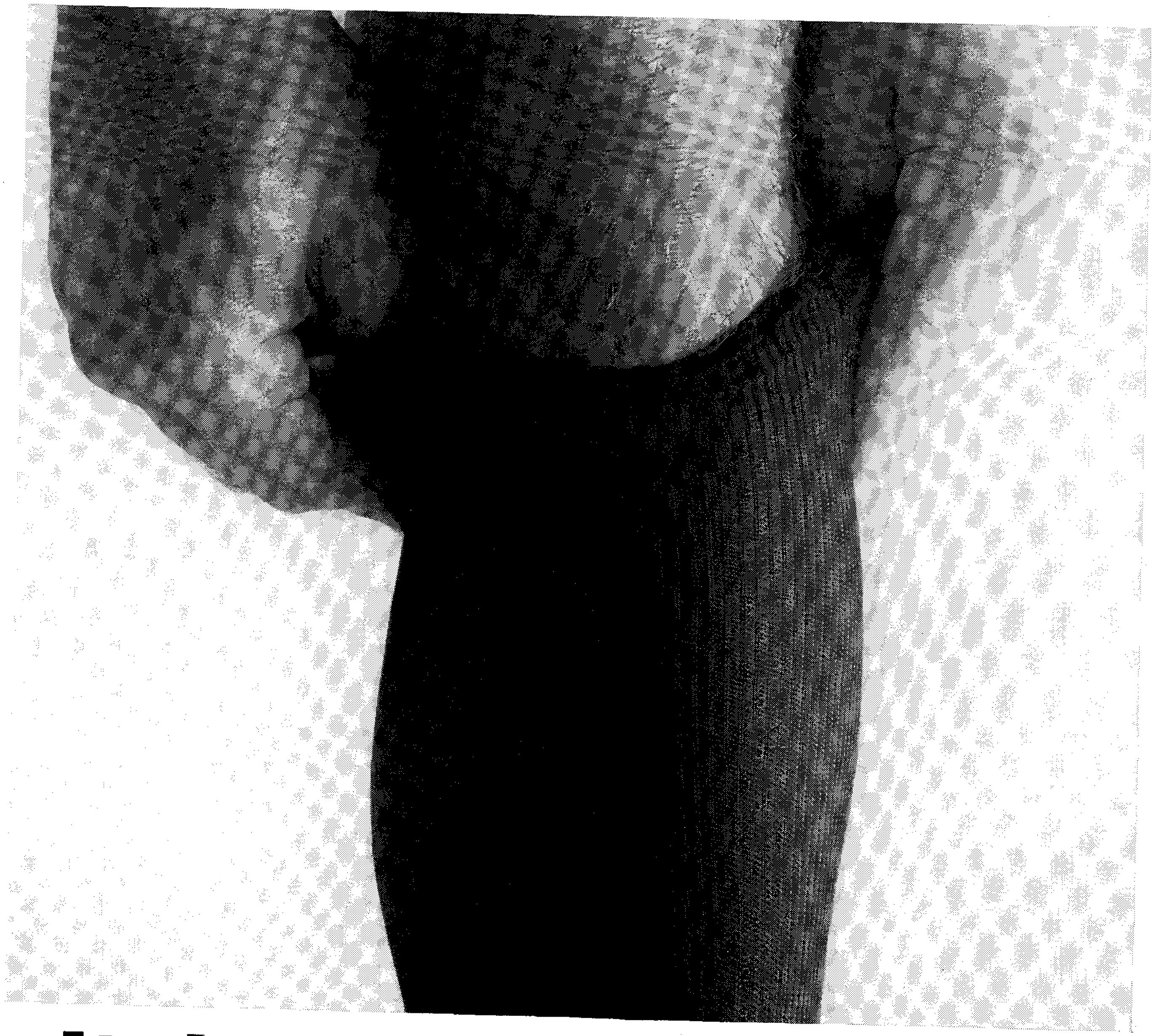

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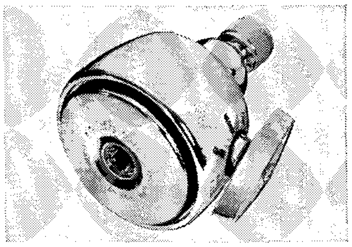

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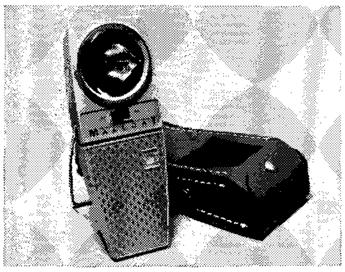

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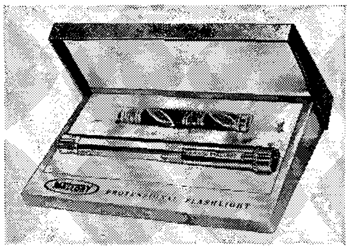

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cabinets, and refrigerators disguised as desks—he found several of the partners, unshaven and unkempt, drowsing in their chairs. "They were pretty shot by then," Bishop says. And no wonder. After being awakened, they told him that they had been up all night calculating, and that at about three o'clock they had come to the conclusion that their position was hopeless; in view of the worthlessness of the warehouse receipts, the Haupt firm was insolvent. Bishop took this disastrous intelligence with him to the Stock Exchange, where he waited for the sun to come up and for everyone else to come to work.

At one-forty on Friday afternoon, when the stock market was already badly rattled by the rumors of Haupt's impending failure, the first reports of the President's assassination reached the Exchange floor, in garbled form. Crooks, who was there, says that the first thing he heard was that the President had been shot, the second was that the President's brother, the Attorney General, had also been shot, and the third was that the Vice-President had had a heart attack. "The rumors came like machine-gun bullets," Crooks says. And they struck with comparable impact. In the next twenty-seven minutes, during which no hard news arrived to relieve the atmosphere of apocalypse, the prices of stocks declined at a rate unparalleled in the Exchange's history. In less than half an hour, the values of listed stocks decreased by thirteen billion dollars, and they would no doubt have dropped further if the board of governors had not closed the market for the day at seven minutes past two. The panic's immediate effect on the Haupt situation was to make the status of the twenty thousand frozen accounts far worse, because now, in the event of Haupt's bankruptcy and the consequent liquidation of many of the accounts, the cashing in would have to be done at panic prices, with heavy losses to the accounts' owners. A larger and less calculable effect of the events in Dallas was paralyzing despair. However, Wall Street—or, rather, some Wall Streeters—had a psychological advantage over the rest of the country in that there was work at hand to be done. This convergence of disasters confronted them with a definable task.

Having testified in Washington on Wednesday afternoon, Funston had returned to New York that evening and had spent most of Thursday as well as Friday morning working on getting Williston & Beane back in

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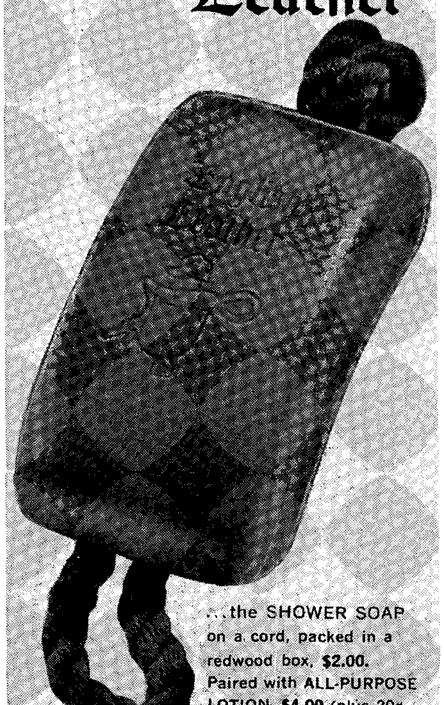

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Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan business. Sometime during that period, as it was gradually made clear that Haupt was not merely short of capital but actually insolvent, Funston became convinced the Exchange and its member firms must consider doing something virtually unprecedented—that is, reimburse the innocent victims of Haupt's imprudence with their own money. (The nearest thing to a precedent for such action was the case of DuPont, Homsey & Co., a small Stock Exchange firm that went bankrupt in 1960 as a result of fraud by one of its partners; the Exchange then repaid the firm's customers the money they had been divested of—about eight hundred thousand dollars.) Now, having hurried back to his office from a lunch date shortly before the emergency closing of the market, Funston set about putting his plan into action, calling about thirty leading brokers whose offices happened to be nearby and asking them to trot over to the Exchange immediately as an unofficial delegation representing its membership. Shortly after three o'clock, the brokers were assembled in the South Committee Room—a somewhat smaller version of the Governors' Room—and Funston set before them the facts of the Haupt case as he then knew them, along with an outline of his plan for a solution. The facts were these: Haupt owed about thirty-six million dollars to a group of United States and British banks; since over twenty million of its assets were represented by warehouse receipts that now appeared to be worthless, there was no hope that Haupt could pay its debts. In the normal course of events, therefore, Haupt would be sued by the creditor banks when the courts reopened next week, the cash and many of the securities held by Haupt for its customers would be tied up by the creditors, and, according to Funston's liberal estimate, some of the customers might end up getting back—after an extended period caused by legal delays—no more than sixty-five cents on the dollar. And there was another side to the case. If Haupt were to go into bankruptcy, the psychological effect of this, combined with the palpable effect of Haupt's considerable assets' being thrown on the market, might well lead to further depression of a stock market already in wild retreat at a time of grave national crisis. Not only the welfare of the Haupt customers was at stake, then, but perhaps the national welfare, too. Funston's plan, simple enough in outline, was that the Stock

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Exchange or its members put up enough money to enable all the Haupt customers to get back their cash and securities—to be once again "whole," in the banking expression. (The banking expression is etymologically sound; "whole" derives from the Anglo-Saxon "*hal*," which meant uninjured or recovered from injury, and from which "hale" is also derived.) Funston further proposed that Haupt's creditors, the banks, be persuaded to defer any efforts to collect their money until the customers had been taken care of. Funston estimated that the amount needed to do the job might run to seven million dollars, or even more.

Almost to a man, the assembled brokers agreed to support this public-spirited, if not downright eleemosynary, plan. But before the meeting was over a difficulty arose. Now that the Stock Exchange and the member firms had decided on a deed of self-sacrifice, the problem confronting each side—to a certain extent, anyway—was how to arrange to have the other side do the sacrificing. Funston urged the member firms to take over the entire matter. The firms declined this suggestion with thanks and countered by urging the Stock Exchange to handle it. "If we do," Funston said, "you'll have to repay us the amount we pay out." Out of this not very dignified dialogue emerged an agreement that initially the funds would come out of the Exchange's treasury, with repayment to be apportioned among the member firms later. A three-man committee, headed by Funston, was empowered to conduct negotiations to bring the deal off.

The chief parties that needed negotiating with were Haupt's creditor banks. Their unanimous consent to the plan was essential, because if even one of them insisted on immediate liquidation of its loans "the pot would fall in," as the Exchange's chairman, Henry Watts—a fatherly-looking graduate of Harvard and of Omaha Beach, 1944—pungently put it. Prominent among the creditors were four local banks of towering prestige—Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guaranty Trust, First National City, and Manufacturers Hanover Trust—which among them had lent Haupt about eighteen and a half million dollars. (Three of the banks have remained notably reticent about the exact amount of their ill-fated loans to Haupt, but blaming them for their silence would be like blaming a poker player who is less than garrulous about a losing night. The Chase, however, has said that Haupt

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owed it $5,700,000.) Earlier in the week, George Champion, chairman of the Chase, had telephoned Funston; not only did the Stock Exchange have a friend at Chase, Champion assured him, but the bank stood ready to give any help it could in the Haupt matter. Funston now called Champion and said he was ready to take him up on his offer. He and Bishop then began to try to assemble representatives of the Chase and the three other banks for an immediate conference. Bishop remembers that he felt highly bearish about the chances of rounding up a group of bankers at five o'clock on a Friday—even such an exceptional Friday as this one—but to his surprise he found practically all of them at their battle stations and willing to come straight to the Exchange.

Funston and his fellow-negotiators for the Exchange—Chairman Watts and Vice-Chairman Walter N. Frank—conferred with the bankers from shortly after five until well into the dinner hour. The meeting was constructive, if tense. "First, we all agreed that it was a devil of a situation all around," Funston recalls. "Then we got down to business. The bankers, of course, were hoping that the Exchange would pick up the whole thing, but we quickly disabused them of that notion. Instead, I made them an offer. We would put up a certain sum in cash solely for the benefit of the Haupt customers; in exchange for every dollar that we put up, the banks would defer collection—that is, would temporarily refrain from foreclosing—on two dollars. If, as we then estimated, twenty-two and a half million was needed to make Haupt solvent, we would put up seven and a half, and the banks would defer collection of fifteen. They weren't so sure about our figures—they thought we were too low—and they insisted that the Exchange's claim to get back any of its contribution out of Haupt assets would have to come after the banks' claims for their loans. We agreed to that. We all fought and negotiated, and when we finally went home there was general agreement on the broad outline of the thing. Of course, everyone recognized that this meeting was only preliminary—to begin with, by no means all the creditor banks were represented at it—and that both the detail work and much of the hard bargaining would have to be done over the weekend."

Just how much detail work and hard bargaining lay ahead became manifest on Saturday. The Exchange's board

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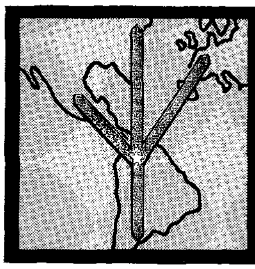

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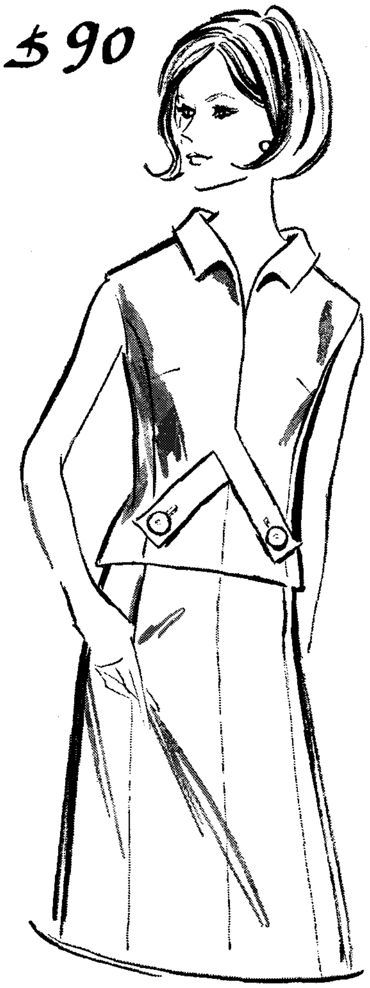

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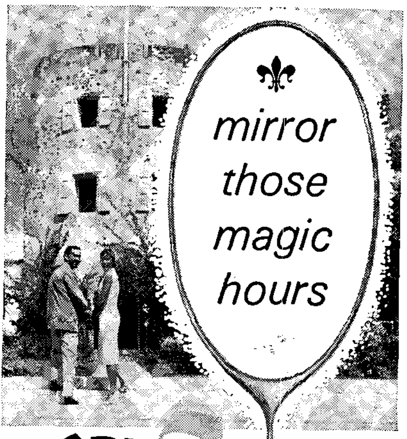
met at eleven, and more than two-thirds of its thirty-three members were present; because of the Haupt crisis, some governors had cancelled week-end plans, and others had flown in from their regular stands in such outposts as Georgia and Florida. The board's first action—a decision to keep the Exchange closed on Monday, the day of the President's funeral—was accomplished with deep relief, because the holiday would give the negotiators an additional twenty-four hours in which to hammer out a deal before the deadline represented by the reopening of the courts and the markets. Funston brought the governors up to date on what was known about Haupt's financial position and on the status of the negotiations that had been begun with the banks; he also gave them a new estimate of the sum that might be required to make the Haupt customers whole—nine million dollars. After a fractional moment of silence, several governors rose to say, in essence, that they felt that more than money was at stake; it was a question of the relation of the Stock Exchange to the country's seventeen million investors. The meeting was then temporarily adjourned, and, with the authority of the governors' lofty sentiments to back it up, the Exchange's three-man committee got down to negotiations with the bankers.

Thus, the pattern for Saturday and Sunday was set. While the rest of the nation sat stupefied in front of its television sets, and while the downtown Manhattan streets were as deserted as they must have been during the yellow-fever epidemics of the early nineteenth century, the sixth floor of 11 Wall Street was a nexus of utterly absorbed activity. The Exchange's committee would remain closeted with the bankers until a point was reached at which Funston and his colleagues needed further authorization; then the board of governors would go into session again and either grant the new authority or decline to do so. Between sessions, the governors congregated in the hallways or smoked and brooded in empty offices. An ordinarily obscure corner of the Exchange bureaucracy called the Conduct and Complaints Department was having a busy weekend, too; a staff of half a dozen there was continuously on the phone dealing with anxious inquiries from Haupt customers, who were feeling anything but hale. And, of course, there were lawyers everywhere—"I never saw so many lawyers in my life," one veteran Stock Ex-



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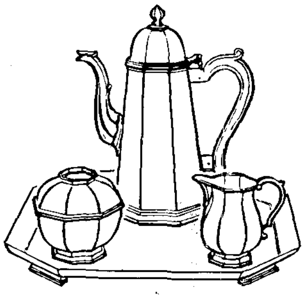

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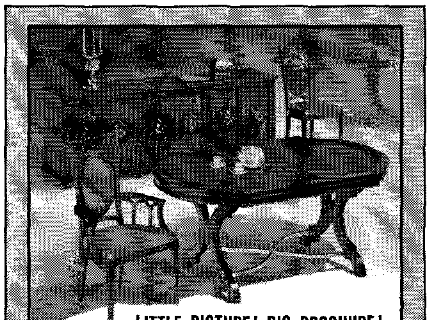

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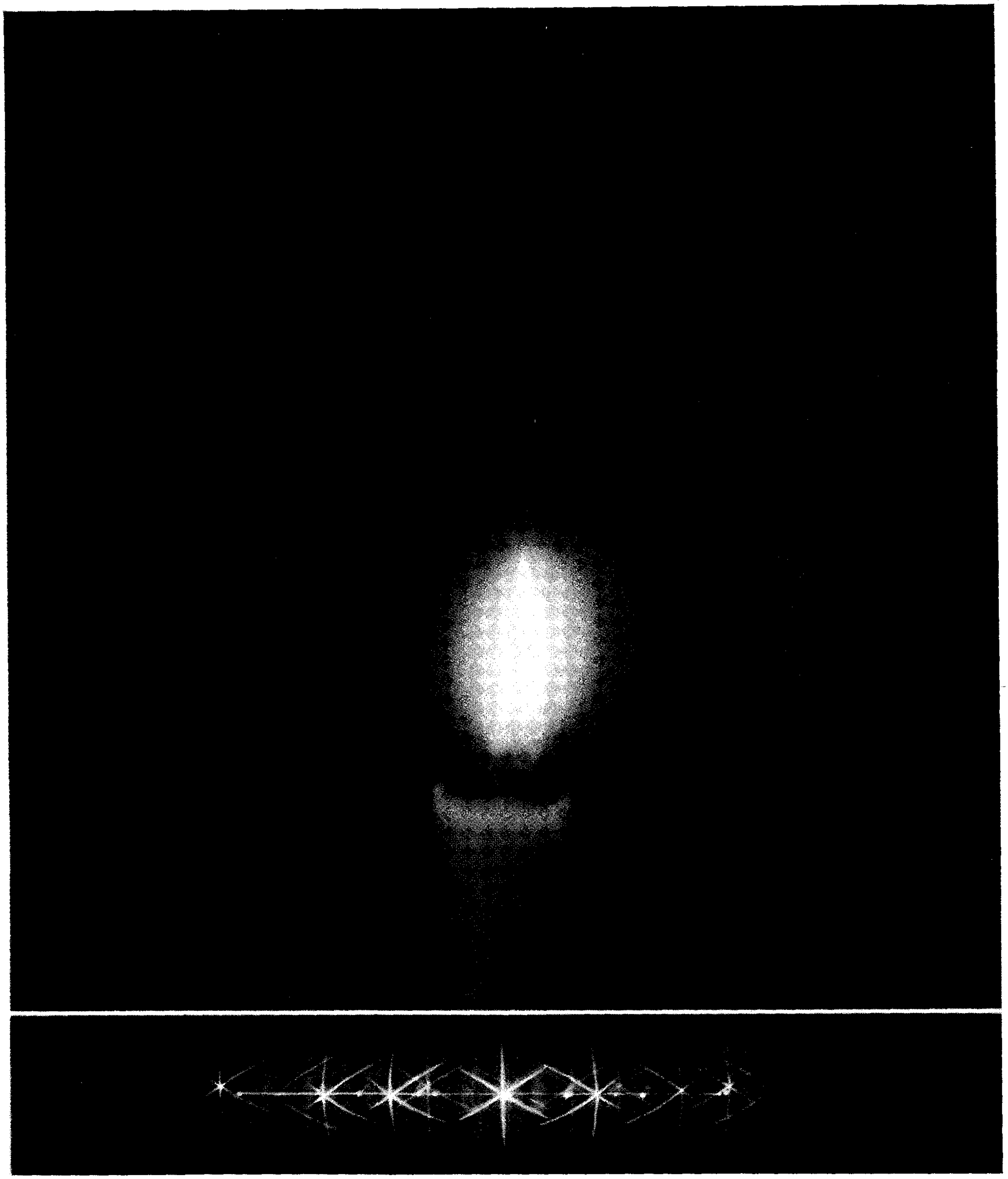

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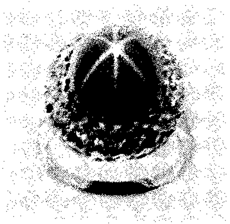

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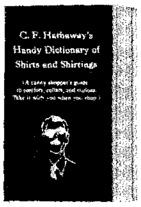

change man has said. Coyle estimates that there were more than a hundred people at 11 Wall Street during most of the weekend, and since practically all local restaurants as well as the Exchange's own eating facilities were closed, the food problem was acute. On Saturday, the entire output of a downtown lunch counter that had shrewdly stayed open was bought up and consumed, after which a taxi was dispatched to Greenwich Village for more supplies; on Sunday, one of the Exchange secretaries thoughtfully brought in an electric coffee-maker and a huge bag of groceries and set up shop in the Chairman's Dining Room.

The bankers' negotiating committee now included men from two Haupt creditors that had not been represented on Friday—the National State Bank of Newark and the Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Co., of Chicago. (Still unrepresented were the four British creditors—Henry Ansbacher & Co.; William Brandt's Sons & Co., Ltd.; S. Japhet & Co., Ltd.; and Kleinwort, Benson, Ltd. Moreover, with the weekend half gone, they seemed to be temporarily unrepresentable. It was decided to continue negotiating without the British banks and then, on Monday morning, present any agreement to them for approval.) A crucial point at issue, it now developed, was the amount of cash that would be needed from the Stock Exchange to fulfill its part of the bargain. The bankers accepted Funston's formula under which they would defer collection of two dollars for every dollar that the Exchange contributed to the cause, and they did not doubt that Haupt was stuck with about twenty-two and a half million dollars' worth of useless warehouse receipts; however, they were unwilling to take that figure as the maximum amount that might be necessary to liquidate Haupt. To be on the safe side, they argued, the amount ought to be based on Haupt's over-all indebtedness to them—thirty-six million—and this meant that the Exchange's cash contribution would have to be not seven and a half million but twelve. Another point at issue was the question of to whom the Exchange would pay whatever sum was agreed upon. Some of the bankers thought the money ought to go straight into the coffers of Ira Haupt & Co., to be dispensed by the firm itself to its customers; the trouble with this suggestion, as the Exchange's representatives were not slow to point out, was that it would put the Exchange's con-

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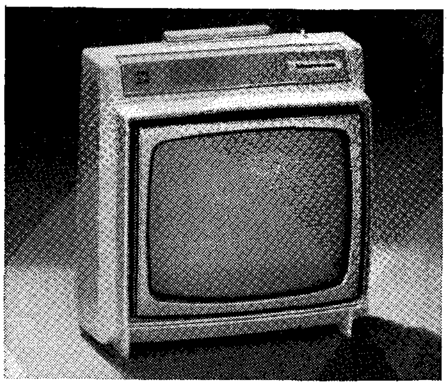

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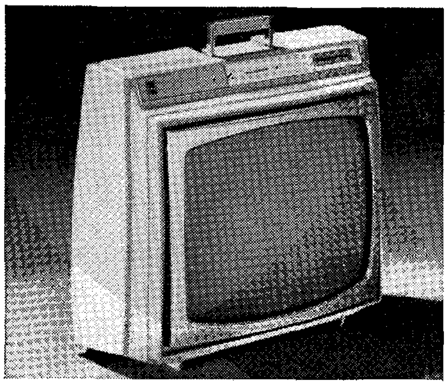

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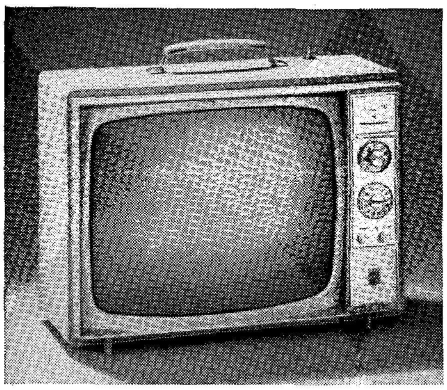

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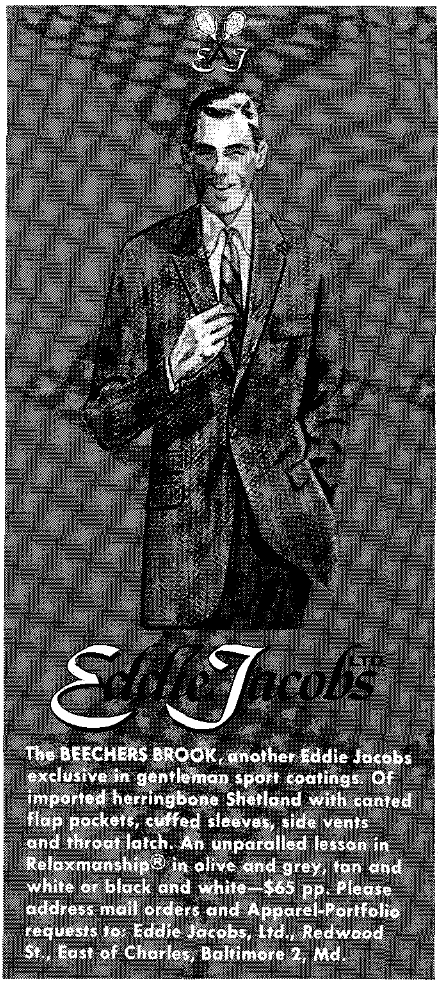
tribution entirely beyond its control. As a final complication, one bank—the Continental Illinois—was distinctly reluctant to enter into the deal at all. "The Continental's people were thinking in terms of their bank's exposure," an Exchange man has explained sympathetically. "They thought our arrangement might ultimately be more damaging to them than a formal Haupt bankruptcy and receivership. They needed time to consider, to make sure they were taking the proper action, but I must say they were coöperative." Indeed, since it was primarily the Stock Exchange's good name that was at the center of the planned deal, it would appear that all the banks were marvels of coöperation. After all, a banker is legally and morally charged with doing the best he can for his depositors and stockholders, and is therefore hardly in a position to indulge in grand gestures for the public good; if his eyes are flinty, they may mask a kind, but stifled, heart. As for the Continental, it had reason to be particularly slow to act, because its "exposure" amounted to well over ten million dollars, or much more than that of any other bank. No one concerned has been willing to say exactly what the points were on which the Continental held out, but it seems safe to assume that no bank or person who had lent Haupt less than ten million dollars can know exactly how the Continental felt.

By the time the negotiations were recessed, at about six o'clock Saturday evening, a compromise had been reached on the main issues—on the amount-of-cash controversy by an agreement that the Exchange would put up an initial seven and a half million with a pledge to go up to twelve million if it became necessary, and on the controversy about how the money would be paid to the Haupt customers by agreement that the Exchange's chief examiner would be appointed liquidator of Haupt. But the Continental was still recalcitrant, and, of course, the British banks had not yet even been approached. In any event, everybody shut up shop for the night, with pledges to return early the next afternoon, even though it was Sunday. Funston, who was coming down with a bad cold, went home to Greenwich. The bankers went home to places like Glen Cove and Basking Ridge. Watts, a diehard commuter from Philadelphia, went home to that tranquil city. Even Bishop went home to Fanwood.

At two o'clock Sunday afternoon, the Exchange governors, their ranks now augmented by arrivals from Los



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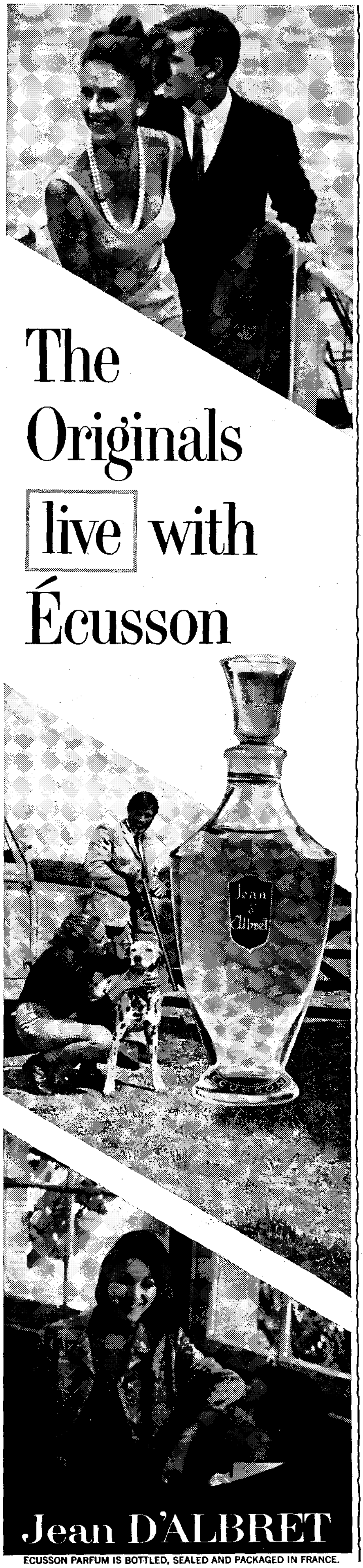
Angeles, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, and Richmond, met in joint session with the thirty representatives of member firms, who were anxious to learn what they were being committed to. After the current status of the emerging agreement had been explained to them, they voted unanimously in favor of going ahead with it. As the afternoon progressed, even Continental Illinois softened its opposition, and at about six o'clock, after a series of frantic long-distance telephone calls and attempts to track down Continental officers on trains and in airports, the Chicago bank agreed to go along, explaining that it was doing so in the public interest rather than in pursuance of its officers' best business judgment. At about the same time, the *Times*' financial editor, Thomas E. Mullaney—who, like the rest of the press, had been rigidly excluded from the sixth floor throughout the negotiations—called Funston to say he had heard rumors of a plan on Haupt in the offing. Because the British banks would have reason to be miffed, at the very least, if they should read in the next morning's air editions of a scheme to dispose of their credits without their agreement, or even their knowledge, Funston had to give a reply that could only depress still further the spirits of the waiting twenty thousand customers. "There is no plan," he said.

THE question of who would undertake the delicate task of cajoling the British banks had come up early Sunday afternoon. Funston, despite his cold, was anxious to make the trip (for one thing, he has since admitted, the drama of it appealed to him), and had gone as far as getting his secretary to reserve space on a plane, but as the afternoon progressed and the local problems continued to appear intractable, it was decided that he couldn't be spared. Several other governors quickly volunteered to go, and one of them, Gustave L. Levy, was eventually selected, on the ground that his firm, Goldman, Sachs & Co., had had a long and close association with Kleinwort, Benson, one of the British banks, and that Levy himself was on excellent terms with some of the Kleinwort, Benson partners. Accordingly, Levy, accompanied by an executive and a lawyer of the Chase—who were presumably included in the hope that they would set the British banks an inspiring example of coöperation—left 11 Wall Street shortly after five o'clock and caught a London-bound jet at seven. The trio sat up on the plane most of



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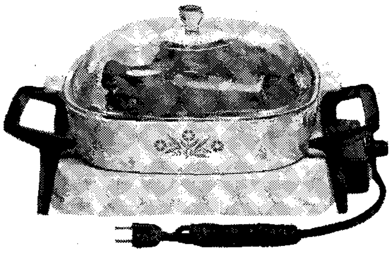

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the night, carefully planning the approach they would make to the bankers in the morning. They were well advised to do so, because the British banks certainly had no cause to feel coöperative; *their* Stock Exchange wasn't in trouble. And there was more to it than that. According to unimpeachable sources, the four British banks had lent Haupt a total of five and a half million dollars, and these loans, like many short-term loans made by foreign banks to American brokers, had not been secured by any collateral. Sources only fractionally more impeachable maintain that some of the loans had been extended very recently—that is, a week or less before the debacle. The money lent is known to have consisted of Eurodollars, a phantom but nonetheless serviceable currency consisting of dollar deposits in European banks; some four billion Eurodollars are actively traded among European financial institutions, and the banks that lent the five and a half million to Haupt had first borrowed them from somebody else. According to a local expert in international banking, Eurodollars are customarily traded in huge blocks at a relatively tiny profit; for instance, a bank might borrow a block at four and a quarter per cent and lend it at four and a half per cent, at a net advantage of one-fourth of one per cent per annum. Obviously, such transactions are looked upon as practically without risk. One-fourth of one per cent of five and a half million dollars over a period of one week amounts to $264.42, which gives some indication of the size of the profit on the Haupt deal that the four British banks would have been able to divide among themselves, less expenses, if everything had gone as planned. Instead, they now stood to lose the whole bundle.

Levy and the Chase men arrived red-eyed in London shortly after daybreak on a depressingly drizzly morning. They went to the Savoy to change their clothes and have breakfast and then headed straight for the City, London's financial district. Their first meeting was at the Fenchurch Street establishment of William Brandt's Sons, which had put up over half of the five and a half million. The Brandt partners courteously offered condolences on the death of the President, and the Americans agreed that it was a terrible thing, whereupon both sides came to the point. The Brandt men knew of Haupt's impending failure but not of the plan now afoot to rescue the Haupt customers by avoiding a formal bank-

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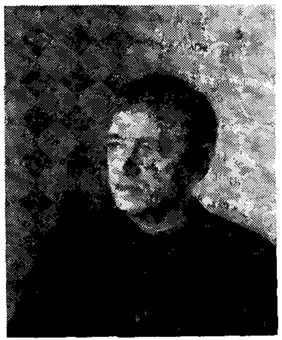

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ruptcy; Levy explained this, and an hour's discussion followed, in the course of which the Britons showed a certain reluctance to go along—as well they might. Having just been taken in by one group of Yankees, they were not anxious to be immediately taken in by another. "They were very unhappy," Levy says. "They raised hell with me as a representative of the New York Stock Exchange, one of whose members had got them into this jam. They wanted to make a trade with us—to get a priority in the collection of their claims in exchange for coming along with us and agreeing to defer collection. But their trading position wasn't really good; in a bankruptcy proceeding, their claims, based on unsecured loans, would have been considered *after* the claims of creditors who held collateral, and in my opinion they would have never collected a nickel. On the other hand, under the terms of our offer they would be treated equally with all the other Haupt creditors except the customers. We had to explain to them that we weren't trading."

The Brandt men replied that before deciding they wanted to think the matter over, and also to hear what the other British banks said. The American delegates then repaired to the London office of the Chase, on Lombard Street, where, by prearrangement, they met with representatives of the three other British banks and Levy had a chance for a reunion with his Kleinwort, Benson friends. The circumstances of the reunion were obviously less than happy, but Levy says that his friends took a realistic view of their situation and, with heroic objectivity, actually helped their fellow-Britons to see the American side of the question. Nevertheless, this meeting, like the earlier one, broke up without a commitment by anyone. Levy and his colleagues stayed at the Chase for lunch and then walked over to the Bank of England, which was interested in the Haupt loans to the extent that their default would affect Britain's balance of payments. The Bank of England, through one of its deputies, assured the visitors of its distress over both America's national tragedy and Wall Street's parochial one, and advised them that while it lacked the power to tell the London banks what to do, in its judgment they would be wise to go along with the American scheme. Then, at about two o'clock, the trio returned to Lombard Street to wait nervously for word from the banks. As it happened, a parallel vigil was then beginning on Wall Street, where it was

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could've...
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the backstage
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nine o'clock on Monday morning, and where Funston, just arrived in his office and very much aware that only one day remained in which to get the deal wrapped up, was pacing his rug as he waited for a call that would tell him whether London was going to cause the pot to fall in.

Kleinwort, Benson and S. Japhet & Co. were the first to agree to go along, Levy recalls. Then—after a silence of perhaps half an hour, during which Levy and his colleagues began to have an agonizing sense of the minutes ticking away in New York—an affirmative answer came from Brandt. That was the big one; with the chief creditor and two of the three others in line, it was all but certain that Ansbacher would join up. At around 4 P.M. London time, Ansbacher did, and Levy was finally able to place the call that Funston had been waiting for. Their mission accomplished, the Americans went straight to the London airport, and within three hours were on a plane headed home.

On getting the good news, Funston felt that the whole agreement was pretty well in the bag at last, since all that was needed to seal the bag was the signatures of the fifteen Haupt general partners, who seemed to have nothing to lose and everything to gain from the plan. Still, the task of getting those signatures was a vital one. Short of a bankruptcy suit, which everyone was trying to avoid, no liquidator could distribute the Haupt assets—not even the marble-topped cabinets and the refrigerators—without the partners' permission. Accordingly, late on Monday afternoon the Haupt partners, each accompanied by his lawyer, trooped into Chairman Watts's office at the Stock Exchange to learn exactly what fate the Wall Street powers had been arranging for them.

The Haupt partners could hardly have found the projected agreement pleasant reading, inasmuch as it prescribed, among other things, that they were to execute powers of attorney giving a liquidator full control over Haupt's affairs. However, one of their own lawyers gave them a short, pungent talk pointing out that they were personally liable for the firm's debts whether or not they signed the agreement, so they might as well be public-spirited and sign it. More briefly, they were over a barrel. (As of now, a year later, several of them have filed personal bankruptcy papers, and others will doubtless do so soon.) One startling event broke the even tenor of this gloomy meeting. Shortly after the Haupt lawyer had

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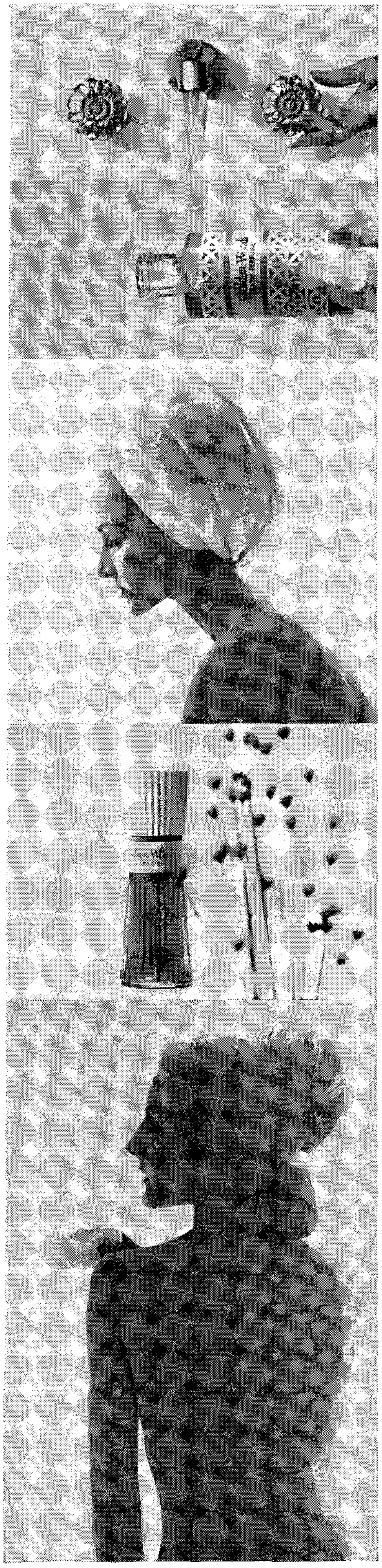

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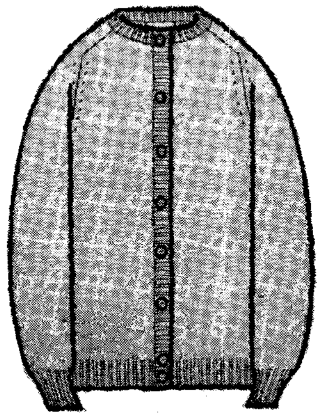

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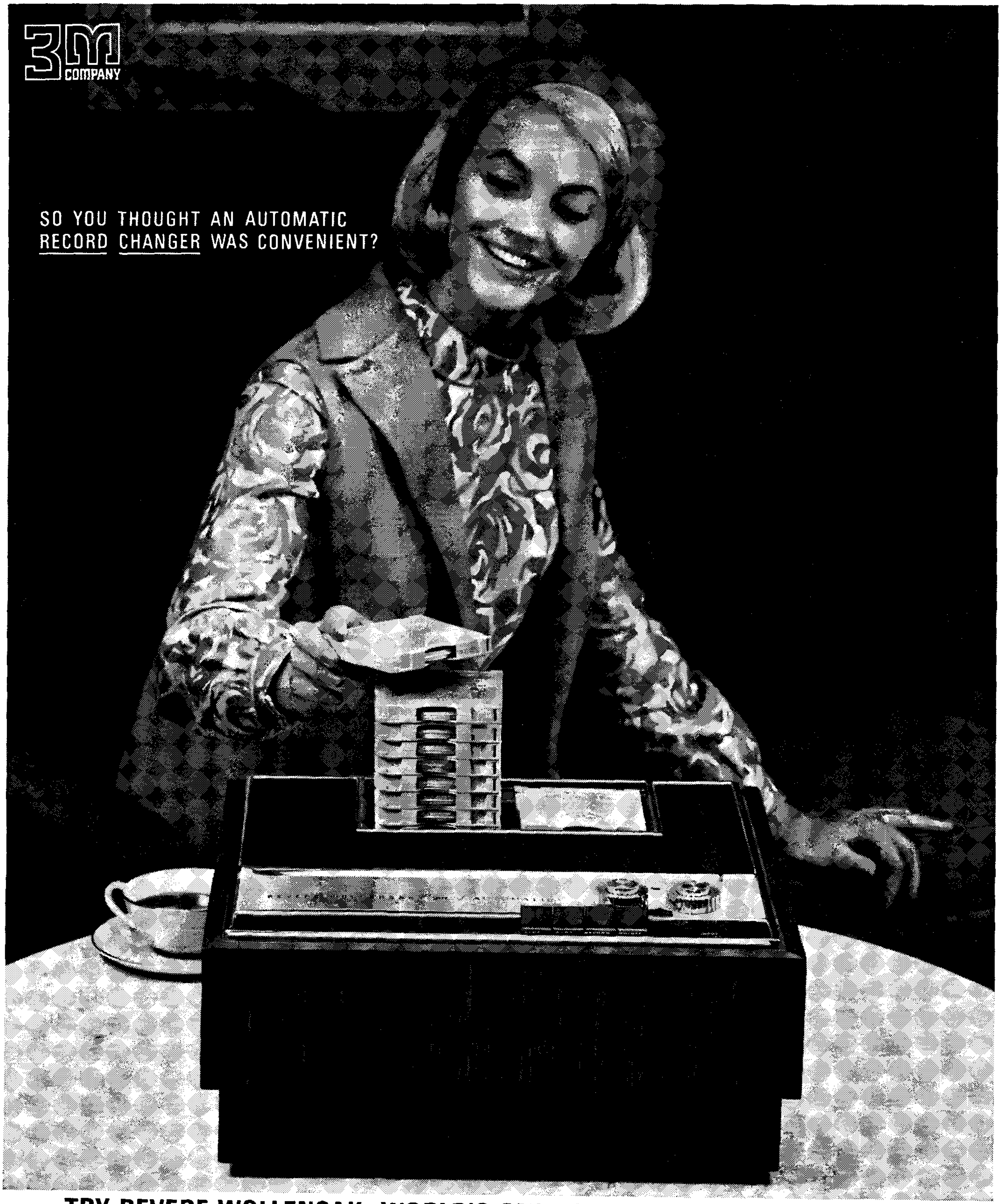

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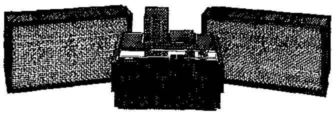

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wound up his disquisition on the facts of life, someone noticed an unfamiliar and strikingly youthful face in the crowd and asked its owner to identify himself. The unhesitating reply was "I'm Russell Watson, a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal.*" There was a short, stunned silence, in recognition of the fact that an untimely leak might still disturb the delicate balance of money and emotion that made up the agreement. Watson himself, who was twenty-four and had been on the *Journal* for a year, *has since explained how he got* into the meeting, and under what circumstances he left it. "I was new on the Stock Exchange beat then," he says. "Earlier in the day, there had been word that Funston would probably hold a press conference sometime that evening, so I went over to the Exchange. At the main entrance, I asked a guard where Mr. Funston's conference was. The guard said it was on the sixth floor, and ushered me into an elevator. I suppose he thought I was a banker, a Haupt partner, or a lawyer. On the sixth floor, people were milling around everywhere. I just walked off the elevator and into the office where the meeting was—nobody stopped me. I didn't understand much of what was going on. I got the feeling that whatever was at stake, there was general agreement but still a lot of haggling over details to be done. I didn't recognize anybody there but Funston. I stood around quietly for about five minutes before anybody noticed me, and then everybody said, pretty much at once, 'Good God, get out of here!' They didn't exactly *kick* me out, but I saw it was time to go."

During the haggling phase that followed—a painfully protracted one, it developed—the Haupt partners and their lawyers made a command post of Watts's office, while the bank representatives and *their* lawyers camped in the North Committee Room, just down the hall. Funston, who was determined that news of a settlement should be in the hands of investors before the opening of the market next morning, was going wild with irritation and frustration, and in an effort to speed things up he constituted himself a sort of combination messenger boy and envoy. "All Monday evening, I kept running back and forth saying, 'Look, they won't give in on this point, so you've got to,'" he recalls. "Or I'd say, 'Look what time it is—only twelve hours until tomorrow's market opening! Initial here.'"

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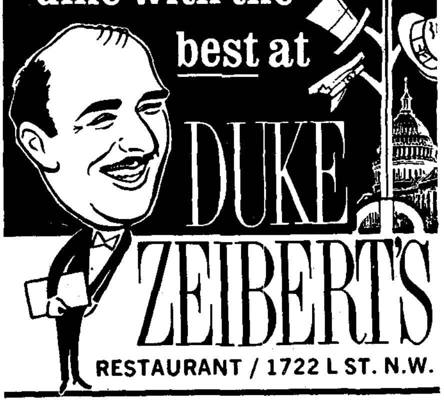

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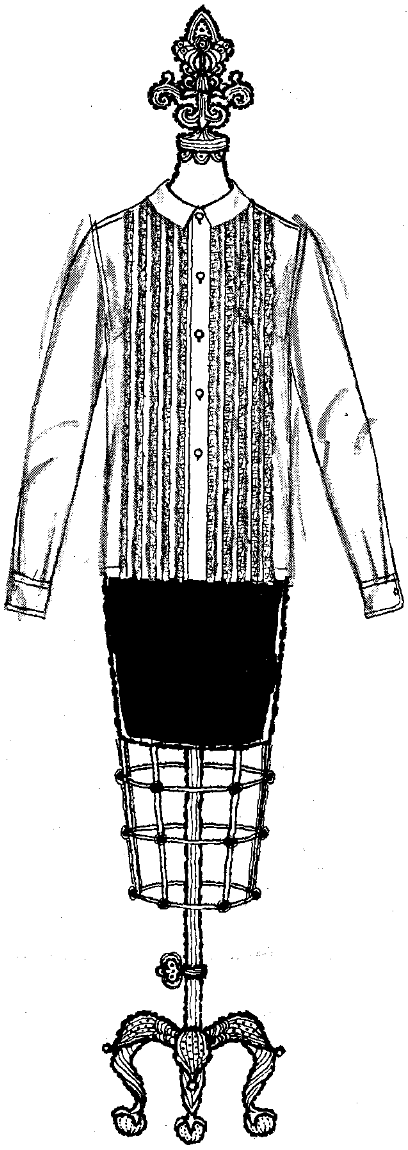

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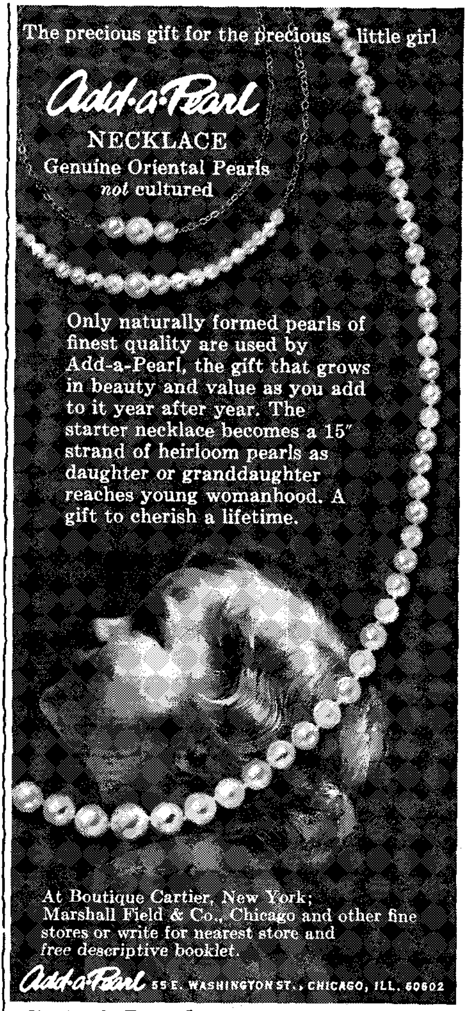
the market's reopening, the agreement was signed in the South Committee Room by the twenty-eight parties at interest, in an atmosphere that a participant has described as one of exhaustion and general relief. As soon as the banks opened on Tuesday morning, the Stock Exchange deposited seven and a half million dollars, a sum amounting to roughly one-third of its available reserve, in an account on which the Haupt liquidator could draw; the same morning, the liquidator himself—James P. Mahony, a veteran member of the Exchange's staff—moved into the Haupt offices to take charge. The stock market, encouraged by confidence in the new President or by news of the Haupt settlement, or by a combination of the two, had its greatest one-day rise in history, more than eliminating Friday's losses. A week later, on December 2nd, Mahony announced that $1,750,000 had already been paid out of the Stock Exchange account to bail out Haupt customers; by December 12th, the figure was up to $5,400,000, and by Christmas to $6,700,000. Finally, on March 11, 1964, the Exchange was able to report that it had dispensed nine and a half million dollars, and that the Haupt customers, with the exception of a handful who couldn't be found, were whole again.

THE agreement, in which some people see an unmistakable implication that Wall Street's Establishment now feels accountable for public harm caused by the misdeeds, or even the misfortunes, of any of its members, has given rise to a variety of reactions. The rescued Haupt customers were predictably grateful, of course. The *Times* said that the agreement was evidence of "a sense of responsibility that served to inspire investor confidence" and "may have helped to avoid a potential panic." In Washington, President Johnson interrupted his first business day in office to telephone Funston and congratulate him. The chairman of the S.E.C., William L. Cary, who is not ordinarily given to throwing bouquets at the Stock Exchange, said in December that it had furnished "a dramatic, impressive demonstration of its strength and concern for the public interest." Other stock exchanges around the world have not been heard from on the matter, but if one may judge by the unsentimental way that most of them do business, some of their officials must be indulging in a certain amount of headshaking over the strange doings in New York. The Stock Exchange's member firms, who are being assessed



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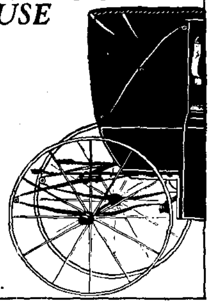

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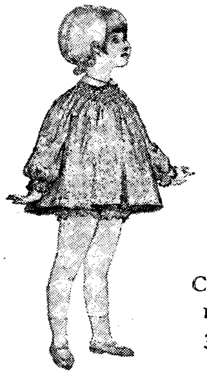

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for the nine and a half million dollars over a period of three years—and who, in fact, have reimbursed the Exchange substantially already—appear to be generally satisfied, although a few of them have been heard to grumble that fine old firms with justified reputations for skill and probity should not be asked to pay the losses of greedy upstarts who overstep and get caught out. Oddly, almost no one seems to have expressed gratitude to the British and American banks, which up to now have recouped somewhat less than half of their losses. It may be that people simply don't thank banks, except in television commercials.

The Stock Exchange itself, meanwhile, has been torn between blushingly accepting congratulations and prudently, if perhaps gracelessly, insisting that what it did isn't to be regarded as a precedent—that it wouldn't necessarily do the same thing again. Nor are the Exchange's officials at all sure that the same thing would have been done if the Haupt case had occurred earlier—even a very little earlier. Crooks, who was chairman of the Exchange a decade or so ago, feels that the chances of such action during his term would have been about fifty-fifty. Funston, who assumed his present office in 1951, feels that the matter would have been "questionable" during the early years of his incumbency. "One's idea of public responsibility is evolutionary," he says. He is particularly annoyed by the idea, which he has heard repeatedly, that the Exchange acted out of a sense of guilt. Psychoanalytic interpretations of the event, he feels, are gratuitous, not to say churlish. As for those older governors who glared, quite possibly balefully, at the negotiations from their gilt frames in the Governors' Room and the North and South Committee Rooms, their reaction to the whole proceeding may be imagined but cannot be known.

—JOHN BROOKS

•

The basic drag car has a long chassis with motorcycle spoked wheels at the front—no brakes. Two thirds of the way back the engine—usually a V8—sits between the chassis rails. A couple of feet behind this is the cockpit with the pilot sitting with his front legs over the rear axle.—*Motor.*

And his hind legs trailing.

•

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—*Washington Post.*

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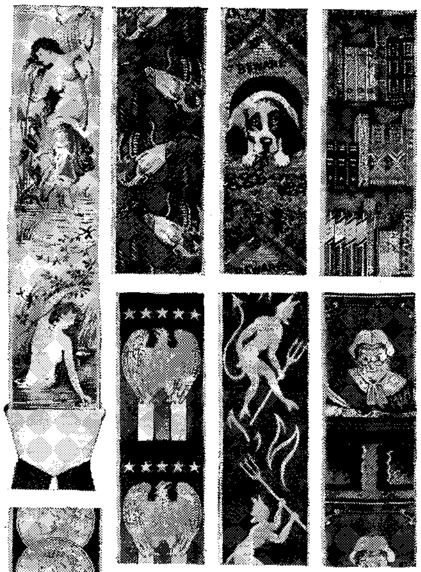
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

OCTOBER 27, 1964

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN a recent Letter from Edinburgh that I wrote for *The New Yorker*, the word "whisky," in accordance with your magazine's style rules, appears in the form "whiskey." This would hardly be worth noting were it not that I was writing specifically about Scotland; hence, the precious fluid I was referring to *passim* was without question Scotch whisky. Now, a quick glance at the labels in any liquor store in New York will make it clear that while the Irish, rye, and bourbon camps letter their product "whiskey," Canadian and Scottish distillers stick consistently to the spelling "whisky." While it is just possible to lay one's hands on Irish whiskey in Scotland, I doubt seriously whether any Scottish publican would consider it worth his while to keep rye or bourbon in stock. Scotsmen drink whisky, which is to say Scotch whisky, except that in Scotland the qualification "Scotch" is never used, since it is completely unnecessary. There is no need to distinguish Scotch from any other whisky or whiskey. Whisky *is* Scotch; there is no choice. Hence, to my eye the "ey" spelling appears laughably outlandish.

Since I first tripped over the obtrusive "e," however, I have run into a regular whigmaleerie of confusion around the variant spellings of this word. It derives originally from the Irish Gaelic "*uisce beathadh*" and the Scots Gaelic "*uisge beatha*," meaning "water of life" (just who hit on it first, the Scots or the Irish, will always remain a bone of historical contention), and since, in antiquity, both spelling and distilling were fairly amateur practices, the forms "whiskee" and "whiskie" were just as likely to crop up as the other two. In the first half of the nineteenth century, when the distilling of spiritus frumenti became a trade instead of a private activity, Scotch whisky and Irish whiskey, as distinct as two peas, were thus differentiated in spelling. The use of the "ey" spelling for bourbon, rye, and Irish and the "y" for Scotch and Canadian is a distinction firm enough to receive a nod from both Webster and the Oxford Dictionary but one that in practice, I discover, is honored as much in the breach as in the observance. The New York *Times*, for example, uses the spelling "whisky" throughout—a fact



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I would have thought might draw a spate of letters from purpling Kentucky colonels. The Encyclopedia Americana uses "whiskies" instead of "whiskeys," as the plural of "whiskey," and a fair number of books I have consulted blunder about between the two spellings. But the confusions do not end there. Acting on some bizarre information turned up for me by a Mr. Vitriol, assistant in the research department of the Licensed Beverage Industries, in Manhattan, I checked in my local liquor store and found, sure enough, that the brands Early Times and Old Forester, both bourbons, spell themselves "whisky" on their labels. Moreover, a display card surrounding a bottle on the counter read "Premier Scotch Whiskey," while the label on the bottle itself read "Premier Scotch Whisky."

I have no idea what all this proves, except confusion; nor do I think that to drink, it is necessary to be able to spell. But it does seem to me that the blending process is spilling over into spelling. I admit to having a native taste for Scotch whisky and English usage, but I would expect bourbon and Irish drinkers to be just as bewildered as I. It dawned on me last year, when the Spaniards succeeded in distilling a recognizable "ooeeskee," that the trade was in for a jolt or two. I only hope that Mr. Vitriol and his fellows are up to doing something about it. But let me at least remove the impression left by your spelling that Scotland—which, after all, produces torrentially more distilled spirit for its size than any other place in the world—is taking quietly to bourbon, rye, and Irish. The thought is vaguely terrifying.

Yours, etc.,
ALASTAIR REID

•

ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE by David Wallis is a highly imaginative novel in which the teen-agers of England take over the country after all their elders commit suicide in one mass wave. Civilization is reduced to a shambles in almost no time. The teen-agers loot London and then branch out into the countryside on their motorbikes.

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•

As Stokowski began with Handel's Concerto Grosso, and followed with Brahms' Third Symphony, Princess Zalessky reminded us that Stokie, as she calls him, first came to New York as organist at St. Bartholomew's.—*Joseph X. Dever in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

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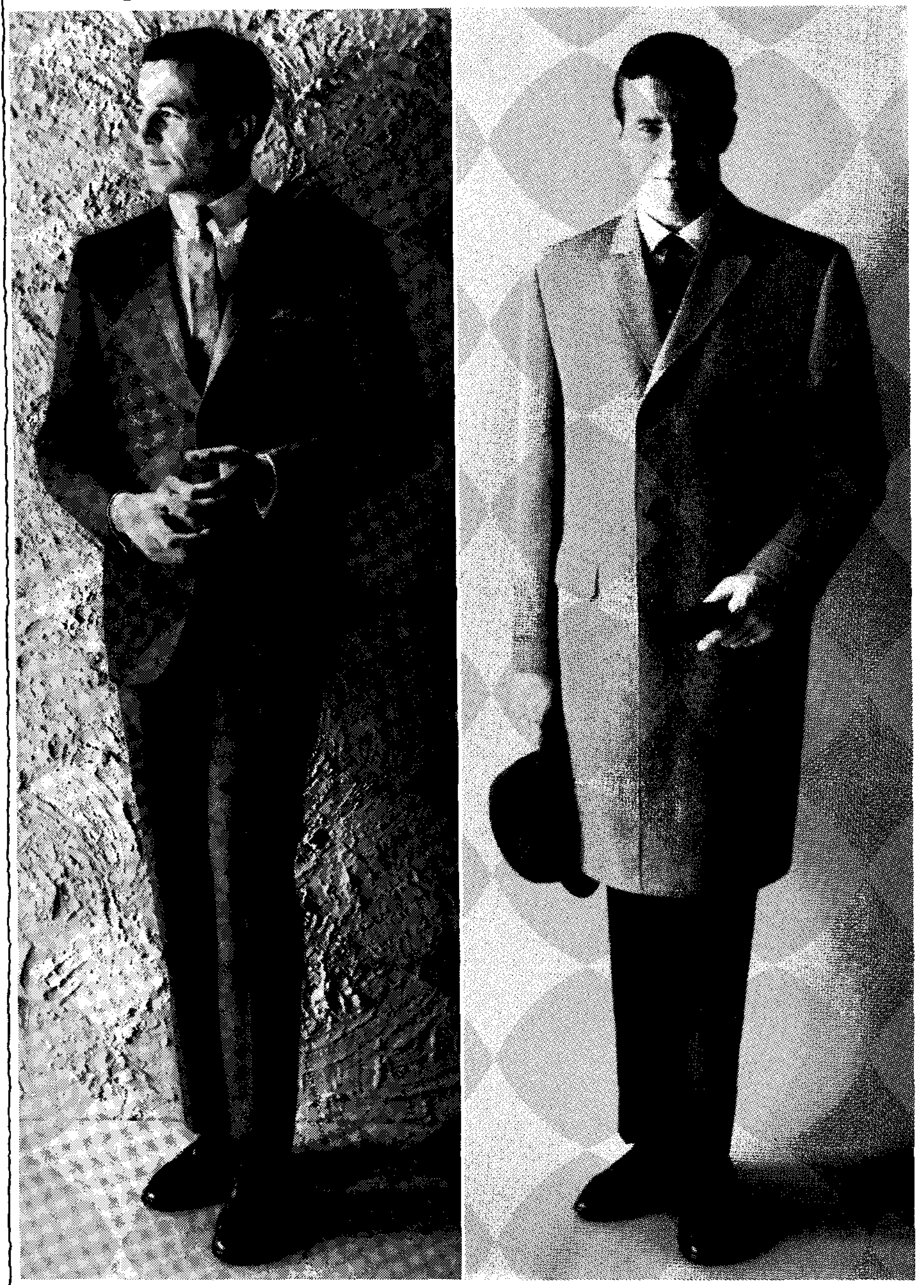

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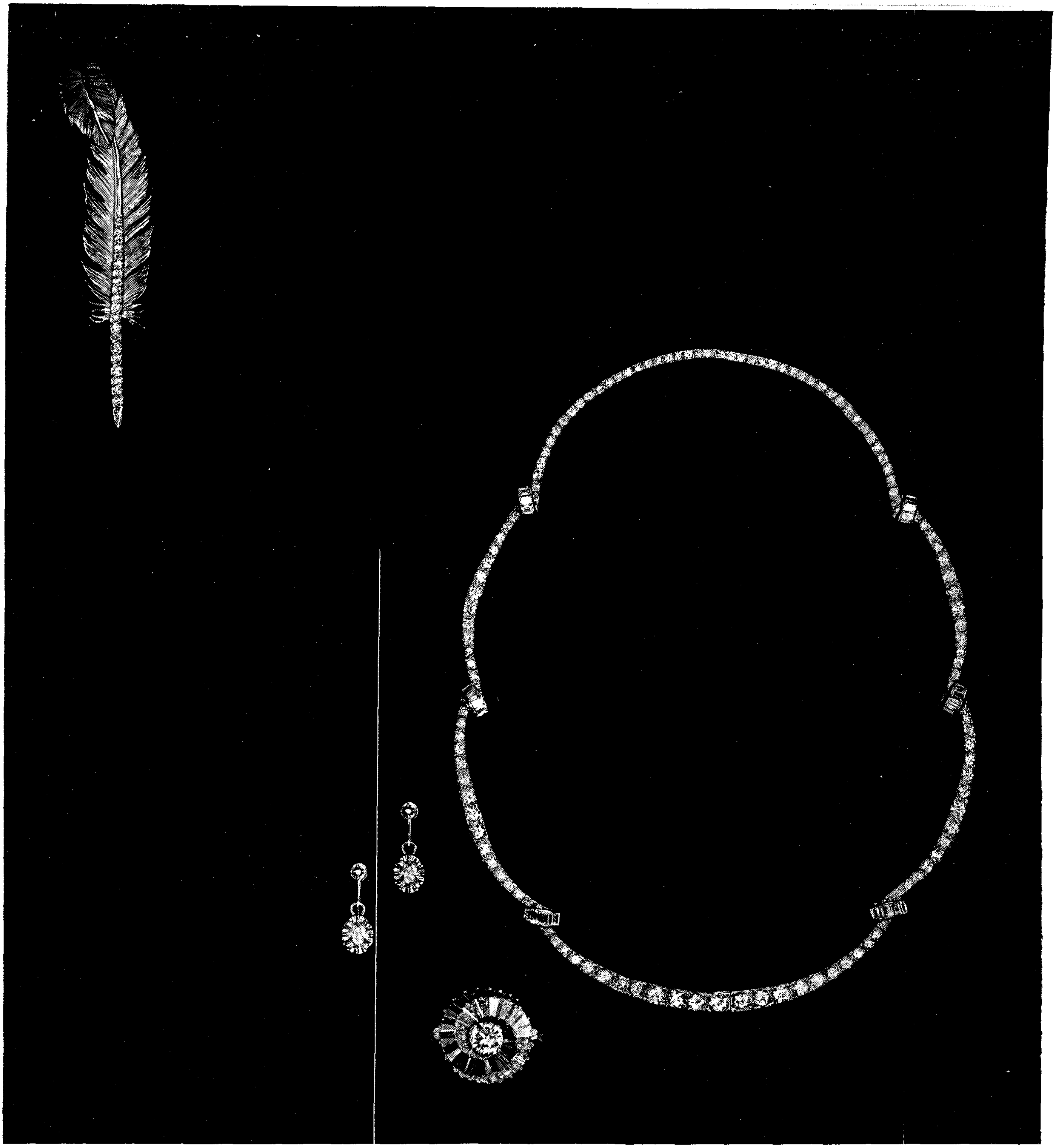

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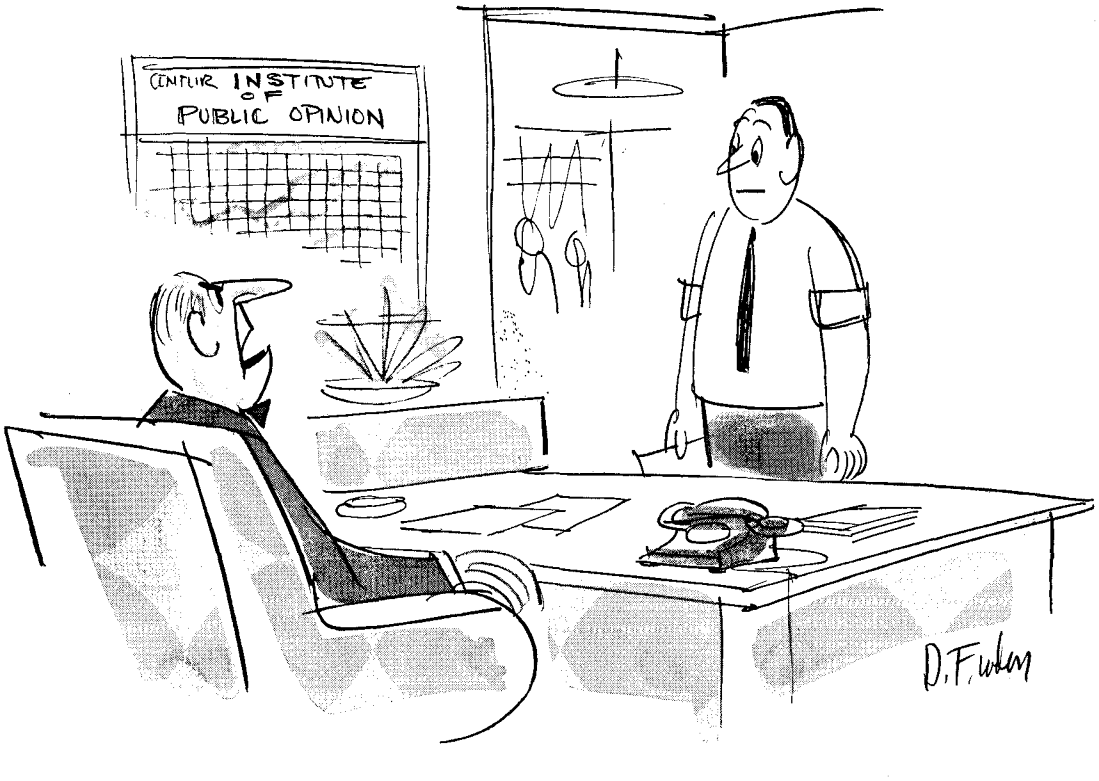
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

JUST as I begin to think that I have seen all that there is to see in our town, along comes another collection of custom furs that I simply cannot resist. A few days back, it was Revillon, at Saks Fifth Avenue, that was craving an audience. It got one from me, and I'm glad I went. If appearances mean anything at all, the Revillon customers possess a wild yearning for natural, untamed mink from Labrador. One of its appearances is a coat with a wide portrait collar laid out in unnotched Vs on the shoulders. Such things start off at $13,200 (every statistic I shall quote will include the federal tax) and go way up. To this middle-class eye, though, they do not look that gloriously expensive. Revillon also likes, and so do I, shirred detail, as on a coat of India broadtail, dyed blue, that gets shirring just under the bosom and around the hips (a tailored belt is in between), and as on a coat of black India broadtail with a wide band of shirring around the waistline, plus a bow tie, plus collar and cuffs of black sable. Russian broadtail in brown or natural gray does a coat with a straight, lapped front and a collar not quite big enough to be a cape, and Russian broadtail in black does a coat with a sort of standoffish band collar, bloused sleeves, and tight cuffs. A stole is a stole is a stole, as well we all know, but Revillon makes a difference by trying it in a parquet design of white Russian ermine, using a double row of ten-inch-wide squares of the fur. Sporting life, or semi-sporting, is dealt with by natural brown possum in a huge, enveloping seven-eighths-length coat whose skins are worked horizontally to make it look even wider; tailored daytime life is dealt with by Lakoda seal dyed black and made into a redingote that has eight double-breasted buttons below huge convertible lapels. ("Convertible" here means that they button up into a pointed collar.) A double pleat front and back gives the skirt a long, swingy air; $1,430. Fey as can be—and I believe that it is an idea that came first to Revillon—is a straight coat of Spanish lamb that has been dyed dark blue and ornamented with diamond-shaped plaques of the lamb bordered by vast white crossbars; $726, and representing what must be called swank. Gaily planned, I would say, for utter schizos about clothes are a brace of suits—one of black Alaska seal, with straight pants and a three-button jacket, and one of India-broadtail pants that flare at the bottom and a middy blouse (to maintain the nautical notion) of white Russian ermine.

AND then I just had to inspect Stein & Blaine, a firm that has dropped every aspect of the care-and-cultivation-of-womanhood business except fur. I thought especially well of its coat of Russian otter with a fairly thick pile. This fur is pale beige, and it is worked in vertical strips. The coat has wide, unnotched lapels and three large pearl buttons, and it is under $2,500. Sleek Brazilian river otter makes another prize package; likewise pale beige, it is turned into a coat with a turnover collar of pale mink, and there are no seams at all down the back. This is true, too, of a coat of natural, or dark-brown, Brazilian river otter, which has horizontal slash pockets, placed low, three buttons to fasten it, and a collar of ranch mink. Then, there is Kitovi Alaska seal, in a coat, straight as an arrow, with bindings of navy satin around the notched collar, the flaps of the three pockets, and the front closing.

REVILLON and Stein & Blaine, grand as their furs are, have but temporarily diverted me from my new purpose in life—a report on things to be worn *under* all these coats, things most of which happen to be custom, whose infinite variety, let it be added, seems never to stale. Let us commence with Bergdorf Goodman, on the second floor, where ideas by Bergdorf's Leslie Morris, by the best of the French designers, and by the best of the English designers are at hand. It is a Valley of Temptation that one enters—this floor—for the fur salon of Emeric Partos (upon which I have earlier expatiated) is at one end, and if you escape that, you can be intercepted on the fifty-yard line by the intoxicating fur hats of Halston. If you do get to the custom clothes, you should be taken at once—as I was—by the work of Michael of London, who manages to make long-line jackets that do *not* foreshorten you. The hazards at Saks Fifth Avenue are smaller, because the Revillon furs are on the fifth floor, and Sophie and Tatiana are two floors below that. In Sophie's custom collection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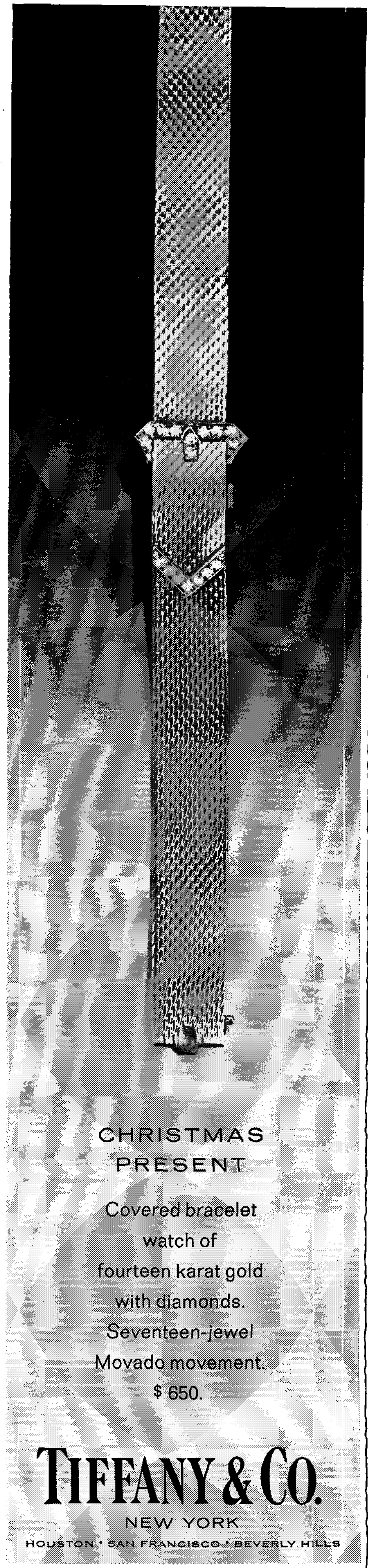

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are her famous suits, one of them a beauty of turquoise woolly tweed, with two patch pockets; a paler shade makes a Tatiana turban that ends up in a point to the rear. A splendid culotte suit of meshy gray tweed could be worn anywhere. An ample overlap conceals the divided skirt, front and back, and a turtleneck blouse completes the job. There are all-purpose, any-weather coat dresses, too, for the footloose. One is of a meshy tan mohair with a huge fringed scarf to match; another is of Kelly tweed with a four-button square on the stomach, a deep square neck, a stole, and a skirt that is folded over in front. The Sophie cocktail and evening clothes are already known for their necklines and their grace in general, so I will mention only two—a dinner dress of reëmbroidered black lace over a white satin slip (which deliberately *shows* at the bottom, shame on it!), and an ice-blue satin dress, of formal length, with a deep V neck, a *cocarde* at one side of the belt, and pockets in the full, gathered skirt.

MY fondness for adventurous people in the business of fashion (and there are too few) extends to Scaasi, whose new emporium for custom clothes fills me with delight. (It is at 26 East 56th Street.) One of the things to enchant me is a cape costume, the cape reversible from brushed gray wool to a steely gray-and-tan hound's-tooth check. The cape is narrow and double-breasted; the simple dress below it has a zipper that begins in back and extends up one shoulder. There are real fluffy coats, such as an extra-thick blanket one with six black braid buttons down each side; I saw it in a bewildering turquoise-and-purple combination, but there are plenty of swatches to choose from. For cocktails, I craved a dance-and-theatre outfit of black peau with up-and-down squiggles of black sequins writhing over it. The skirt of this has a sharp overlap in front to contribute an A flare, and the short, sharply cut jacket goes over a strapless top of black satin. If you plan on being ingénue or débutante, try this white brocade dance-length costume—a camisole-necked dress, the wraparound type of skirt Scaasi admires, and a matching seven-eighths-length coat. Splendor is evolved out of black wool matelassé with a raised, wide-V pattern. The dress it makes has an easy shape and a nice camisole top; the coat fastens down one side with satin loops. This looks young indeed. Now that I ponder it, the whole Scaasi collection does. As for Scaasi's doings

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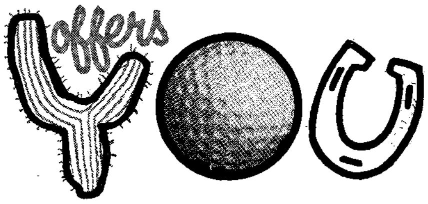

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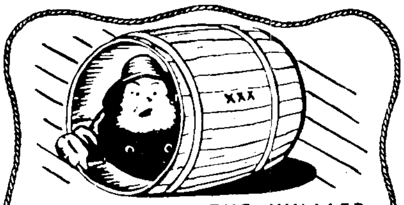

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with feathery white, they involve wisps of ostrich, organza leaves, and coq plumage to make big skirts for formal evenings, or linings of coats, or whatever. Me, I prefer a formal coat of blue zibeline topped with brown ostrich feathers assembled as if to form an elbow-length cape. All this goes over a strapless evening dress of iridescent blue peau de Londres.

SINCE I am on the subject of mavericks, I should spread the word that Eleanora Garnett's works are now to be found at Evelyn Byrnes' establishment, at 480 Park Avenue (58th). The old rules still apply—if Mme. Byrnes doesn't have your size, your measurements will be flown to Rome and the dress will be delivered in two weeks.

Bob Bugnand, at 19 East 62nd Street, is another rebel. This season, you choose from his sketches and fabrics, and what you want will be made to order, but in New York, within three or four weeks. And for the Bugnand boutique, Sam Friedlander, who is adept at transferring high style to a comfortable financial level, has evolved ready-to-wear Bugnands at between $100 and $200.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S Oscar de la Renta shows his Spanish blood and his Balenciaga training in a terrific flamenco dress of black silk. A double flounce, six inches wide, rises in front and trails to the floor in back; the neckline is bateau forward and U behind. His pink faille ball gown has a stark front and simple, tailored bows down the low-waisted back. The high-waisted, glitter-top evening dress, with a taut midriff and little gathers at the waistline (the waist is *still* narrow, just the same), is undoubtedly here to stay, and de la Renta does it in purple bengaline, with pink glitter on the top; the sleeves are short. Fur trimmings meet with his favor; witness the mink across the neckline of a dress in an orange-and-gold-and-silver brocade, plus the mink at the ends of the tiny sleeves. Or he will employ ruffles instead of fur; a dress of bright-green brocade with silver and gold overlays is constructed with a high ruffle around the neck and a ruffle at the formal hem. Then (this is just showing off) comes his formal coat of pale-blue net with iridescent sequins the size of half a dollar all over it. (It presents an unbroken front, but it divides up the back; after all, women do like to sit.) Wisps of ostrich feathers are as ubiquitous on it as the sequins. Arden's clothes are

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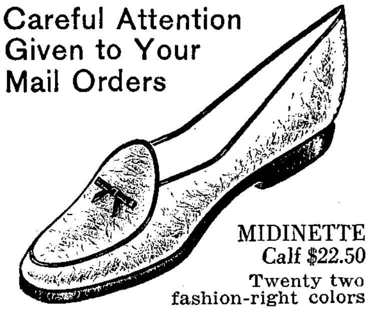

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often ready-to-wear, but one may order in different fabrics and sizes.

Chez Ninon, at 487 Park Avenue (58th), ferrets out French and Italian clothes that are *not* copied all over the place. I have seen nowhere else a Capucci coat of heavy tan whipcord with slanting pockets in front, a standup collar, and an inverted pleat that descends from the high waistline in back. From Lanvin comes a suit with a new kind of look. The fly-front jacket is hipbone length, and five bone buttons *and* the requisite buttonholes ascend each sleeve (real man's tailoring). This is shown in charcoal tweed, and a triangular scarf of a meshy blue wool tops it off. For evening, Ninon likewise takes to those high-waisted glitter-top things. From Castillo there is a high-busted dress of green-and-black quilted lamé, with a cellophane shimmer, along with a coat of Kelly lamé; from Givenchy, for dancing under palms or a cruise ship's chandeliers, there is a dress of American Beauty satin with a bateau neck and a high-waisted seam. Massed beads—red and green at the top and red at the base of the bolero jacket—make for almost a new high in glitter tops. Ninon's own designer has committed another beauty—the top a welter of black paillettes, and the high-waisted, gathered skirt of yaller satin. Here one also sees a perfect little dinner-and-theatre dress, of fine ribbed black silk. The front is bateau-necked and sedate as anything; in back, there is a deep, square décolletage with an absurd matching bow at each side on the ribs.

Oldric Royce can be piquant as well as elegant. A handy proof of this is a short dress of black lace with three emphatic outward tiers in back—one at the base of the low, oblong neck, one making a rather deep peplum, one in a backward flare at the hem of the skirt. Mr. R. loves backward flares anyway; a gray wool coat dress has a low panel flipping out astern, to mention one more instance. A bolero suit of black cloqué silk is equipped with a two-button closing, and the bolero is curved out at the base to show the pink satin blouse; the tie at the neck repeats the satin. A slightly fitted coat of silk twill lined with white mink is Simply To Die. The dress beneath is of silk twill, double-faced—the pretty minx. The evening picture is always on the mind of Mr. Royce. Let's look at a chemise (most of us use "shift" now) of black crêpe entirely covered with looped jet fringe. As for majestic

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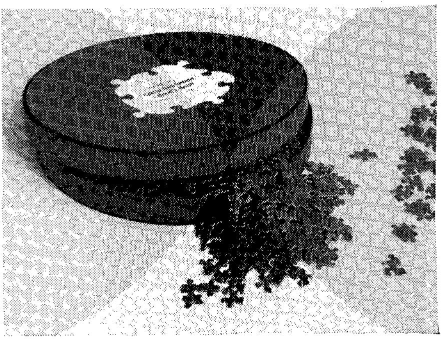

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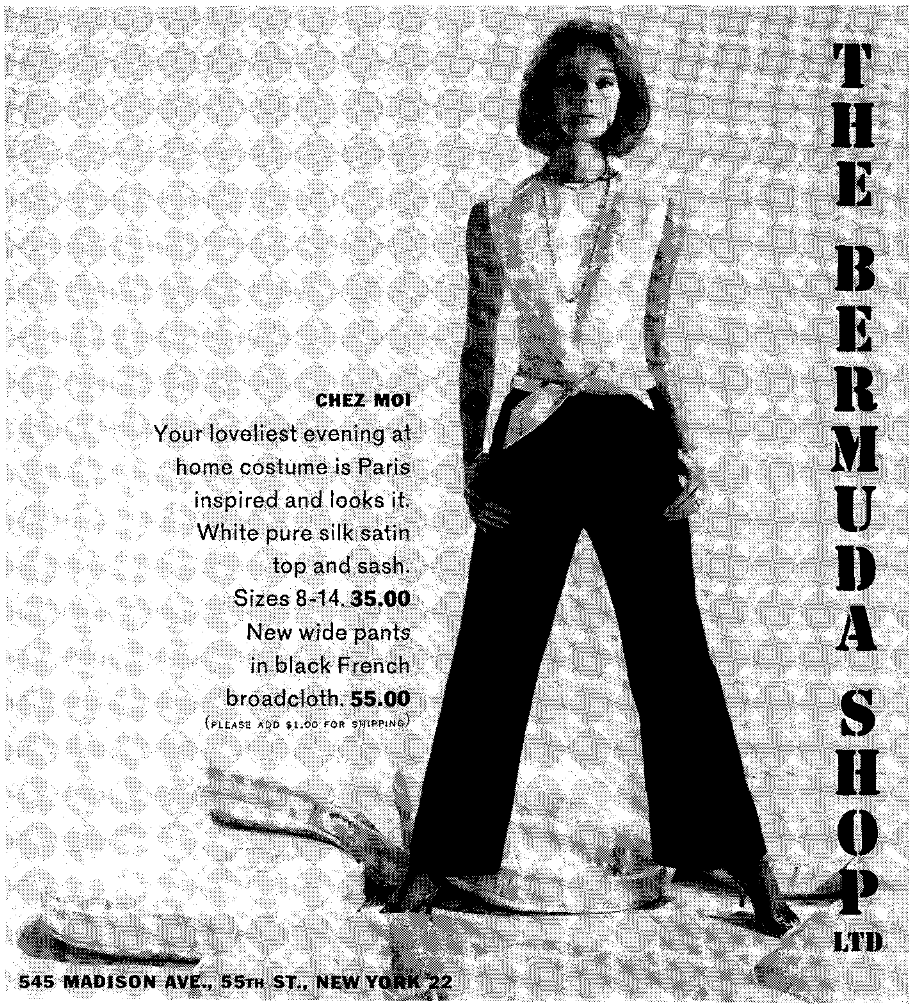
ball gowns, I cite one of blue satin with a huge stole, plus a top in a blue-and-fuchsia-bead pattern.

RESTLESS women of any age, whether they leave country homes in Connecticut to go to the theatre or whether they head for Hong Kong, will find a couple of imaginative helpmeets in Jonai and in Betty Metcalf, both of which establishments build adjustable wardrobes for high-flying emergencies. Jonai, which operates at 12 East 53rd Street, has ready-to-wear on hand as well as the work of its own designer, Norman Johnson. A honey is a basic shift of black jersey with a rolled-over collar. Over this can go either a sleeveless coat of Alaskine with a belt across the front or a dress, slit up the sides, of a beige French wool challis, with a leather belt across the front. Or you dream up your own ideas. Norman Johnson does several things, one a perfectly conventional skirt of reddish-brown tweed. For sudden elopements, maybe, a blouse of pale mustard crêpe accompanies it, and there is a long, pleated skirt of the mustard to convert the thing into a formal evening dress. One of the best-looking coat dresses I've seen in plenty of days is of black wool crêpe with sixteen gores down the body and a zipper so well concealed that its own mother couldn't find it; another, of black Alaskine, has bone buttons and a slightly gathered eighteen-inch-wide ruffle at the bottom. Johnson goes real vamp in a long, slinky dress of a gray synthetic that looks exactly like shiny wet asphalt. It has a very deep U back, and crystal fringe garnishes the long sleeves of its short, buttoned-in-back jacket.

BETTY METCALF has her own ways of dealing with the always-on-the-move customers. She starts you off with a tweed suit, and next thing you know, you're ordering harmonizing separates—pants, shells in various hues, coats, and all the rest. Just a few examples of her town-to-country-to-overseas ideas—a short, straight jacket suit of camel's hair, plus a suède vest for deep country and a yellow brocade top for the theatre; printed-chiffon blouson separates, with both long and short skirts, for her southern-bound friends; a costume that consists of a gray flannel cocktail dress with a high neck and a deep oblong back, and a very proper jacket, of the same stuff, that can reverse to its lining of gray, white, and gold lamé. With this, a girl can instantly convert from Priscilla to Cleopatra merely by being a turnjacket.

—LOIS LONG



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FOOTBALL

It Takes All Kinds

In the Princeton countryside, no longer limitless but still ample, football can be in vast supply. On Saturday last, it was possible—if one walked the proper strips of turf and, alternately, stood at the proper spot in one grandstand or another—to see nearly all of four football matches in a continuous gymkhana that began at midmorning and ended just before four in the afternoon. Army's hundred-and-fifty-pound team beat its Princeton counterparts, Harvard's junior varsity beat the Princeton ditto, Harvard's freshmen won (28–22) over Princeton's freshmen in the wildest and woolliest match of the day, and Princeton's varsity beat Harvard's varsity, 16–0. Because William Berkley, a two-hundred-pound sophomore back, would rather play football than sit on the Princeton varsity bench most of the time, he is officially assigned to the Princeton junior varsity, but—like several of his j.-v. teammates—he is on standby duty for the varsity, and occasionally gets to play in two games in one day. Berkley can now and then be seen, toward the end of the afternoon, carrying the ball for the varsity. Last Saturday, the Princeton coach sent him into the varsity match within the first five minutes and with a brand-new mission—a quick kick. A good quick kick can unhinge the equilibrium of one's opponent, and this one left the ball dancing tentatively on Harvard's three-yard line while three even more tentative Harvards tried to decide whether to pick the ball up and run with it or let it go. Before they were able to take a vote, a cluster of Princetonians met up with the Harvards. In the ensuing tumbling act, the ball was knocked over the goal line, where Pizzarello, the Princeton quarterback, snaffled it for the game's only touchdown. For the hundredth time Princeton had demonstrated that the way to play winning Ivy League football is to tempt Luck to sit on your side of the stadium. Gogolak's three field goals made the rest easy for Princeton.

Meanwhile, at Yankee Stadium, Army, losing to Syracuse, 27–15, was demonstrating a novelty—for the first time this season, it was leading off

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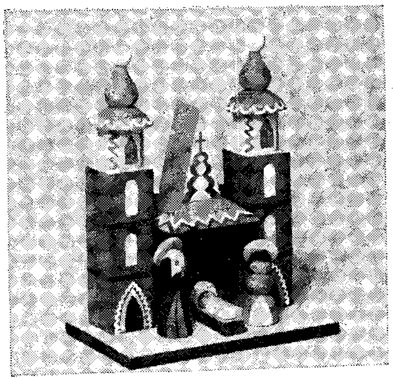

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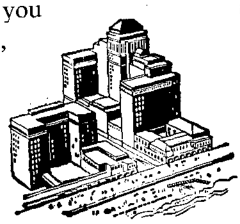

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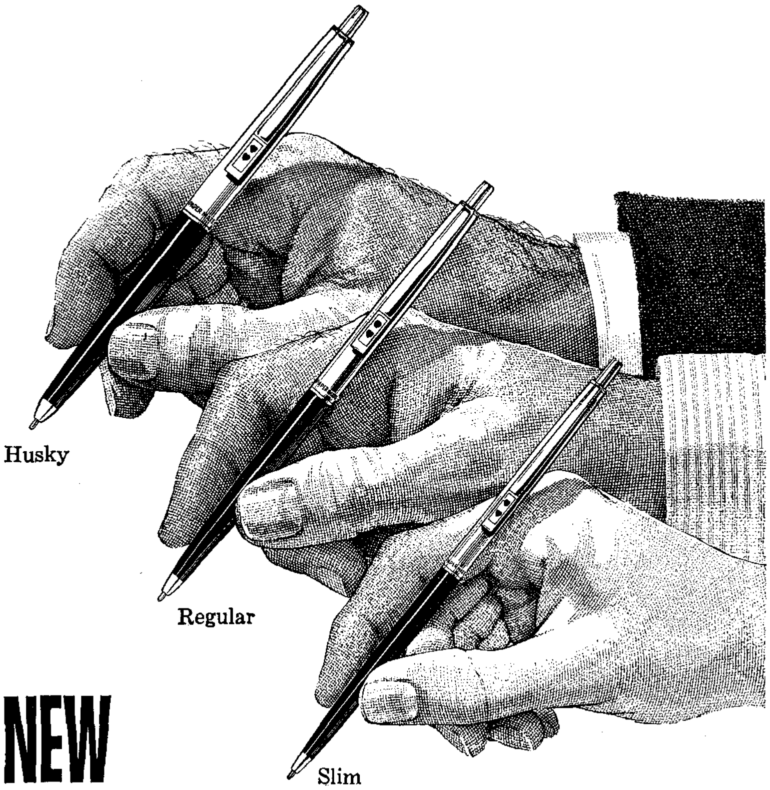
with the offensive backfield (Stichweh, Johnson, Parcells, and Seymour) that it had hoped to use all fall. Stichweh is the only corner of this rectangle who has been in condition to play every match. It's a damn good starting backfield, but Army, which delights in booking the biggest teams it can find, was pitting this backfield against such Syracuse behemoths as Oyer, Mahle, Nance, and Little, who were clearly looking over Army's shoulder toward an invitation to go, with their teammates, to Miami, where, on New Year's Night, two yet-to-be-chosen teams will be televised in color and paid $207,000 apiece for their pains, their aches, and their muscle bruises. It is not unlikely that there are Ivy League teams that do not gross this much in a season. It all has something to do, I expect, with keeping deëmphasis of football (*that* old phrase again) where it belongs.

Army drew thirty-seven thousand customers to Yankee Stadium—not many more than it could have had in its cozy home in Michie Stadium. Yankee Stadium is where Fordham and N.Y.U., when they were in the Box Office League, played host. Last Saturday, for the first time in a dozen years, Fordham and N.Y.U. joined forces again, but in a much more informal place—the Fordham campus—and manner. It was Fordham 20, N.Y.U. 14, in a match that was anyone's right down to the end. Thirteen thousand showed up for this pleasant event—about the size of the audiences that Columbia played to, all those years back, when its football field was right on campus, up at Morningside Heights. (It's nice to know that not everything in this town has to be on the empire-building scale.) Columbia, which up until Saturday had been the town's only college footballer, was in Hanover, where Roberts, its quarterback, went through the routine of setting new records while his team lost another match—Dartmouth 31, Columbia 14. Navy went through its routine of losing, this time (27–22) to a team, Maryland, that had itself lost five matches this season. Yale went through its routine of managing to make do by beating Pennsylvania, 21–9, and Pennsylvania discarded *its* routine and made its first Ivy League touchdown of the fall. Brown beat Cornell in a match in which the score went by leaps and bounds (31–28), the way it does in professional football. And Staubach of Navy put himself up at parity with the pros by throwing thirty-nine passes and making good on twenty-five of them. The weather, to issue a final congratu-



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This exhibition of unusual interest has been made possible by the generous cooperation of many people both here and abroad. Open from October 12th until Sir Winston's birthday on November 30th.

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lation, broke an autumnal record by being brisk and crystal-clear again not only for the Saturday college matches but for the Sunday Jets and Shea Stadium. —J. W. L.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND
(WIZARDRY DIVISION)

[*From the London Times*]

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE:
CHANCERY DIVISION
RAVING AND GOBBLING
POOLE V. STONOR
Before Mr. Justice Pennycuick

His Lordship, in this action by Mr. Ingram Poole, barrister, of Brooklands, Sarisbury Green, Hampshire, made an order by consent restraining the defendant, Mr. Charles R. Stonor, Mr. Poole's neighbour, of North Brooklands, Sarisbury Green, from whooping, dancing, shouting, raving, mocking, jeering, gesturing, hissing, catcalling, making gobbling noises and faces at Mr. Poole and members of Mr. Poole's household, his visitors, servants or agents, and otherwise causing distress to such persons, and affixing notices and writing upon the flashing lights over Mr. Poole's property.

His Lordship also made three other orders disposing, by consent, of the action. The terms of settlement further provided for the payment out to Mr. Poole of 200 guineas paid into court by Mr. Stonor as damages, and payment by Mr. Stonor of agreed costs of £660 by instalments.

INTOLERABLE CONDUCT

Mr. M. O'Connell Stranders, Q.C., for Mr. Poole, said that his client's and Mr. Stonor's homes had once been one house which had been cut into two parts. Mr. Poole had put up with quite intolerable conduct on Mr. Stonor's part for a very long time.

In his statement of claim, Mr. Poole complained of acts since January, 1961. One allegation was that Mr. Stonor "walked round and round and to and fro on Mr. Poole's drive close to his house and garage and on one occasion on the afternoon of Sunday, July 22, 1962, did the like when dressed up in a black robe or gown and a headdress or mock wig with two pieces sticking out at the back and wearing glasses and carrying a large book."

Other allegations were of "standing about and loitering on the drives; lurking in and about the adjacent shrubberies; shining and flashing lights; standing and staring in a menacing manner at Mr. Poole's windows and kitchen door; wailing, groaning, and declaiming in a manner frightening, upsetting, and distressing to members of Mr. Poole's household; and directing loud forced laughter and dancing in front of Mr. Poole and others lawfully on his land."

Among the terms disposing of the case was one that Mr. Stonor must not trespass on Mr. Poole's land. He was also not to damage Mr. Poole's fences, gates, shrubberies, or growing plants or "cause a nuisance by noise and uproar." . . .

His Lordship said that he hoped the Court would hear no more of the matter.

Mr. Stranders.—Nobody concurs more in that than my client.

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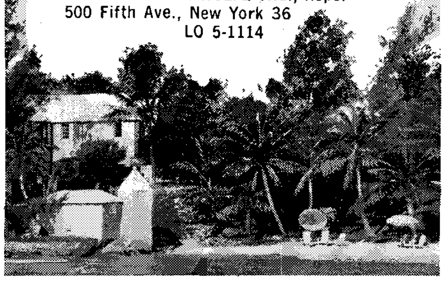

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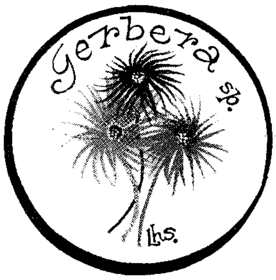
BOY IN A BOATER

IN the third summer of World War II, the sunlight that filtered through the canvas stretched between the roof girders of London's Liverpool Street station heightened the evidence of bomb damage and the general dinginess. And when the train from Cambridge drew in, midmorning on a late July day, and some twenty small boys dressed in gray flannel shorts, purple blazers, and straw boaters spilled off it, a foreigner might well have thought that there would always be an England.

I was there to meet one of them—the eight-year-old son of a friend I had been visiting in the country, who, knowing I was going to London to see a dentist, had asked me to pick David up and bring him home. The boys had come from King's College preparatory school, which supplies the choristers for King's College Chapel. The choristers receive free schooling, but David was not one of them. After he had competed, unsuccessfully, in a voice trial the previous year, his mother decided to send him to that school anyway, as a paying boarder. The reputation of the school was high, and the atmosphere impressed her as being happy. Now, wearing his colorful summer uniform, David was coming home for the holidays after his first term.

Having been warned to expect me instead of his mother, he greeted me cheerfully and affectionately. His trunk had been sent ahead of him the day before, and he carried a small suitcase. I did not think he would want to carry it around in London, so we went in a taxi to Marylebone station, from which we planned to leave that afternoon, and put it in the Left Luggage Office. I gave him the ticket to stow in his small purse, which he had drawn out of a pocket, politely offering to pay for the storage.

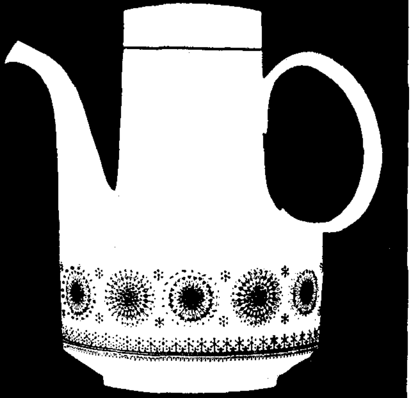


When I had agreed to meet him, I told his mother that my appointment was for two-thirty, and so he would have to come with me and sit in the dentist's waiting room. Afterward, I said, if there was time, I would take him to Selfridge's, in Oxford Street, to see a Spitfire that was on view in the basement. I told her we would catch the four-ten train from Marylebone and should be home by five-thirty. Since the war started, she had been living in a small cottage in Buckinghamshire, a mile and a half from Gt. Missenden station. There were two rail routes from London to Gt. Missenden—the suburban line, from Baker Street, and the main (London and North Eastern) line, from Marylebone, which I preferred, though the trains ran less frequently than those from Baker Street. She had said that she wanted to make a special cake for David's homecoming, which she would not be able to do if she went to meet him, but I thought there was another reason for her staying home. She had recently been ill, and for more than a year had been under great strain because her husband was a prisoner of the Japanese, and until a month before she had not known that he was alive. Probably she was just not up to the trip.

I told David the plan for the day, and when a little later, riding down Oxford Street on our way to lunch, we passed Selfridge's, I pointed to the store and said that was where the Spitfire was on show. David said, "Whoopee!" We had lunch in the restaurant on the top floor of Marshall & Snelgrove's store, farther down Oxford Street. David had tomato soup, three sausages—one off my plate—mashed potatoes, carrots, peas, and apple pie, washed down with two glasses of fizzy synthetic orangeade. While I drank a cup of coffee, he sucked some boiled sweets, which he took out of a pocket in his shorts. They were stuck to the paper they had come in, which he removed from his mouth daintily with one dirty finger. He hadn't wanted to wash before lunch, and as I had wanted us to join the queue waiting for tables, I had not pressed the matter. But, lunch over and the bill paid at the cash desk, I showed him a door opposite, marked "Gentlemen." I said, "When you come out, wait for me *here*, by the door. I am going along to the ladies', and may be longer than you, if there is a queue. So you just wait here for me."

I COULD not have been away more than seven or eight minutes, but when I came back to the place where I had told David to wait he wasn't there. I let five minutes pass, and then wondered if he was sick. Near the door, an Army officer and a woman were sitting

Rosenthal
studio-line



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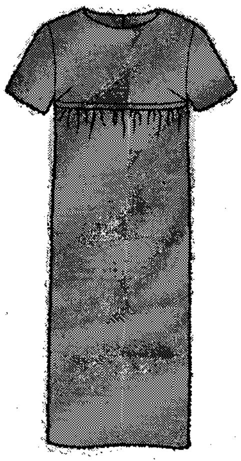

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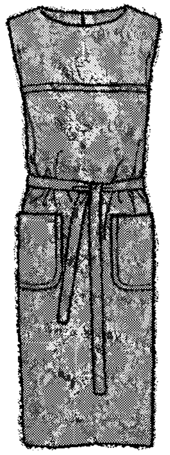

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on a couch having a whispered conversation. He was the only male in sight. The summer sale was on in the store, and women were everywhere, crowding the lifts, pushing, buying, eating—and queuing to eat—in the restaurant. I said to the officer, "Please, would you mind going inside, there, and see if there is a small boy in trouble? He is wearing gray flannel shorts, a purple blazer, and a straw hat—a boater."

The officer—rather reluctantly, I thought—stood up, and the woman gave me a glacial stare. The officer went inside and came back and said, "There is no boy there."

I said, "There *must* be! Did you look everywhere?"

"There is no boy there," he said.

"But have you seen him come out? Was he standing here?"

They had not seen him.

I went back to the cash desk and spoke to the woman in charge. She had not seen the boy. She was busy, of course, but still he would have had to pass the desk on his way to the lifts, the stairs—going in any direction except back into the restaurant. She got down off her stool and said, "Follow me." She pushed open the door marked "Gentlemen," and I followed her. The place was empty. I kept calling "David! David!" fruitlessly, while she looked everywhere. There were two other doors in the room—one that was locked, and one that opened onto a railed stone parapet. Below it was a well. I looked over the railing and down into the well, feeling sick and frightened, but there was nothing at the bottom except broken wooden crates and two dustbins.

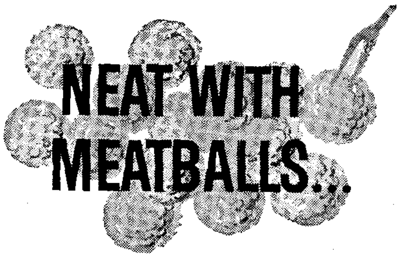
"What do we do now?" I asked.

The woman said she would call the store manager. They would have the building searched and everyone questioned. The boy could only have wandered off, the way children did, and he would be found. I said he had no right to wander off. My instructions had been clear, and he knew I had to be in Harley Street at the dentist's at two-thirty. It was nearly that time now. The woman picked up her telephone, and before she spoke into it she said to me, "Don't worry. You should know your little boy."

I told her he was not my little boy, which was making everything worse.

While she was summoning the store manager, I walked to the lifts and asked the attendants, in turn, as they came up, if they had seen a small boy dressed in that uniform. They hadn't.

The store manager came. He and I



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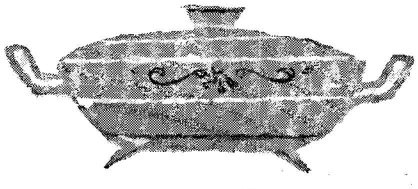

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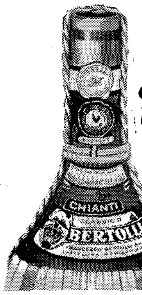

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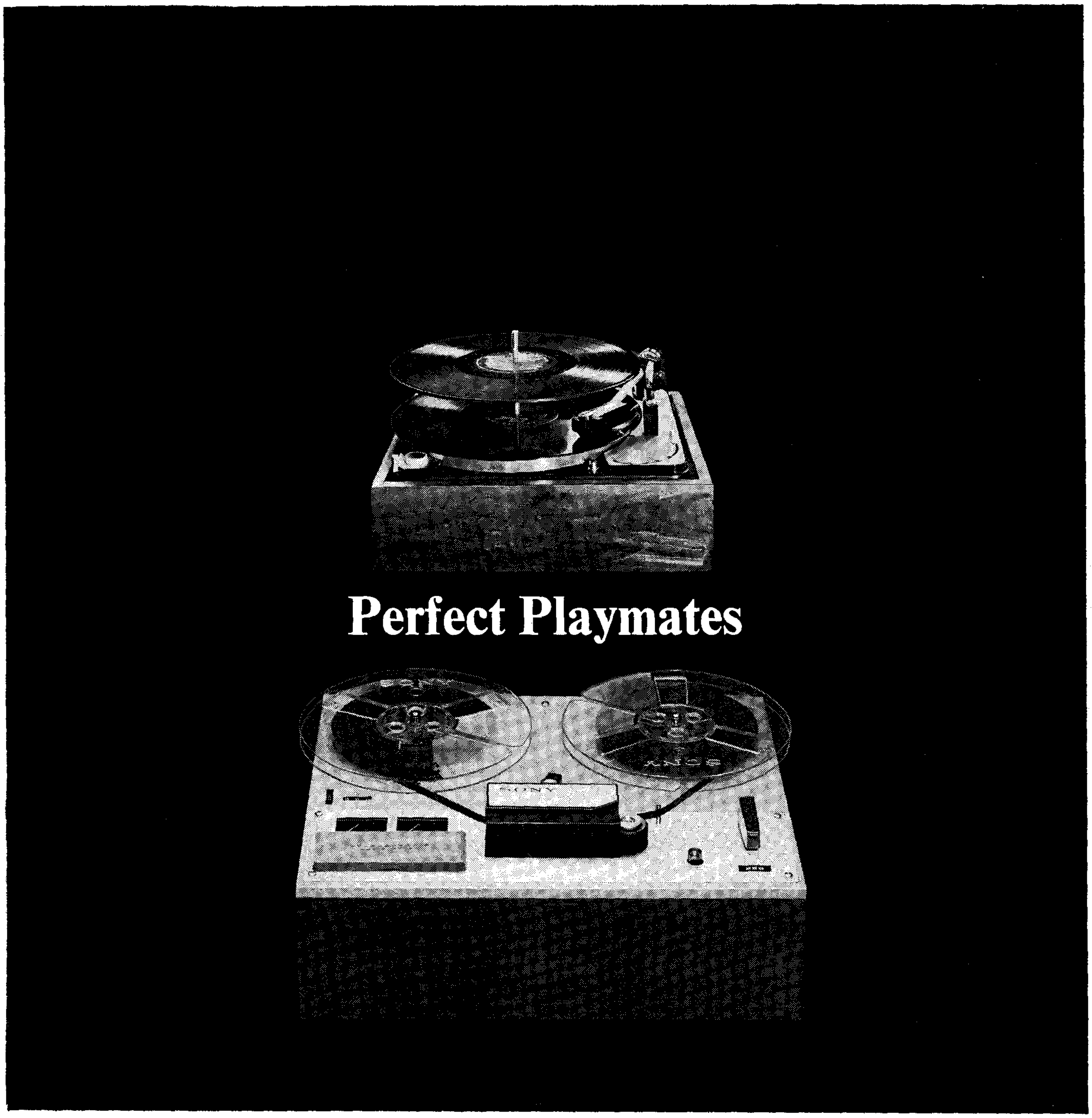

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What Price Craftsmanship?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

Years ago my father patronized a tailor who was acknowledged to make the finest clothes in Louisville.

Everything suited Dad except the high price. During a fitting he took occasion to complain. "I understand the tailor across the street makes a mighty nice suit. And he charges $20 less than you."

"You're quite right," the tailor agreed, "and they say he makes *nice warm* clothes too!"

By rights Dad should have been the last to complain. The expert craftsmanship required to snugly fit "suit" to "man" is matched in no field more specialized than his own and by no man more than by himself.

For three generations, in his tenure as well as my own, our family distillery has patiently tailored our Old Fitzgerald to fit the man who knows how genuine Kentucky Bourbon ought to taste.

"Custom-cut and handmade", its cost can never match its "ready-made" competition.

Using our old-fashioned sour-mash recipe, we purposely sacrificed one full quart of Bourbon for each bushel of grain mashed. Our fermenters ripen at a snail's pace. We distill, then re-distill to capture the congenerics which give Old Fitzgerald its distinctive flavor.

And in our open rick houses, through the long years, we let nothing interfere with the natural mellowing that comes only in new casks of mountain oak.

Admittedly, less than such costly care would still produce "nice, warm" acceptable Bourbon. If *whiskey* is all you want, it can be had for far less.

But in matching the style and fit of genuine Kentucky sour mash at its old-fashioned best, our century-and-more of distilling experience has yet to uncover a money-saving short cut.

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(*Advertisement*)

went through the door marked "Gentlemen." *He* looked over the railing of the parapet. "That's a dangerous place," I said. "A venturesome child might easily—"

"This door should be locked," he said. Then, half reprovingly: "Why didn't you take him into the ladies' with you?"

I said, "Because the last time his mother and I did, a woman said, 'That boy is too old to be in here.' "

We left and went to the telephone on the cash desk and summoned the store detective and a couple of assistants. In pairs, we questioned the doormen at every entrance and combed all departments, likely or unlikely to attract a boy of eight years. We went shoving our way through the crowds of women milling around the counters, the showcases, the rows of garments on hangers; through toys, linens, lampshades, millinery, baby wear, trunks, artificial flowers, ribbons, shoes, stockings, tweeds, silks, furnishings. We went through doors marked "Staff Only" and "No Admittance," asking, asking, had anyone seen a small boy in gray shorts, purple blazer, and straw boater. No one had. We circled the building outside, spoke to women staring at the bargains in the windows; we went through the passages below the store—the rooms where goods were unpacked and dispatched.

Then, more in consultation than search, the store manager and I went and stood in the entrance arcade by the main door.

The doorman saw us and came in from the street. "Not found him yet?" he said.

We shook our heads.

"Now I think of it," the doorman said, "it's come back to me. Some while ago, I saw a boy being pushed into a taxi by a gentleman."

"A *little* boy?" I said. "So high? In purple blazer, gray shorts, and a straw boater?"

The doorman said he couldn't be sure but he thought so, and he went out into the street to open the door of a taxi that had drawn up by the curb and to control the mob of women who had rushed it.

I looked at the store manager, and what was in my mind he spoke. Although kidnapping of children was almost unheard of, the boy had been missing long enough and one ought not to take a chance. He said I should go to Scotland Yard. We went up in a lift to his office, where he telephoned Scotland Yard and explained who I

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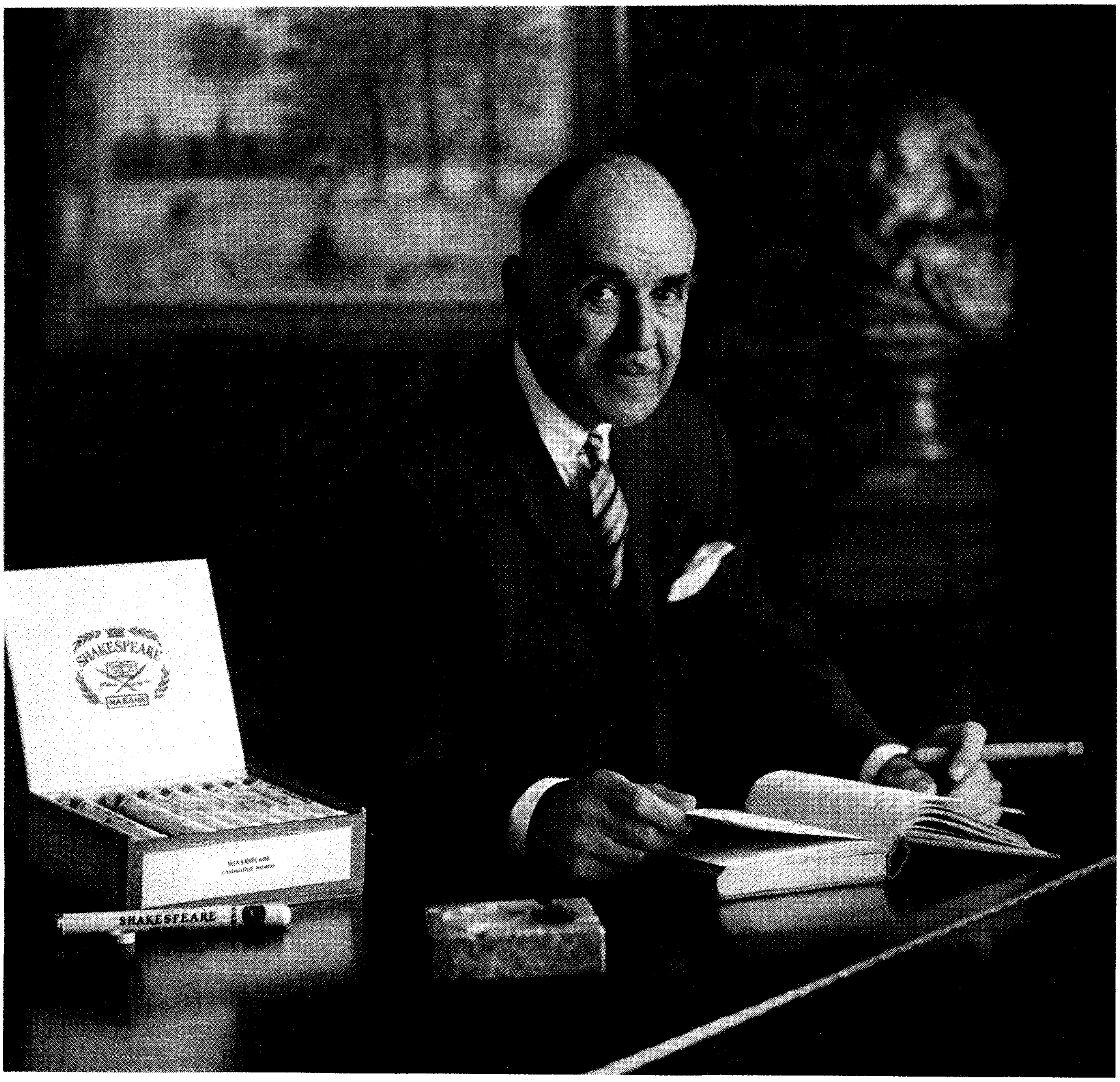

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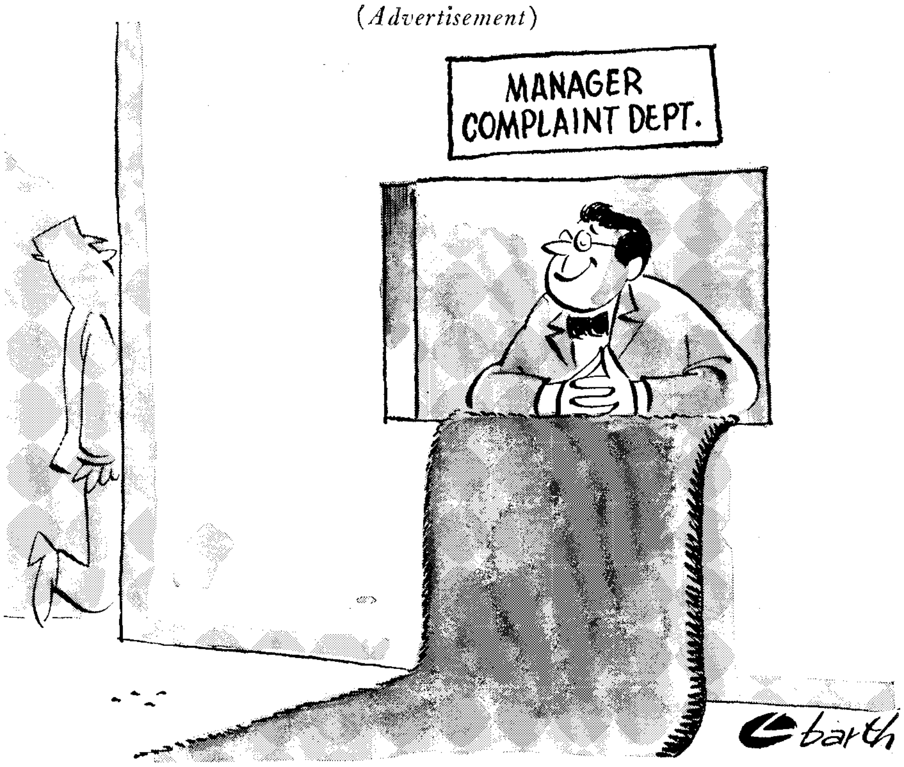
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Imported by Kobrand, N.Y., 94 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits was and why I was coming. When he had finished, he turned to me and said I was to ask for the Back Hall Inspector.

IT was twenty-five minutes after four by Big Ben when my taxi turned into the entrance court of a building that looks like a cross between a brewery and a Byzantine church. Even in my panic and anguish, I couldn't help remembering how when I was small I had longed to be taken to visit Scotland Yard. Now my wish had come true, the way wishes sometimes do years after, in an unwelcome manner. The portals were intimidating—aseptic, like a hospital's; grim, like a prison's. Men of the London metropolitan police, seen against the background of their headquarters, present a more formidable appearance than when they are controlling traffic or patrolling a residential street after dark. When I had given my name to one of them, saying that the Back Hall Inspector was expecting me, I was shown into an office. The Inspector sat behind a large, flat-topped desk. He asked me to sit down in a chair opposite him. Telling him about the missing boy and the hunt for him was like telling your symptoms to a doctor, for the Inspector gave me the same quiet attention. I said what the plan for the afternoon had been and described what David was wearing. I gave the names of his parents, the address of his mother. The Inspector lifted a telephone and spoke. He repeated the description of David's clothes. "Gray flannel shorts, purple blazer, straw boater—won't be many about. Very distinctive . . ."

We waited. We talked. I smoked. At intervals, the telephone buzzed. No news. But more instructions were given.

I longed to ask how many police cars were out. I mentioned a girl I knew who was driving for the London police; they had recruited women because of the war. The Inspector said she sometimes drove him but she was not on duty that day. So she wouldn't be driving one of those cars that were patrolling London streets. They would already have been to Marylebone station, along Marylebone Road to Baker Street. They would be coming south to Oxford Street again, spilling out an inquirer at Selfridge's to find out if David had been seen in the basement where the Spitfire was, then driving on and around, stopping here and there for the question to be asked again: Had



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SHEEPSKINS

anyone seen a small boy in gray flannel shorts, purple blazer, and straw boater?

"Has he any money on him?" the Inspector asked.

I said I wouldn't think he had more than a couple of shillings, if that. True, he had offered to pay for the storage of his suitcase, but that cost only sixpence.

"Is he a venturesome boy?"

"Far from," I said. "In fact, he was his mother's ewe lamb till he went away to school. She always held his hand crossing a street in High Wycombe, even."

"Eight is young to send them off," the Inspector said.

"It's the rule," I said. "And it was his father's wish, always."

"Do you live with his mother?" the Inspector asked, and I told him I was merely on a visit to her, between jobs. I told him that my husband was with the Air Force in the Middle East.

"These separations of young married couples everywhere are not a good thing," the Inspector said. "How long have you been on your own?"

I told him, stubbing a cigarette out in a white saucer on his desk. So far, I said, with fingers crossed and tapping the wooden desk, I had been luckier than David's mother.

When you go to a doctor about a worrisome pain, you don't ask him how he started his career, where he trained, if he is married and has children, and what his hobbies and pleasures are. *He* asks *you* questions relevant to the consultation, and some may include your past and present mode of life. But he may, to establish or confirm trust, just touch on a few outside matters. I could not ask the Inspector how he came to be where he was, though I would have liked to know. You do not ask a doctor how many patients he has treated successfully, or how many failures he has had, and I could not ask the Inspector anything about the pursuit of criminals. When, now and then, he skillfully asked me a question about myself, I knew that the information gained in that seemingly casual way might be stored forever after. I hoped the summary arrived at was that I had come there with a genuine story of a missing eight-year-old boy and that I was not a paranoiac who had cooked the whole thing up.

We talked of—among other irrelevant matters—famous choirs: King's College, Cambridge, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's. The Inspector

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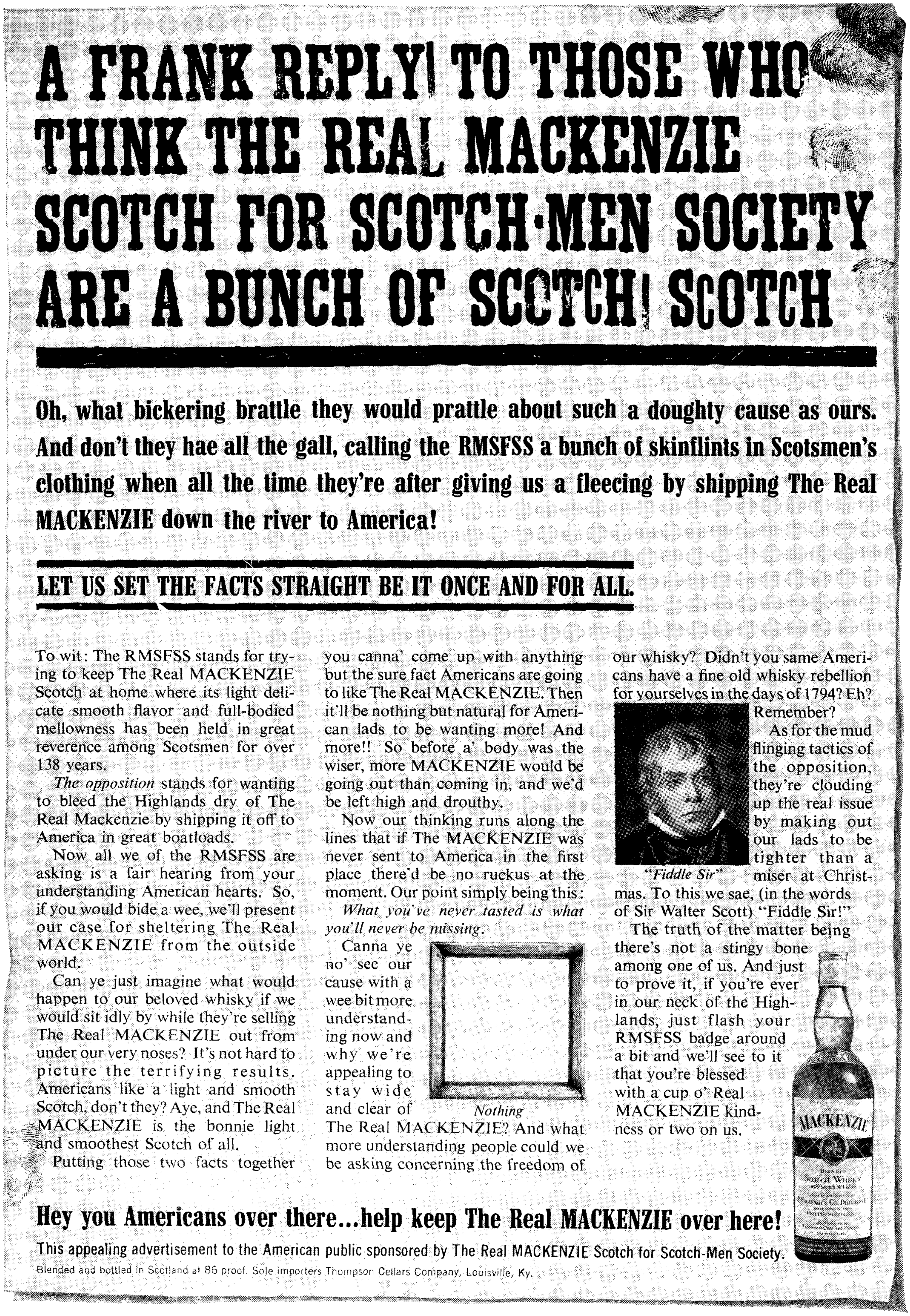

A FRANK REPLY! TO THOSE WHO THINK THE REAL MACKENZIE SCOTCH FOR SCOTCH-MEN SOCIETY ARE A BUNCH OF SCOTCH! SCOTCH

Oh, what bickering brattle they would prattle about such a doughty cause as ours. And don't they hae all the gall, calling the RMSFSS a bunch of skinflints in Scotsmen's clothing when all the time they're after giving us a fleecing by shipping The Real MACKENZIE down the river to America!

LET US SET THE FACTS STRAIGHT BE IT ONCE AND FOR ALL.

To wit: The RMSFSS stands for trying to keep The Real MACKENZIE Scotch at home where its light delicate smooth flavor and full-bodied mellowness has been held in great reverence among Scotsmen for over 138 years.

The opposition stands for wanting to bleed the Highlands dry of The Real Mackenzie by shipping it off to America in great boatloads.

Now all we of the RMSFSS are asking is a fair hearing from your understanding American hearts. So, if you would bide a wee, we'll present our case for sheltering The Real MACKENZIE from the outside world.

Can ye just imagine what would happen to our beloved whisky if we would sit idly by while they're selling The Real MACKENZIE out from under our very noses? It's not hard to picture the terrifying results. Americans like a light and smooth Scotch, don't they? Aye, and The Real MACKENZIE is the bonnie light and smoothest Scotch of all.

Putting those two facts together you canna' come up with anything but the sure fact Americans are going to like The Real MACKENZIE. Then it'll be nothing but natural for American lads to be wanting more! And more!! So before a' body was the wiser, more MACKENZIE would be going out than coming in, and we'd be left high and drouthy.

Now our thinking runs along the lines that if The MACKENZIE was never sent to America in the first place there'd be no ruckus at the moment. Our point simply being this:

What you've never tasted is what you'll never be missing.

Canna ye no' see our cause with a wee bit more understanding now and why we're appealing to stay wide and clear of The Real MACKENZIE? And what more understanding people could we be asking concerning the freedom of our whisky? Didn't you same Americans have a fine old whisky rebellion for yourselves in the days of 1794? Eh? Remember?

Nothing

As for the mud flinging tactics of the opposition, they're clouding up the real issue by making out our lads to be tighter than a miser at Christmas. To this we sae, (in the words of Sir Walter Scott) "Fiddle Sir!"

"Fiddle Sir"

The truth of the matter being there's not a stingy bone among one of us. And just to prove it, if you're ever in our neck of the Highlands, just flash your RMSFSS badge around a bit and we'll see to it that you're blessed with a cup o' Real MACKENZIE kindness or two on us.

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said he had been a chorister of St. Paul's when he was a boy. We talked about 1940 and the night at the end of December when the Wren churches in the city went up in flames like so many fagots in a bonfire.

The telephone buzzed. No one, anywhere, had seen that boy.

"What about cinemas?" the Inspector asked me. Did I think he would go into one? There was the matter of money again. How well did the boy know London? I said he had never lived in London. He had been born in India, and his mother had brought him and his sister back in 1939. He had come up with his mother for the day now and then—to go to the dentist, to see "Peter Pan," to visit the zoo. And he had been *through* London many times, going to visit his grandmother in Hampshire.

All this time, I could see, the doorman's story of a boy's being pushed into a taxi by a man had not been taken seriously. But whether it had been totally dismissed I did not know, and I could not bring myself to ask.

The Inspector spoke into the telephone again. Cinemas in and around Oxford Street were to be visited. But when the reports came in, no boy answering to that description had been seen buying a ticket. His name, flashed on screens in the theatres, had produced no little emerging figure in purple blazer, holding a straw boater.

Hospitals then. At that point, the Inspector asked, "What about his mother being told?"

"I'll wait for an answer from the hospitals," I said. "As I told you, she's been ill, and she's in a pretty nervous state anyway."

David wasn't in any of the hospitals. It was now a quarter past six.

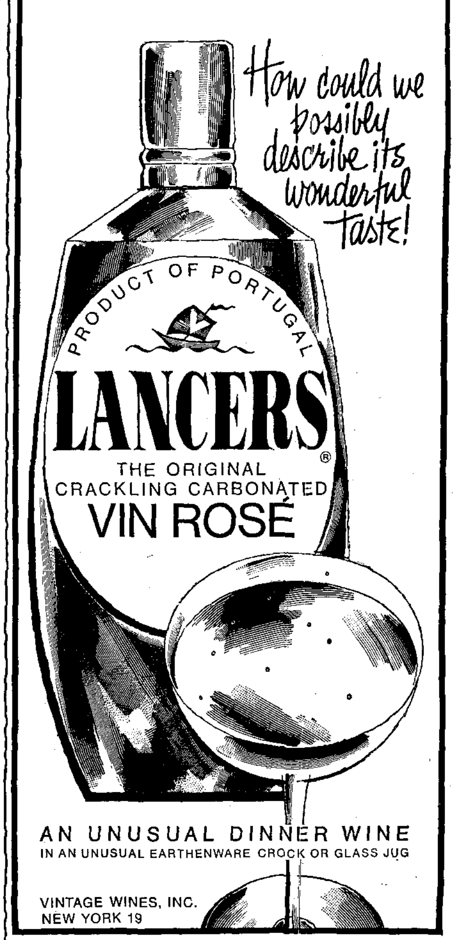
I said, "I daren't tell his mother. And I can't go back without him. But—supposing she is with him somewhere. Suppose he has got into some trouble and someone has found him and let her know, and she has come into London to fetch him. Will you ring her, and if there is no answer, we can think that has happened."

"But if she answers?" the Inspector said.

"Then ask to speak to me."

I gave him the number. Soon I knew that someone had answered, because the Inspector was asking if he could speak to me. After a pause, he said, "Oh. No, no message. I will ring again later. Thank you. Goodbye."

He put down the receiver and looked at me. He said, "She says she has been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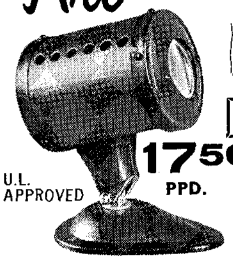

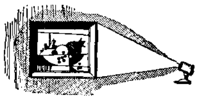

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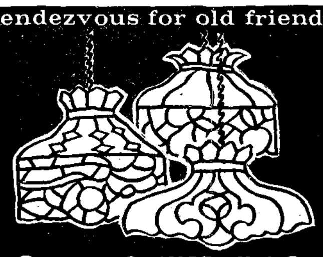

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expecting you and her little boy in from London since half past five. She concludes you missed the train."

I had smoked a whole pack, and was down to my last cigarette. The saucer on the desk was piled with stubs, the ones on top clean of lipstick; I had bitten my lips dry.

I thought about the doorman's story. Although the Inspector had said, earlier—as the store manager had—that kidnapping was unlikely, I wondered if his optimism was ebbing. I did not think David would go off with any stranger unless the stranger *pretended to have been sent by me or* his mother. That was supposed to be the method used by white-slave traffickers in stories that had wide circulation when I was in my teens. To my maturer knowledge, none had ever been proved. But there *were* maniacs. . . .

"It is time she was informed," the Inspector said, quietly.

"Oh, I can't!" I said. "And if you tell her it will be worse. She will collapse on the spot."

"Is there a neighbor who could?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "That would be better. There is one practically next door." I gave him the name and the number.

There was no answer from that number. She would be outside, I thought, this nice summer evening, picking raspberries, or feeding dogs, or shutting up hens, or gone for a walk. The telephone buzzed again. Still no news, and instructions were given for the search to be extended over a wider area, and for Marylebone and Baker Street stations to be visited again. Shops were shut now. The rush hour was ebbing, but there would still be a few queues at bus stops, entrances to tube stations. David might be trying to find his way to someplace.

I gave the Inspector the number of someone else, who lived farther away from David's mother. He got it, and when he gave me the telephone I was not very coherent. When I had blurted it all out to the astonished woman at the other end of the line, and had asked her to go and tell David's mother, I gave the telephone back to the Inspector and told him he had better confirm what I had said. He did so, but in a quieter voice, and he asked her to ring us back.

Again we waited. I was reckoning how long it would take her on her bicycle. Ten minutes? Five minutes passed. Then ten. Then fifteen. The telephone buzzed. The Inspector picked

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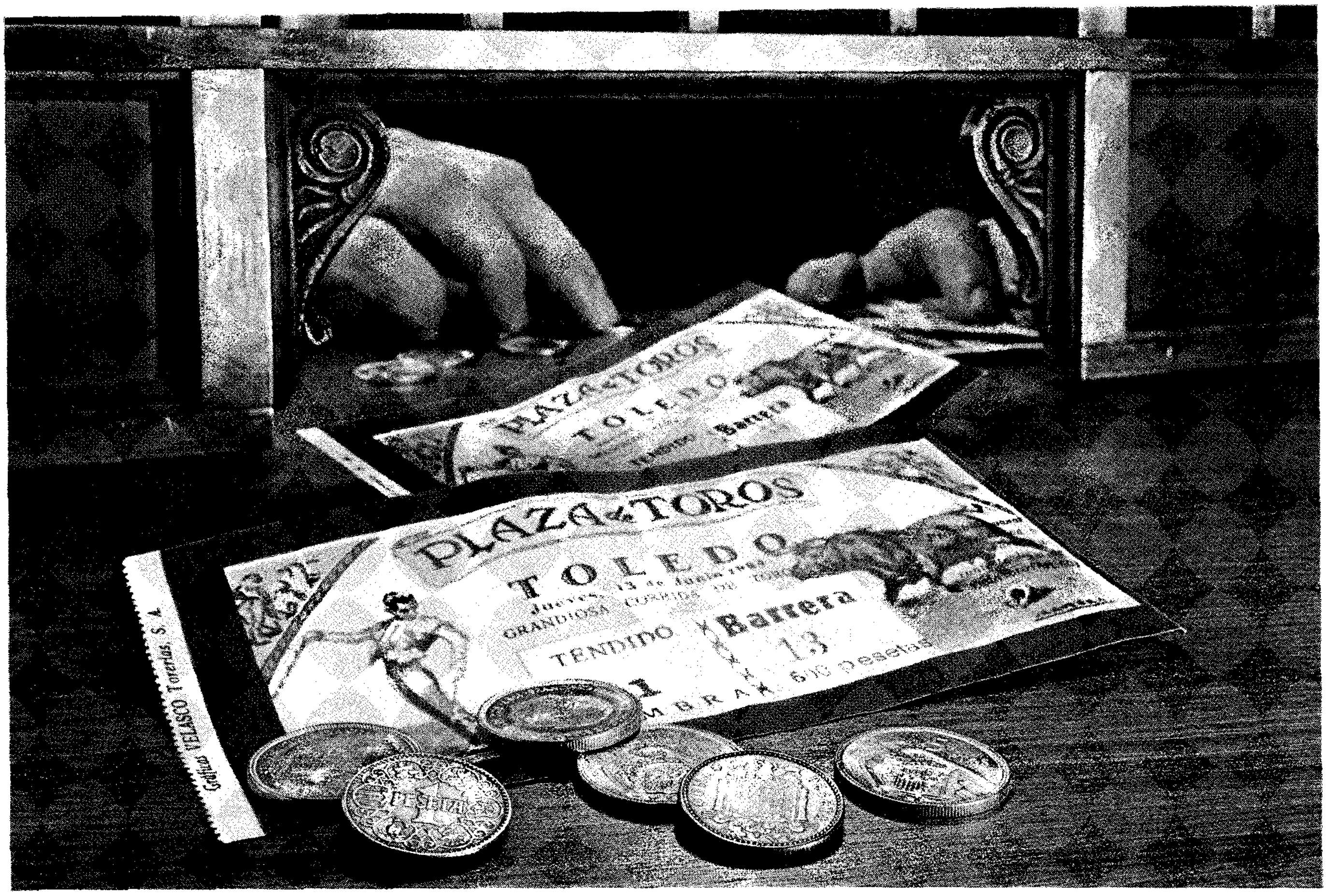
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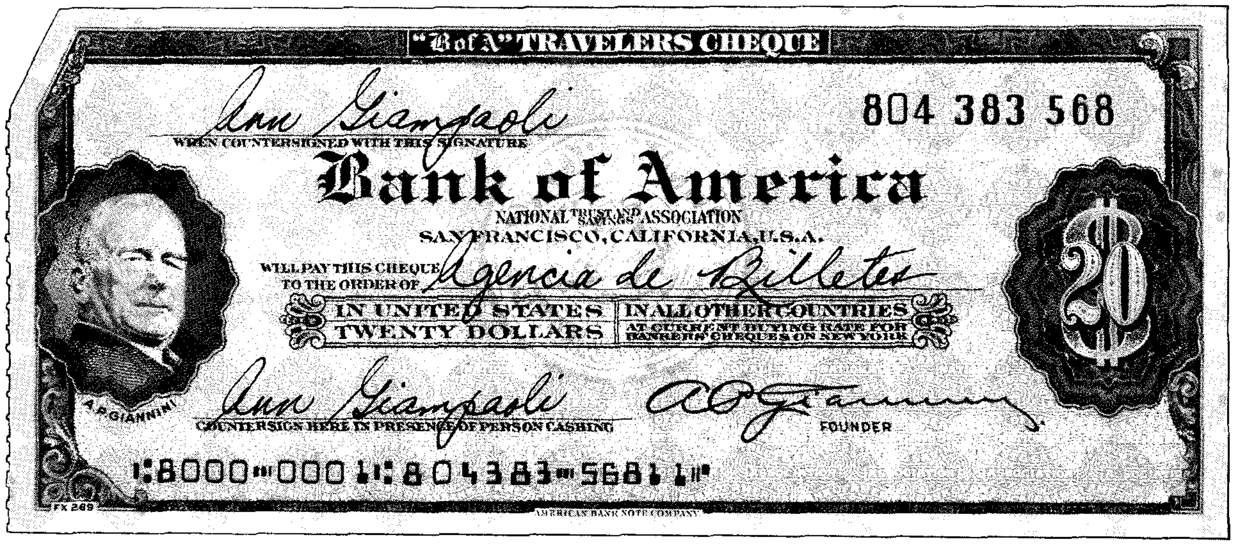

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up the receiver and said, "Back Hall Inspector. Yes?"

I thought it must be a private call, or one on some other matter, because his face took on a new expression; it was relaxed, and suddenly smiling. He looked across at me and, still smiling, gave me the telephone.

"Hello," I said. "Who is it?"

"That *you*?" said the voice of David's mother. "But what ever's *happened*? David walked in here five minutes ago. Did you lose each other in a crowd?"

"What has he told you?" I asked. "How did he get home? Where has he been?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't had a chance to ask him yet. Peggy Simpson arrived on his heels with this story of you being at Scotland Yard. He's walked all the way from Missenden station, with his suitcase, too, and he's very hungry."

Two hours later, I walked from Gt. Missenden station to the cottage, but, unlike David, I was not hungry when I got there.

I cannot now remember anything about leaving Scotland Yard, or whether I took a taxi to Baker Street—it would have been Baker Street at that hour—or not, or anything about the train journey. This is strange, for I have a good memory. I can recall every detail of the Inspector's face. It was heavy, long, pale; his eyes were slate-colored; his hair gray, straight, sparse. He was a little lined in the cheeks. But, after all, I was with him for quite a time. I only remember walking up the hill from the station to cool my aching head, and being greeted by David's mother in the doorway of the cottage. She was genuinely sorry.

When I had sat down, I asked, "What did he tell you?"

"He said when he came out of the gents' you weren't there."

"I told him to *wait!*"

She smiled. "He said he couldn't see you anywhere, so he thought you had gone to the dentist's, and he went outside and got a taxi to Marylebone and retrieved his suitcase. Lucky he had the ticket. There wasn't a train, so he went to Baker Street and came back on a train from there. Wasn't it bright of him?"

"Very," I said. "How much money had he?"

"Nearly thirty shillings. That was fortunate, wasn't it? He would have been lost without."

I said, somewhat bitterly, "He was

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lost *with*. There is a gap in his story, and there is the time factor. I think that when he did get to Marylebone the four-ten had gone. If he found there was no train for Gt. Missenden, it *must* have. What was he up to, do you think, in two hours? Have you asked him that?"

She said she hadn't. He was safely home, and had obviously come to no harm, and that was all that mattered.

David's mother let me have it out with him next morning, because, after all, he had disobeyed me. She sent him in from play to face me in the living room, when I had gone downstairs after a long sleep and was refreshed and ready for him. He was in his holiday clothes—old shorts, sandals, and an Aertex shirt that had become too small for him, was not properly tucked in, and had a button missing. I tried to press home the enormity of his action and the consequences—the commotion he had caused, the trouble the London police had been put to. He heard me in silence, with now and then a child's wandering attention. He was clearly thinking, when he put his mind to it, what was all the fuss about? He'd found his way home to Mummy. So what? *She* had not been angry with him. He had proved his self-reliance, and that was surely a matter for congratulation.

I began to suspect he was savoring to the full his own importance—having been searched for by police cars, Scotland Yard's telephones busy on his behalf, all London on the alert. He said he was sorry, but he kept doggedly to his story, and I could not make him deviate from it. He had thought I had gone off to the dentist without him. He had got a taxi in Oxford Street and had gone to Marylebone. There was no train, so he had gone to Baker Street. The time factor meant nothing to him, and nothing could induce him to add to his story.

The sending of a police car first to Marylebone and then to Baker Street stations had been on a correct assumption, but it had been too late; he had already left London and was sitting in a suburban train on his way to the country. The aspect of the whole affair that later astonished the Back Hall Inspector and all those who had been engaged in the search was that no one in Marshall & Snelgrove's—except the doorman outside, whose reliability seemed doubtful—or at Marylebone, where David had retrieved his suitcase

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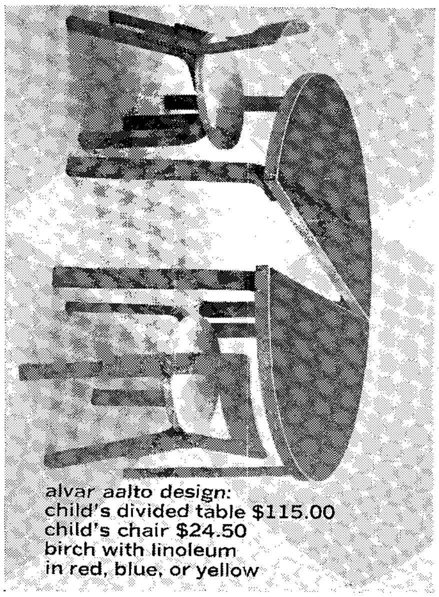

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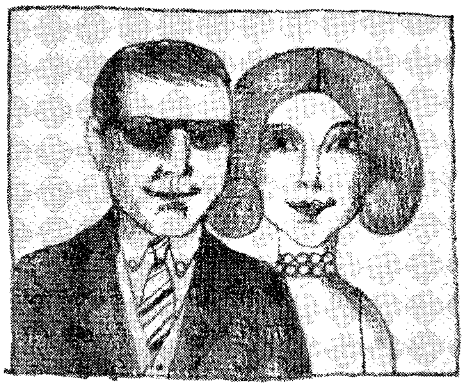

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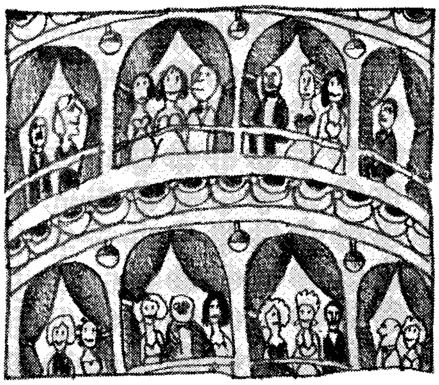

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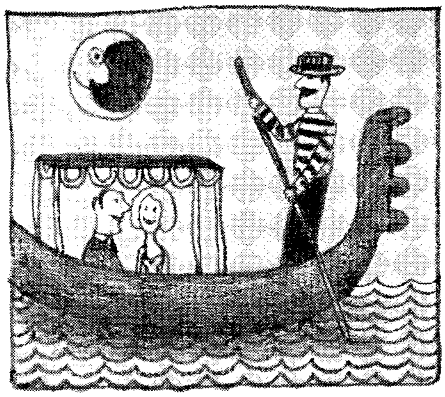

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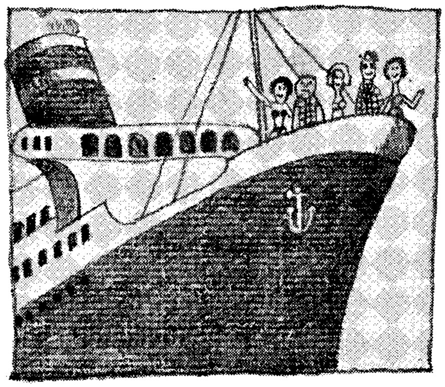

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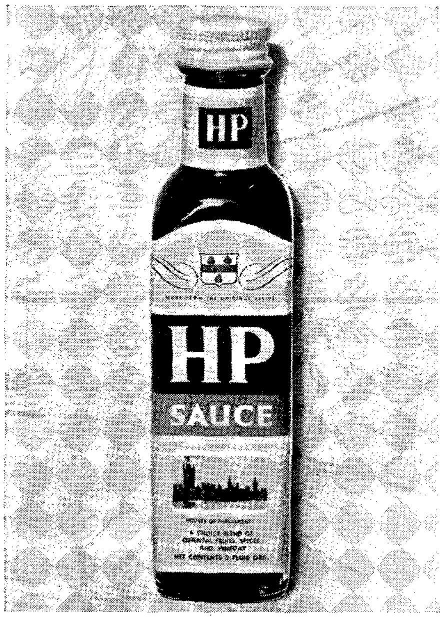

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and asked about a train, or at Baker Street, where he had bought a ticket and boarded a train, remembered seeing a small boy dressed in gray flannel shorts, purple blazer, and straw boater. Long afterward, I realized that the lack of observation was symptomatic; during the war people everywhere were preoccupied, and in the vast crowds that filled London—in shops, streets, and railway stations—he could easily have been overlooked, or, if seen in passing, immediately forgotten. But, all the same, he had *not* been transported by magic carpet, had not been floating around the sky in those two hours that remained unaccounted for.

IT happened that I did not see David after that visit to his mother while the war was on. Later, I saw him at intervals while he was growing up. And I met him by chance one afternoon in Cambridge, outside the chapel of King's College, where he was an undergraduate in his second year. By then, I had begun to detect a hint of embarrassment accompanying an excess of politeness in his manner toward me whenever I encountered him. After he had topped me in height by a good four inches, he never seemed quite at ease with me. I had never gone out of my way to seek him out alone, although I believed he had gone out of his way more than once to avoid being alone with me.

Not until the spring of this year did the opportunity come to tackle him properly—to get him in a corner. We had been toasting his infant son after the christening, and the hour seemed significantly propitious. Also, hemmed in as we were by champagne drinkers, there was no immediate escape.

"What *did* you do that afternoon when you were lost in London?" I asked him.

He blushed a pretty pink. "I've always been sorry," he said. "Especially when I was older."

"And had acquired a conscience?"

"I suppose so. But perhaps more an understanding of the strain women were living under in those days without its being added to. You weren't very old then."

"Thank you," I said. "Now, suppose you tell me what you did."

"All right," he said. "I know you've been wanting to ask me for years. But, you see, you weren't where I expected you to be."

"But I told you to wait for me."

"So you did," he said. "I believe it

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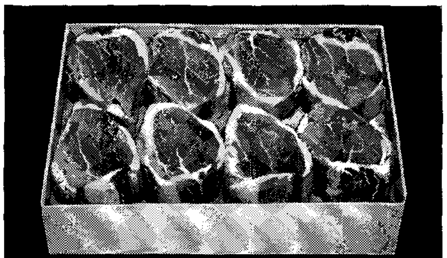

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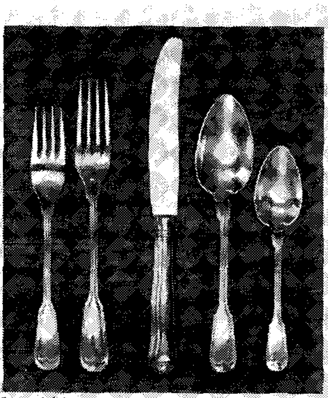

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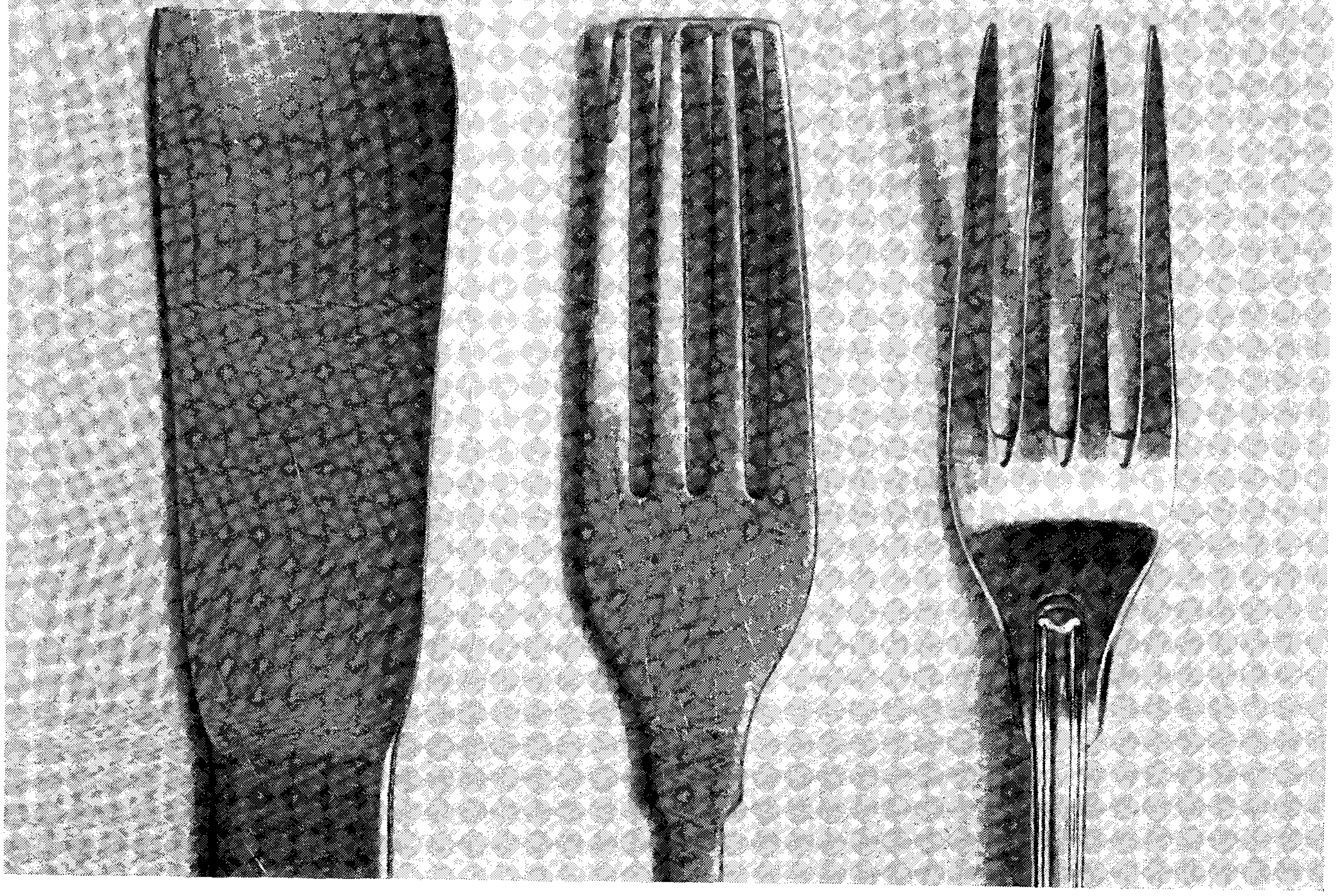

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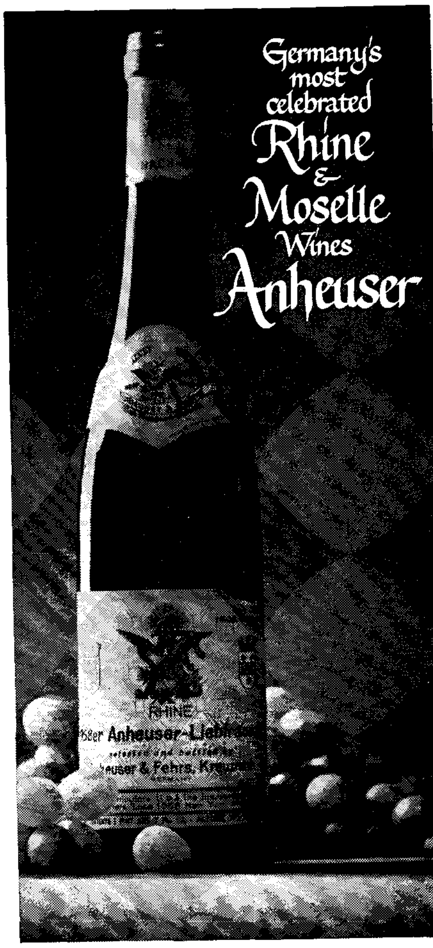

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came to me that I should have when I was in the taxi with the chap who gave me the lift, because then I knew I shouldn't have taken it, but I thought it was too late to go back and look for you, as you would certainly be at the dentist's by that time. So I told him I didn't want to go to Marylebone but Selfridge's instead."

"Suppose you start at the beginning," I said, "when you'd come out of the gents', that is, if you can remember truthfully."

"I can remember," he said. "Well, you weren't there. I did wait a minute or two, but minutes at that age seem hours."

"*That* is what has always puzzled me," I interrupted. "Why you could possibly think I'd go off without you. If it had been your mother?"

"I would have stayed in the last place I saw her till she came. I know I would. But you were different—and I think I would have said not to be depended on so much. You were younger, for one thing. And wasn't there an occasion when you were coming to stay with us and didn't, because you got on the wrong train? See what I mean? Honestly, I am *not* trying to excuse myself. I know what I did to you, and it was dreadful. Can you forgive me, after all these years?"

"When I hear the rest," I said. "Go on from there."

"I went to the lifts," he said, "and I went down in one and out into the street. I thought I'd better make for Marylebone, because you'd turn up there eventually. I hadn't got a watch. I'd broken it and it was packed in the trunk. I didn't see a clock—not *then.* I tried to get a taxi, but I got pushed aside every time by women with parcels. It was hopeless. Then this chap noticed me and said wasn't anyone with me? I said I had lost you, and you'd gone to the dentist's, and I didn't know the address, and I wanted to get to Marylebone, because my suitcase was there and you'd go there to get the train, so he said, 'Hop in,' and gave me a shove. He'd got a taxi, you see. I don't know how, but he had. Perhaps he'd arrived in it and had been into the shop to collect something and had kept it waiting. Anyway, I got in, and when the taxi had turned round and was waiting at the next traffic lights, I remembered being told never to let a stranger give me a ride anywhere, so I said, 'Please tell the driver to stop at Selfridge's. That's where I want to go.' Selfridge's was quite near, and I think the driver was going past there anyway. So I was

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dropped off there. Looking back, I think he was a bit relieved. When I got out, I thanked him and said that was where I was going to meet you. I saw a clock then, and there was loads of time, I thought, if the dentist didn't keep you very long."

"You *are* telling me the truth, aren't you?" I said. "That man was all right?"

"Of course he was all right. Simply took pity on me. It was a natural thing to do. When I changed my mind, it was a letout for him, not having to go out of his way and have his afternoon mucked up. He may have wondered if it was all right leaving me there, but decided I knew what I wanted. I did. When I saw Selfridge's, I remembered how much you wanted to see the Spitfire. I had, too, but not as much as you, naturally."

"What ever made you think *I* wanted to see it?"

"Well, hadn't you got a proprietary interest in those days? I thought you wouldn't miss seeing it for *anything* and you'd be *bound* to go there. But you didn't, as it turned out. I couldn't get near the Spitfire for ages. All the schools had broken up for the holiday about then, so you can imagine what it was like down in that basement. You just couldn't move. I saw the Second Senior Chorister."

"Did you speak to him?" I asked. "Did you tell him what had happened?"

"Speak to him? *Me*? He was twelve, and a V.I.P. Don't you know school etiquette? Actually, there was a lot to see, apart from the Spitfire. All round the walls, when you could get near them, were photos of other planes. There were a couple of Air Force men with the Spitfire, and if you waited long enough one of them would lift you into the cockpit, but I didn't. I *did* begin to think about the time and the train. But when I'd come up for air, there was a long and quite orderly queue for taxis, and I had to wait my turn. That's how I missed the train we were supposed to be catching. Honestly, I've been sorry for years."

"Why didn't you tell us all this at the time?" I asked.

He did not answer for a minute or two. He looked thoughtful. "It's not easy at my age to recapture the mentality of eight," he said. "I think it was being in the wrong. First, not waiting for you, the importance of that not having properly sunk in, when it should have. *Inattention.* That was my basic sin. At my first little school,

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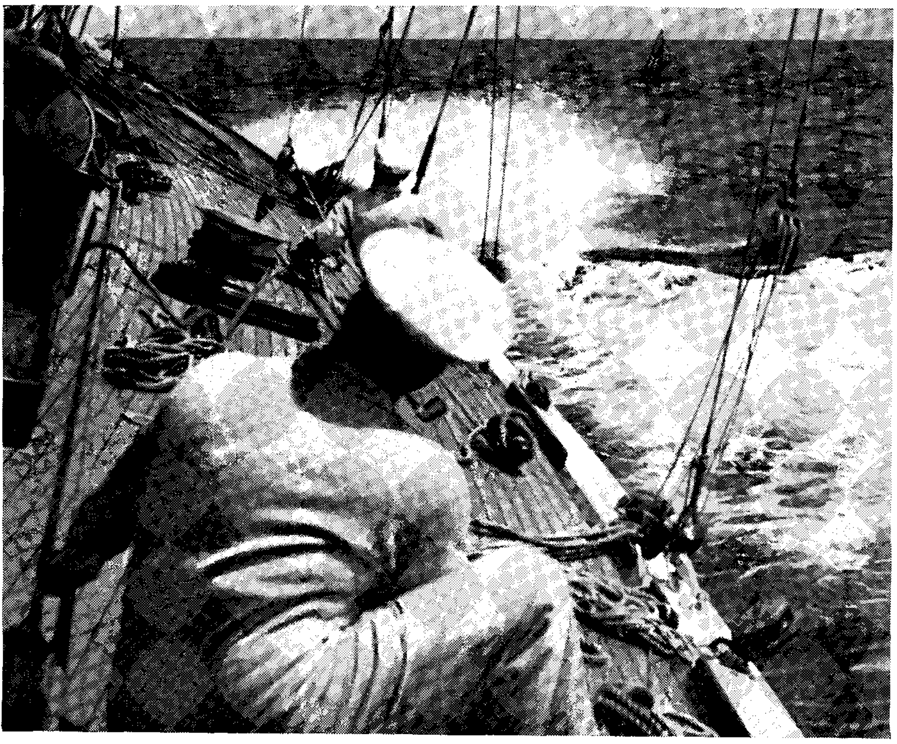

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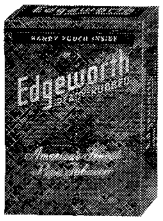

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they were always sticking it on reports. 'Does not pay enough attention.' Grandma used to call it woolgathering. The consequences—that you were at Scotland Yard—came out almost as soon as I arrived home. Then there was the sense of guilt over getting a lift with a stranger, which would have given Mummy a seizure. She would have cried, probably, and said she couldn't trust me ever again. Anyway, she hadn't wanted to know any more. She was pleased with me, that I had shown such initiative and found my way home. I had to keep to my story—and, after all, I didn't tell any lies. I did get a taxi in Oxford Street to Marylebone."

I said I supposed he had been puffed up with pride from then on, having caused such a to-do, with Scotland Yard and police cars—not every boy's feat, by any means.

"I was awed, more than anything," he said. "But in the circumstances I couldn't boast about it. I had to keep it to myself, and since I wasn't able to tell anyone, the glamour faded."

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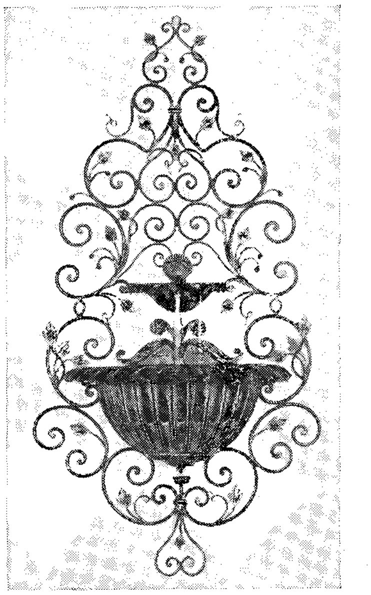

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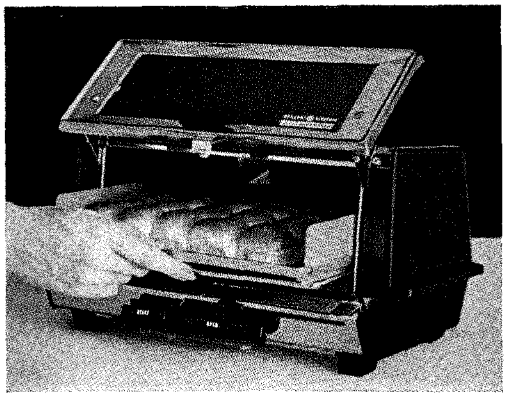

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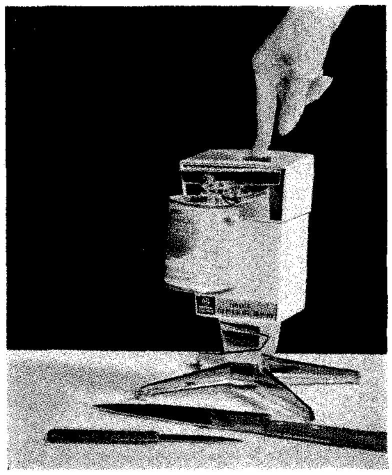

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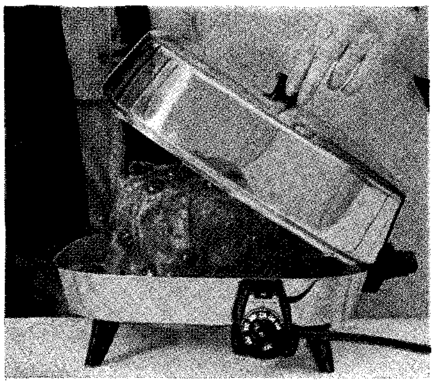

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mentioned) appeared in Philharmonic Hall with the Philadelphia Orchestra. This occurred on Tuesday evening, and the paragon was the German maestro Hermann Scherchen, who was making his New York début on this occasion, though he is well known in Europe and has been long admired among record enthusiasts. Mr. Scherchen, a seventy-three-year-old with white hair and a courtly manner, mounted the podium and proceeded to exhibit a magical touch from the very beginning of Haydn's "La Passione" Symphony (No. 49). He next conducted the finest performance I have ever heard of Mahler's Fifth Symphony. It was not the overdramatized and emotion-drenched Mahler we are accustomed to but an incredibly sensitive and wonderfully balanced reading. In both works, Mr. Scherchen showed a kind of musical taste that is rare nowadays. He was perfectly willing to introduce rubatos, even into Haydn. His slow movements tended to be very slow indeed, and his fast movements sometimes more than ordinarily fast, but his general approach to these scores was one of such immense understanding, and what he did with them was so authoritative and so convincing, that I often found myself holding my breath, even in the middle of his very slow slow movements, in excited anticipation of what was coming next. The Ormandy polish had been completely rubbed off the orchestra; Mr. Scherchen preferred another kind of sound (more rugged in some places, more transparent in others) and, indeed, he seemed bent on obtaining something very different from mere tone—namely, intense clarification of the musical structure. His technique of conducting was fascinating to watch. There was never a superfluous motion. Even downbeats were sometimes dispensed with. The left hand was seldom in unison with the right (there was too

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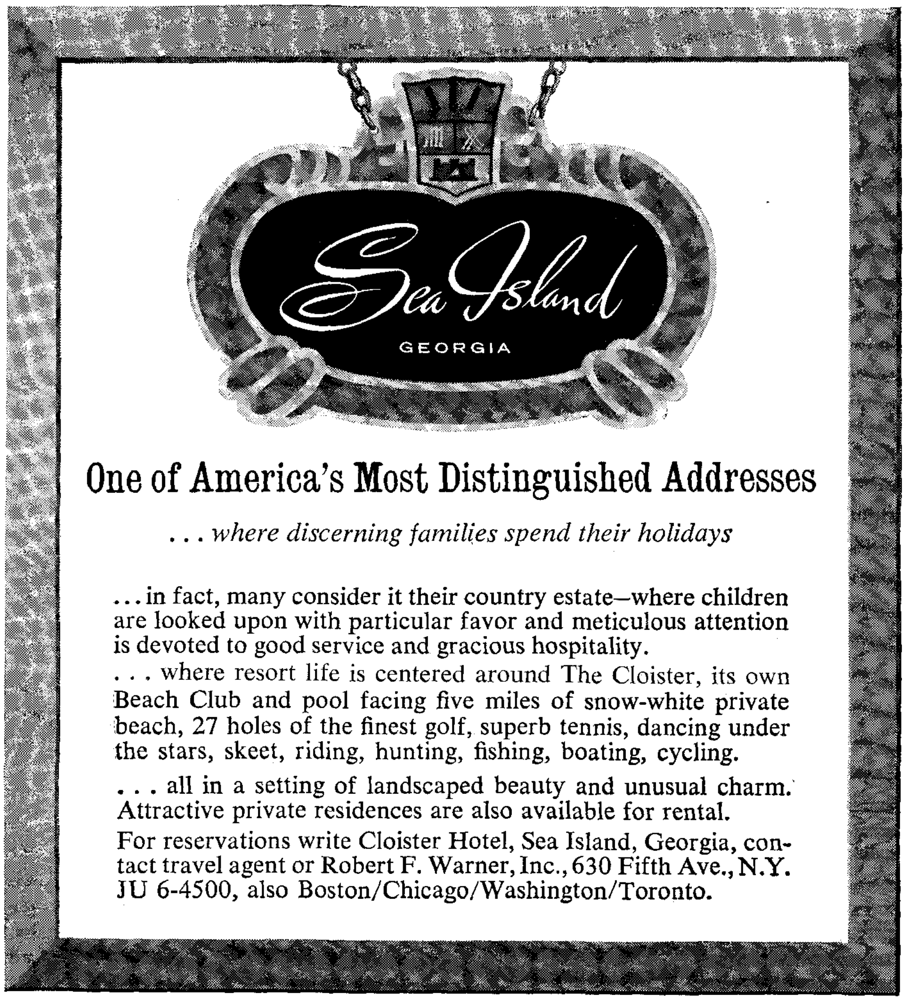

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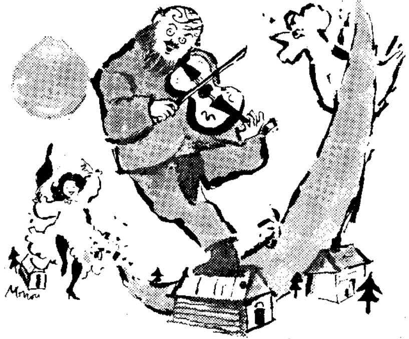

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much communication going on to allow for any waste of movement). He paid the orchestra the compliment of assuming that it knew how to hold a steady tempo all by itself, and intervened only to make some important change or to remind the players of some special emphasis. Moreover, the taste with which he introduced his rubatos and other alterations of tempo was immaculate. I hope that every young or middle-aged conductor in the city was there taking lessons. As a demonstration of the art of conducting, what Mr. Scherchen did was nothing short of stupendous.

My colleagues were all impressed, but next day a couple of them expressed puzzlement about Mr. Scherchen's tempos and concluded that his readings of the two symphonies were highly personal, which indeed they were. Yet it should also be said that Mr. Scherchen is a surviving example of the pre-Toscanini style of conducting. I do not wish to be misunderstood here. I have nothing but the greatest admiration for the genius of Toscanini. But when, in the late twenties, he took over the New York Philharmonic in a blaze of glory, he set a new, metronomic style of playing that has since influenced not only conductors but pianists and other musicians as well. Toscanini himself was a master at this kind of style, and infused into it all sorts of elasticity; his imitators did not. People who knew very little about music expressed admiration for Toscanini's "fidelity to the notes," which is something like complimenting Laurence Olivier on his "fidelity to the letters" in Shakespeare's "Hamlet." And ever since, most conductors and pianists have been sticking to literal, unimaginative reproductions of what they see on the printed page and not bothering to study the traditions that those little black notes only vaguely represent. Now, in the pre-Toscanini era, when late-eighteenth and nineteenth-century musical traditions were better understood, there were undoubtedly some conductors who went to extremes and wallowed in exaggerated rubatos and other offenses against good taste, but there were others who, like Mr. Scherchen, did not. Moreover, the era had certain advantages over the present one. Taste, or the lack of it, was something one could assess and argue about. There was no such conformity as one finds today—a conformity that often masks a fear of being in *bad* taste, and that is adopted as a guarantee against being accused of it. Moreover, in going to hear somebody

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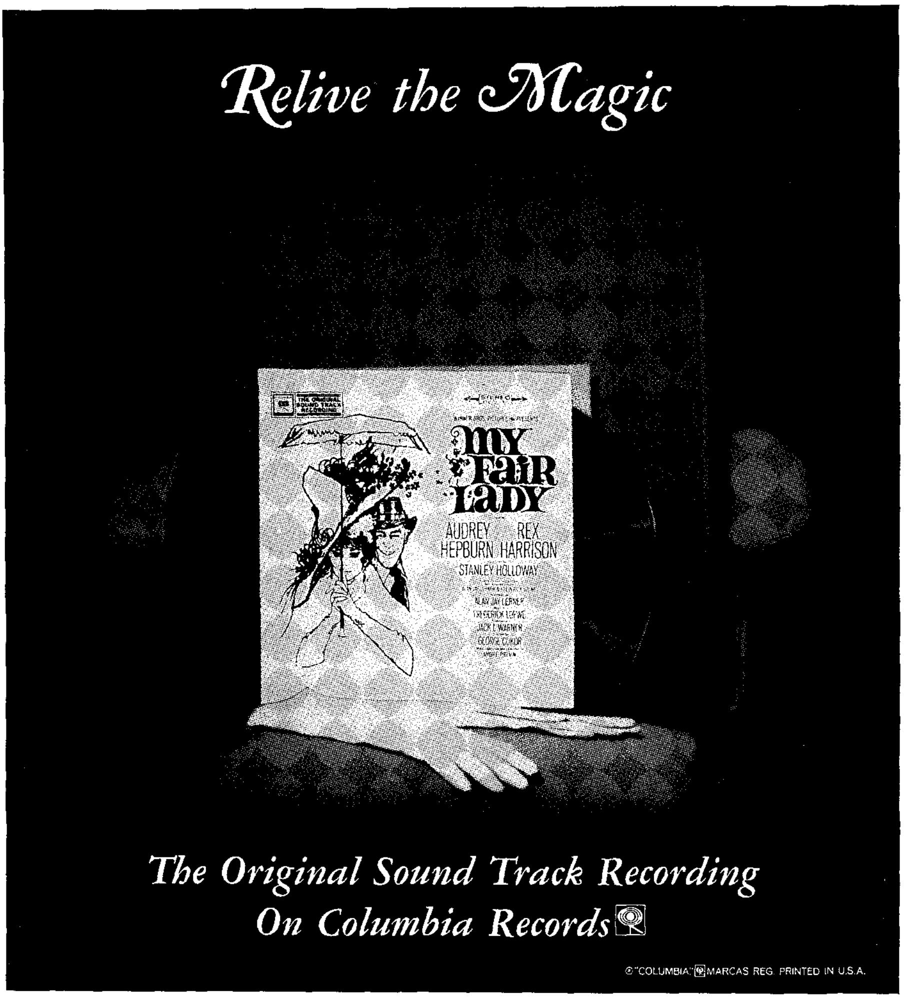
conduct Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, one could not in those days predict accurately that it would turn out to be the same old standardized Fifth Symphony one had heard at the hands of countless other conductors. One spoke of "interpretations" rather than "performances." There were at least a hundred versions of Beethoven's masterpiece, some of which one found more congenial than others, and most of which, as the history of music in Beethoven's time shows, would have been approved of by Beethoven himself. It was a rich period, and it is not easily forgotten by those who are old enough to remember it.

LAST Thursday evening, the Detroit Symphony appeared in Carnegie Hall under the direction of its youthful Swedish maestro, Sixten Ehrling. It proved to be a well-trained ensemble, with brasses taught to employ the large, sombre sound rather than the brilliant, light one, and with the other instrumentalists falling more or less into line. Mr. Ehrling, obviously a man full of high spirits and energy, conducted it in a precise but somewhat loud and bandmasterly fashion. The most interesting pieces on the program were a seldom heard Fifth Symphony by the Danish composer Carl Nielsen, and a group of songs by Joaquín Turina, called "Canto a Sevilla," and exquisitely sung by Victoria de los Angeles. I'm afraid that Miss de los Angeles stole the show, and that the accompaniments Mr. Ehrling and the orchestra provided were to an extent lacking in the sheen that is mandatory



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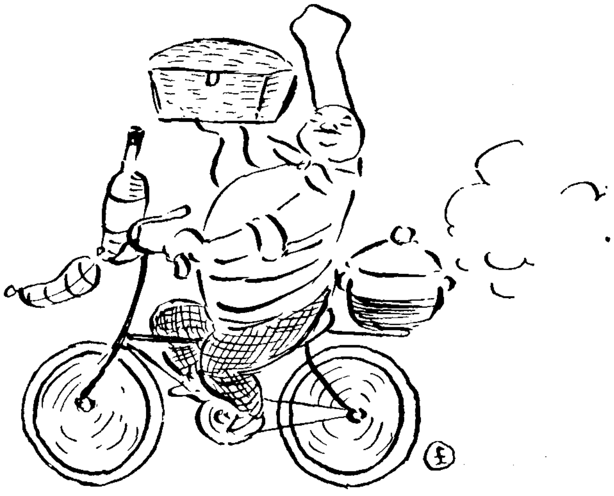

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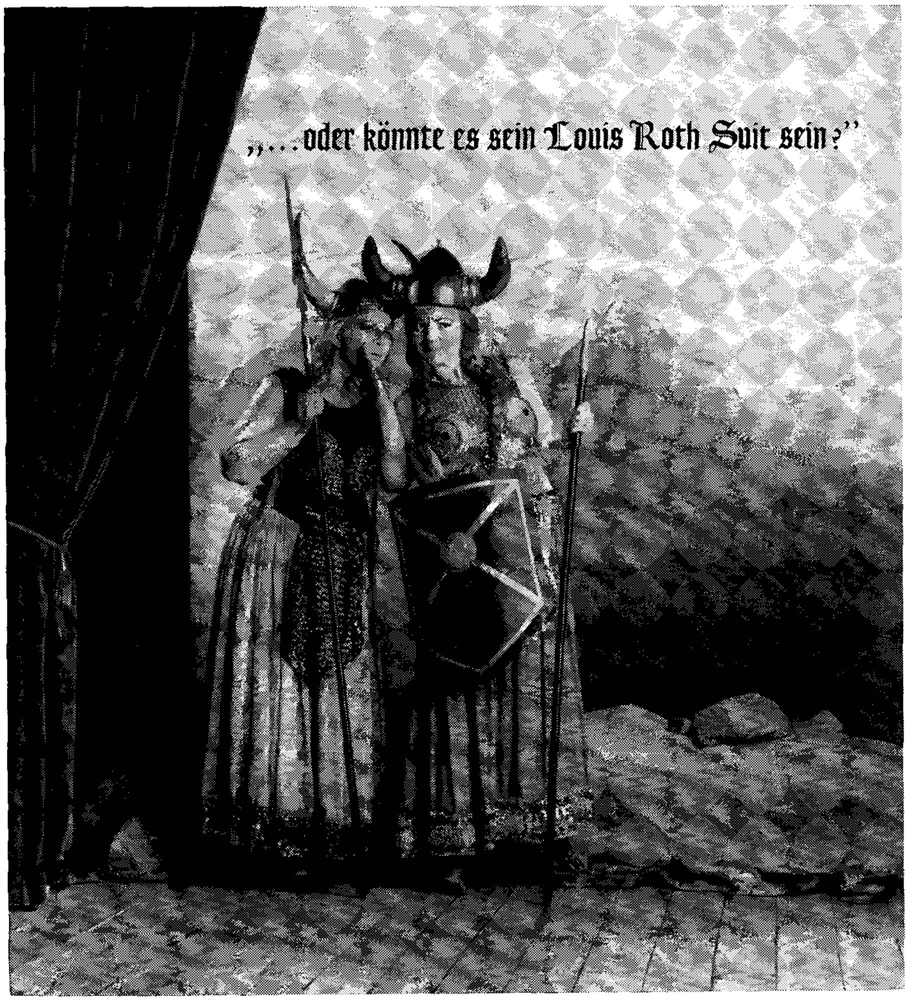
„…oder könnte es ſein Louis Roth Suit ſein?"

in this kind of impressionistic music. The Nielsen symphony, which I suppose it is one's duty to hear once in a while, and which is a tumultuous affair, with echoes of Brahms and Sibelius, was done with commendable precision and a remarkable quantity of decibels.

At last Wednesday night's Festival Orchestra of New York concert in Carnegie Hall, the Italian composer Luigi Dallapiccola conducted a program of his own works, which seemed to me to exhibit merely a minor talent. Two early works, "Divertimento in Quattro Esercizi" and "Musica per Tre Pianoforti," showed evidence of a distinct musical personality. The very recent "Parole di San Paolo" showed only that Mr. Dallapiccola can imitate Anton Webern, which is not difficult to do. "Quattro Liriche di Antonio Machado" was fashionably but not unpleasantly atonal. Adele Addison (soprano), Nancy Williams (mezzo-soprano), and John Atkins and Harriet Wingreen (pianists) assisted.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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which suck and sigh as they dry,
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leave three-fingered footprints one's
eye can distinguish between
by the pattern. Much small fry
is stranded, gasping, to die

soon, and, in marjoram's late-
flowering bloom, thickly are seen
long-winged beetles the night's frost
will kill. The harbor's black-edged

today, like an envelope
of condolence, bordered by
many small skeletons: lost
gulls, never to fly or slope

down the wind, a drowned rat,
a large dog on its side,
and more than a million crabs.
Back on shore, where the spent

sea rocket has fired its last
lilac cluster of stars, bats
dive and skim, while on the flats
the sun's death crimsons a mast.

—PADDY WEBB

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 8

BACK in the early summer, when it was becoming apparent that moderation was a virtue that would go unrewarded at the Republican National Convention, a politician here said that Barry Goldwater and Lyndon Johnson were leading us into a new political order—a one-and-a-half-party system. This seems to have been as accurate a forecast as any ever made by Gallup, Harris, Roper, Lubell, C.B.S., or Nostradamus. Today, by most of the accepted standards, the Republican Party is to the Democratic Party as one is to two. There are now, and will be next year, two Democratic governors for every Republican governor. In the Senate, when it meets in January, the ratio will be the same. In the House, it will be slightly more favorable to the Democrats, who will outnumber the Republicans two to one with about fifteen votes to spare, which may come in handy when the weather is bad or the golfing is good. And just this morning Dr. Gallup has announced that there are now two Americans who regard themselves as Democrats for every one who regards himself as a Republican—or, to be a bit more precise, fifty-three Democrats for every twenty-five Republicans. (The trend, he says, has run steadily against the Republicans ever since 1940, when there were thirty-eight Republicans for every forty-two Democrats.) In a way, these figures seem to call for a reading of the Presidential returns rather different from the one that most people here have been disseminating. Dr. Gallup's findings suggest that it was not the Democratic candidate but the Republican one who ran stronger than his party. In the popular vote, the Johnson total fell about four million, or five percentage points, short of being double the Goldwater total. It was a peculiar campaign, to say the least, and both candidates got votes that could hardly be counted as expressions of confidence in the parties they represented. But it seems a fact beyond dispute that it was Goldwater who made the largest single raid on the opposition. For among his twenty-six million votes was a bloc of six million from the Old Confederacy, with the largest clusters coming, according to the breakdowns now being made, from out where the clay is red and the woods are piny and the yeomanry is about as Republican, or "conservative," as Cotton Ed Smith, Pitchfork Ben Tillman, or Ma and Pa Ferguson. Goldwater would have got these votes if his name had turned up on the Democratic ticket, on the Dixiecrat ticket, or on a lottery ticket, and four years hence, in the event that William Scranton, George Romney, and John Lindsay succeed in loading the Republican platform with favorable mentions of Abraham Lincoln, these voters will be found regrouped behind George Wallace, Orval Faubus, or—perhaps more likely—Lyndon Johnson, who was no doubt distressed by his poor showing in the regional popular vote and is probably already at work on plans to resolidify the South.

Raw statistics tend on the whole to conceal the true magnitude of the Republican disaster. They do not measure the echoing curses or the spattering of blood or the actual decline in power. The loss of thirty-nine seats in the House, for example, cannot be seen as a mere decline of representation by some twenty-one per cent. It is a descent from power of a quite substantial sort to something approaching total impotence. The Republican Party no longer has anything of value to contribute to the "conservative coalition." Even in the last days of the Eighty-eighth Congress, there was enough strength in the coalition to deny the President many things he wanted; just before adjournment, it beat back Medicare and the Appalachia program. Under Goldwater's leadership, the coalition has been wrecked. The Republican losses are augmented even by the Republican gains. The seven Republicans who rode Goldwater's coattails in Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia are liabilities. "Thank God for Goldwater," one of them said in every speech, and although they ran, as he did, on the Republican Party ticket, what they represent is the Goldwater party, whose interests had been quite adequately served by the Democrats they replaced. The Southern Republicans in the House can be relied upon, as can J. Strom Thurmond in the Senate, to resist and embarrass any efforts to rebuild the Party in other sections.

It may turn out, though, that the losses in Congress are of trifling im-

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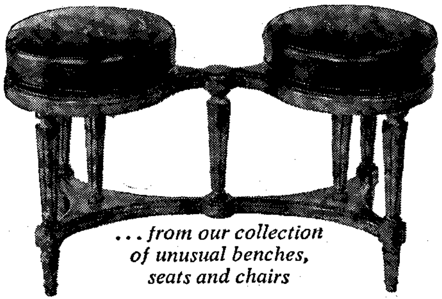
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portance alongside those in the state legislatures. The computers are still groaning as they seek to digest these figures; the losses are, in any case, enormous. Democratic representation is up almost everywhere, and in a number of states, such as Indiana and Iowa, where Providence was believed to have ordained Republican dominance, the Democrats are in firm control. This has happened at what is, from the Republican point of view, the worst imaginable time. If, four years ago, John F. Kennedy had got a much larger vote than he did, and had led Democrats to power in normally Republican states, it would have seemed a lamentable development but scarcely a fatal one; the state legislatures are a haven for deserving mediocrities and more than a few outright thieves, but their authority has been in decline during most of this century—a tendency Goldwater hoped to reverse—and if a party lost a few seats, or even its majority standing, it could, if its power was firmly based, expect to recoup its losses when things got back to normal. But 1964 just happens to be no year for a cool acceptance of defeat in the state houses. It is the year in which the United States Supreme Court ruled, in Reynolds v. Sims, that the legislative districts in every state must be apportioned strictly on the basis of population and in such a way as to insure that no man's vote gives him substantially more or less representation than any other man's vote. In most states, reapportionment either is already under way or is scheduled to be begun by legislatures meeting next year. It was always clear that reapportionment could not fail to strengthen the Democrats even when it was undertaken by the Republicans, for it has been mainly the centers of Democratic power, the cities, that have been under-represented. Most Republicans, though, have felt that if they could do the reapportioning themselves they could find ways of lessening the damage it would do to the Party's fortunes. But now in many state capitals where Democrats have been as negligible a minority as Buddhists, they are about to take charge of remapping all the political territory. It is doubtful whether anything else that happens in this decade will have as great an impact on American political life as the fulfillment of this court order, and the candidacy of Barry Goldwater has greatly diminished the role that the Republican Party will play in it.

In the aftermath of the San Francisco Convention, the Republicans who

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could anticipate nothing but great misfortune this year differed considerably in their estimates of how long it would take to reconstitute the party that came so close to victory in 1960. There were some who thought it could be done in the next four years and some who thought it would take a generation, or roughly a quarter of a century. Now there are a few who think it can never be done, and not very many who think they will have more than half a party by 1968. The problem, as most people currently see it, is not in getting rid of Dean Burch or the Goldwaterites on the national and state committees. The national committee of a party out of power is a feeble organization between elections, and if its leadership can't be changed it can be ignored. Indeed, only a few weeks ago, when it was believed that the Goldwater campaign would end with an immense financial debt, the feeling in many Republican circles was that Burch should not be allowed to resign until he and his associates had settled everything with the creditors. The belief was a mistaken one; there turns out to be a surplus of some two million dollars, and this, understandably, has increased the sense of urgency among those demanding Burch's resignation. But whether he stays or goes is not a matter of great political importance. The congressional leaders will speak for the Party, and if the national committee is a nuisance to them, they can set up some sort of parallel organization. The state committees are a lot more important, and the extent to which the Goldwater zealots have dominated them has been hugely exaggerated. The Goldwater strength has been mainly in the South, where his men have a tight grip on just about all the Party machinery, and in the West. Their power comes to very little in any of the large industrial states—including California, where they made a desperate bid for control but failed to win it.

If health could be restored merely by stripping the Goldwater people of the offices they hold in the Party, the work could be accomplished within the next two or three years. It is, however, not the officers but the troops that cause the greatest concern among the survivors here. The dilemma, as they see it, is that the Party cannot, on the one hand, afford to keep the Goldwater leadership and cannot, on the other, afford to lose the Goldwater following. Ever since the spring primaries, it has been reasonably clear that all the talk about the "silent vote"—the "conservatives" who had been in political hideouts

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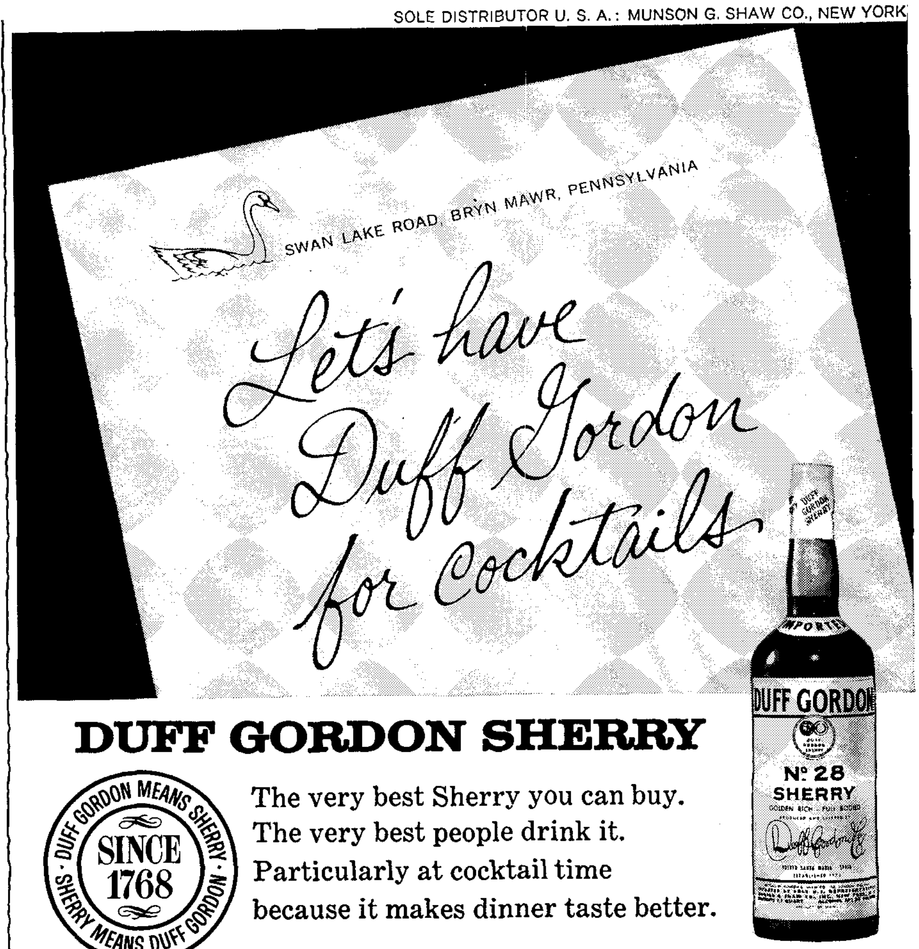
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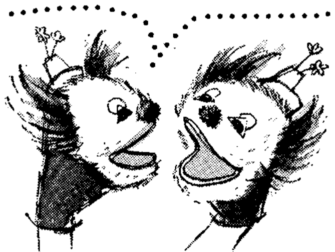

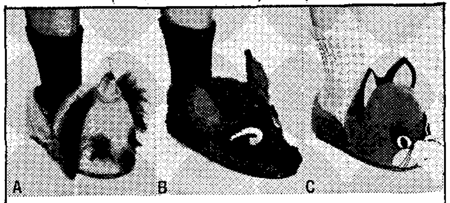

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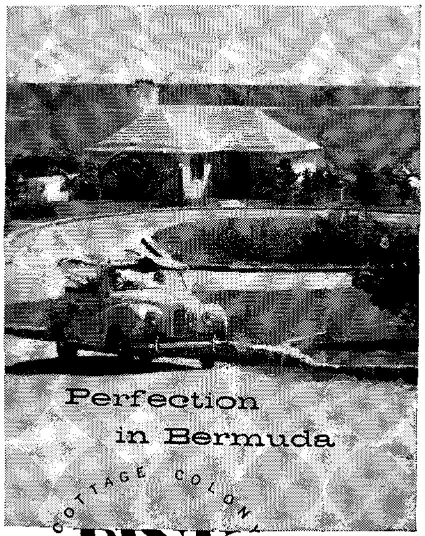
since 1932—was nonsense, and the election has proved it. But there *is* a minority, anything but silent, that ceaselessly clamors for the kind of leadership that Goldwater has given. By most appraisals, it amounts, at best, to about twenty per cent of the electorate, which, if it can be assumed to have come out in full force for Goldwater, means that it accounted for about fifteen million Republican votes this year, or far more than half the Goldwater total. A party that is only half a party faces some appalling problems if it has to begin rebuilding by alienating half its present supporters and becoming a quarter of a party. Yet alienation would surely follow a straightforward repudiation of Goldwater and Goldwaterism. In the past, before the Goldwater campaign became part of Republican history, the Party could count on getting the major share of those fifteen million votes without making a particularly conspicuous play for them. The rightists outside the South could never bring themselves to vote for the Democrats, and Eisenhower and Nixon did well in the South, too. There was plenty of muttering about the need for "a choice, not an echo," but in the North the rightists accepted the Republican echo and in the South they divided.

However, those who accepted Eisenhower and Nixon for eight years are unlikely ever to line up behind Scranton or Romney. They have marched with Goldwater, and they are persuaded that he was betrayed by the "Eastern Establishment"—as, in a sense, he was. The defection of the Goldwater zealots would make it a lot easier for a Republican candidate from somewhere near the center to win back Maine and Vermont, and possibly even Ohio and Illinois. But in a great many parts of the country it would be as hard on the Party to lose the zealots as it has been to have them. Organizations like the Conservative Party in New York would spring up all over the place and further complicate the Republicans' problems. The need then would be to build on a base of the ten or eleven million voters who accepted the Goldwater "choice" but could be counted upon to accept an "echo," too. Assuming that it proved possible for the Party to hold on to at least a part of the Goldwater legions—say, a third, or between four and five million—there would still be a shortage of close to twenty million votes. It seems quite a shortage to make up even in a quarter of a century—especially by a party that, according to Dr.



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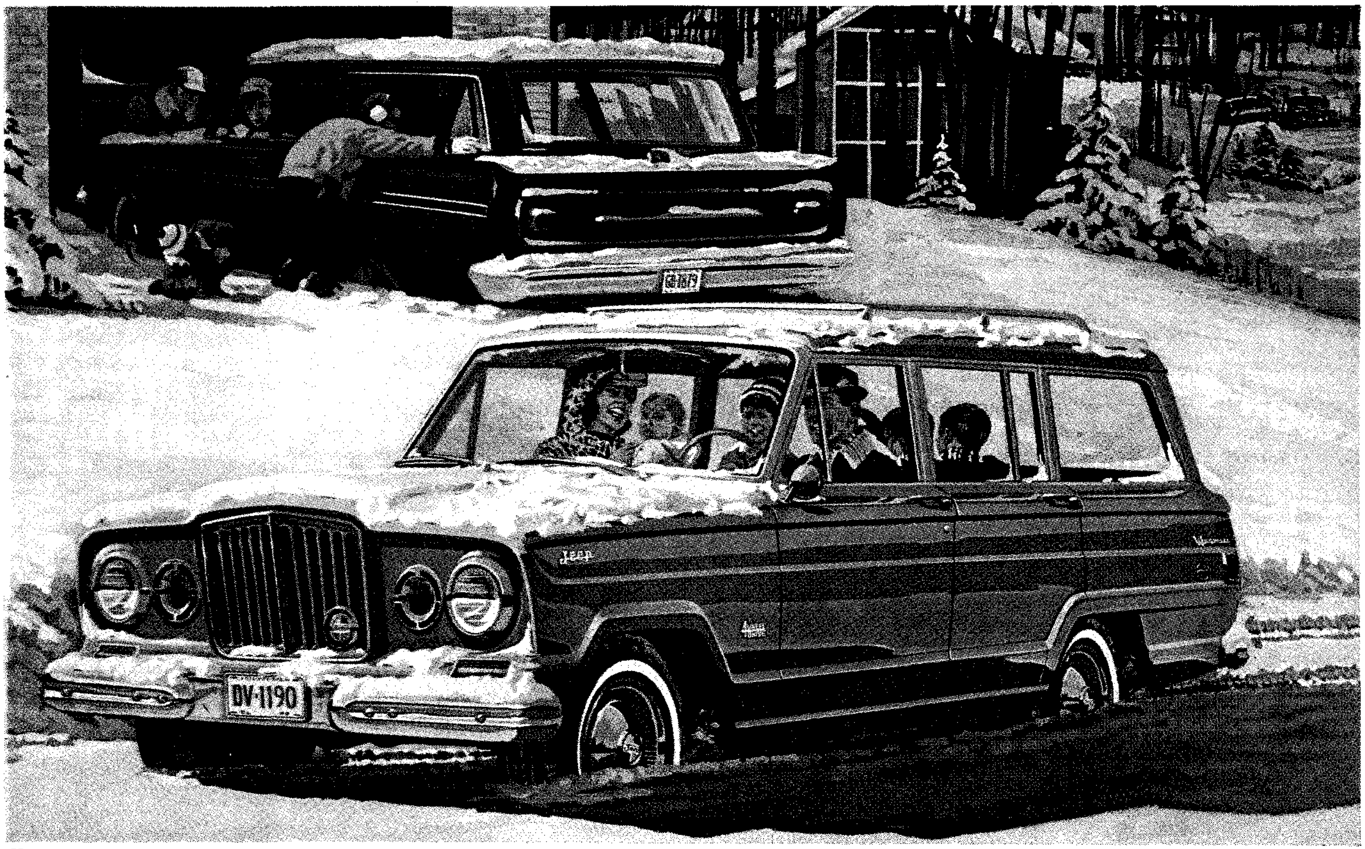

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THE electorate performed as the polling agencies had predicted it would. The opinion samplers were astonishingly accurate not only about the national division but, in nearly every instance, about the regional, economic, and ethnic variations. "Farley's law," which states that an insignificant number of voters change their minds between Labor Day and Election Day, appears to have been confirmed. And in the light of this year's experience it might well be revised to cover the entire period between the naming of the candidates and Election Day. Goldwater never gained or lost much after the San Francisco Convention. In this city, though, there are a lot of people who retain vivid memories of the summer and fall of 1948, when the principal topics of conversation were how many electoral votes Thomas E. Dewey would win by and what sort of Cabinet appointments he might make, and while this year's campaign lasted there were very few who had enough confidence in the polls to dismiss altogether the possibility of a Goldwater victory. It was a possibility that caused uneasiness even among many who would have welcomed an administration well to the right of the present one. For a Goldwater government would have been, by political design and by ideological definition, a minority government. In the first place, it could have come into being only by exploiting the inequities and quirks of our political and social systems. The basis of the "Southern strategy" was to begin building an electoral plurality with the hundred and twenty-eight votes of eleven states, in nearly all of which a huge and aggrieved mass of citizens remains largely disfranchised. To these votes were to be added, first, the votes of the Mountain States, which have more representation in the Electoral College than they would be entitled to if population were the determining factor, and, second, the votes of a few large industrial states in which—so the strategists thought—fear and hatred of Negroes were running strong enough among many other minorities to produce support for Goldwater. Thus, even if Goldwater had managed to win a simple majority of both popular and electoral votes, he would nevertheless have been a minority President—one who owed his victory to disfranchisement, and one, moreover, who fully intended to pursue policies

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that only minorities had ever endorsed.

To envision a Goldwater government in 1965 was, for most people here, to foresee at once a deep crisis in international relations and a Constitutional crisis of great severity and inherent insolubility. It was to envision a government that might very well find itself unable to govern and, at the same time, unable by any legal means to be relieved of the responsibility of governing. The shape of the international crisis was difficult to imagine. A great deal might have depended on what Goldwater said and did in the first few hours and days after victory. He would, in any event, have had to say a good deal to keep a single ally. It is doubtful whether there is a government anywhere in the world—with the possible exception of the one that up to last night was hanging on to power in South Vietnam—that would have wished to be associated with Goldwater's ultimatum diplomacy. One almost certain development, it was thought, would have been an announcement by the Soviet Union that it was taking advantage of the escape clause in the Treaty of Moscow that enables a signatory power to withdraw on three months' notice. (Goldwater, after all, voted against the treaty and is on record as believing that national security requires continued testing.) It was by no means difficult to imagine the outlines of the Constitutional crisis. Not even the most confident of Goldwater's supporters ever thought that he had a prayer of getting a Congress sympathetic to his proposals. In the Senate, a Republican majority was a mathematical impossibility. In the House, a Republican majority was at least conceivable, but a Goldwater majority was not, since Republican candidates by the dozen had been hostile to his nomination and his candidacy. He would have experienced difficulties unprecedented in American history in even as elementary a matter as getting Senate confirmation of his Cabinet appointments. And congressional resistance would have been accompanied by resistance within his own branch of the government. Every modern President—and especially every one who has proposed change and reorganization—has had many of his hopes dashed by bureaucratic resistance within the government departments that are supposedly under Presidential direction. The resistance to Goldwater would have been powerful and, perhaps quite literally, overwhelming. It was altogether impossible for most people here to envision the Department of State implementing

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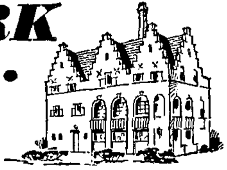

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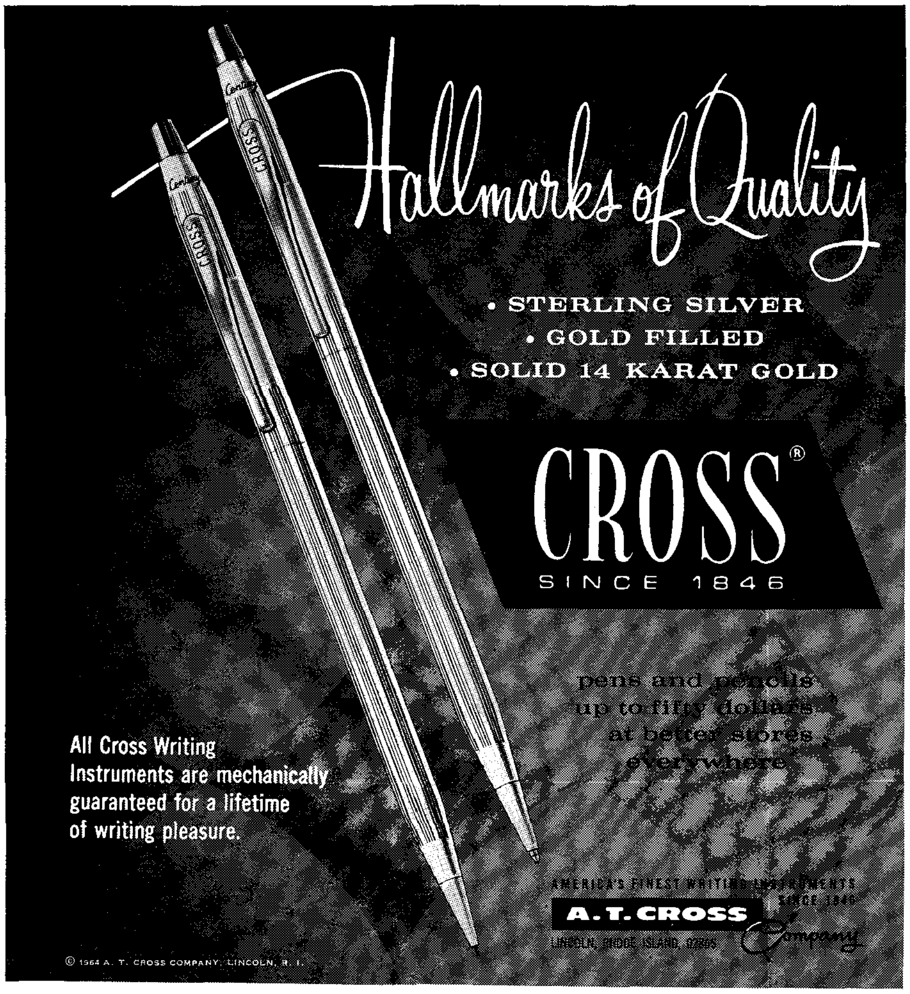
Goldwater's foreign policy; if he were intent on implementation, he would have had to construct an entirely new agency. And despite his insistence that he would be committed by his oath of office to enforce the Civil Rights Act of 1964, his election, made possible by Southern support, would have been read in the South as a license to disregard the act in its entirety. He had never retreated from the view that two of its most important provisions were un-Constitutional, and toward the close of the campaign he took to denouncing the whole idea of legal defenses against segregation and discrimination. His election would have bred defiance throughout the South and in much of the North, and would have forced Negroes everywhere to conclude that there was, and for a long time would be, no hope for a redress of their grievances in law or in politics. In such circumstances, a spreading violence would have been as predictable as the sunset.

It is doubtful whether any one man in our history has ever attracted as much institutional censure as Goldwater, and as little institutional support. He ran without the endorsement or encouragement of any recognized power bloc or special interest, with the exceptions—if they can be counted in that category—of the rightist propaganda organizations, certain oil and cattle interests in the Southwest, and certain military lobbies. Against him were ranged the most influential sections of the press, all of organized labor, most of organized religion, a considerable part of the business community, all but a handful of the intellectual and educational communities, most farm organizations, Negro groups without exception, and other ethnic groups almost without exception. If, in the face of this, he had managed to patch together a coalition of the politically discontented and dispossessed that could win him the Presidency, he would have been a President without a power base of any sort. No doubt the more responsible leaders of the institutions that opposed him would have come together in an attempt to reach some kind of accommodation with him that would keep the country from tearing itself to pieces. Even so, we would still have had four years of unresolved crisis, for our Constitution provides no means of resolution except in quadrennial elections. If Goldwater and the world had allowed us to withdraw from the world for a time, we could probably have weathered it out. But it would have been far from a sure thing.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE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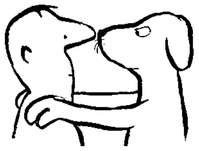

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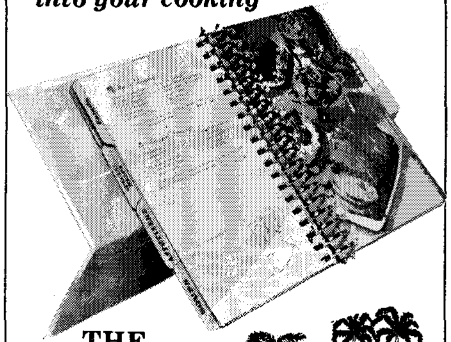

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SMOKE ISLAND, by Antony Trew (Random House). A simple tale of adventure in the air and on sea and land. An airliner bound from Mauritius to Perth crashes in the Indian Ocean, and as the sun comes up on the following morning one dinghy is found to include a few passengers, mostly Australians and South Africans, and one crew member, a stewardess. After drifting for eleven days, these waifs, who agree on almost nothing, drag themselves ashore on what proves to be a desert island, where they keep going for three months, until their smoke signals are spotted by fishermen from a neighboring island. Mr. Trew's writing is not really good, but it is not really bad. His characters are believable, and the daily and hourly details of their struggle to save themselves make the most interesting kind of escape reading.

MEET MY MAKER THE MAD MOLECULE, by J. P. Donleavy (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Some of these short stories by the author of "A Singular Man" are excellent; others are bad. Mr. Donleavy writes with a poet's ear, and sometimes the cadences in his writing are so regular that the reader is lulled into catching the metre and losing the sense. Sometimes, too, the writer's awareness of his own charm becomes a bit oppressive. But most of the stories are swift, imaginative, beautiful, and funny, and no contemporary writer is better than J. P. Donleavy at his best.

THE LONG ESCAPE, by Irving Werstein (Scribners). About a heroic Belgian woman, Justine Raymond, who is running a home for convalescent children in Heyst, on Belgium's seacoast, and finds herself and her fifty charges in the line of fire at the outbreak of the Second World War. Walking, hitching rides, hiding, and running, always frightened and always fighting fear, Mme. Raymond and the children make their way to Dunkirk, where they embark for England and comparative safety. Mr. Werstein is a fairly perfunctory writer, but he tells this wonderful story, which is based on fact, with a simple honesty that is very beguiling.

GENERAL

THE FALL OF EAGLES: PRECURSORS OF PETER THE GREAT, by Zinaïda Schakovskoy, translated from the French by J. Maxwell Brownjohn (Harcourt, Brace & World). That violent giant, Czar Peter, is credited with an ambition to yank Russia into the modern (eighteenth-century) Western world, with some success in that direction, and with repellent ruthlessness in executing his plans. In this splendid history, Mme. Schakovskoy studies Peter's predecessors, particularly his older half sister, Sophia, and their father, Czar Alexis. Sophia was the first woman to break out of the Russian equivalent of purdah; she served as regent and ran the country very well during Peter's boyhood. Mme. Schakovskoy's narrative affords a cross-section of Russian growth, for seventeenth-century Russia, as she shows, was experiencing in its own fashion what had been happening in the West—a Renaissance in arts, crafts, and humanism; a Reformation (initiated by Czar Alexis) that ended in schism; and, later, some of the solid pomp that is associated with the baroque of Louis XIV.

THE LONG DEATH: THE LAST DAYS OF THE PLAINS INDIAN, by Ralph K. Andrist (Macmillan). This large, meticulous history is impressive but disappointing; it gives the Indians too much sympathy and not enough respect. The author's thesis that the Plains Indians were destroyed by white men's villainy reduces them to victims, whereas they were epic heroes—losers, to be sure, but losers like the Trojans. Mr. Andrist is exact and conscientious. He includes every single battle and massacre, but one misses some clues to the strengths that enabled a handful of savages to sustain their long war against obliteration and progress.

THE HUNDRED DAYS, by Edith Saunders (Norton). An excellent reconstruction—spirited but careful, objective but poignant—of Napoleon's last confrontation with *La Gloire:* the jubilant return from Elba, the

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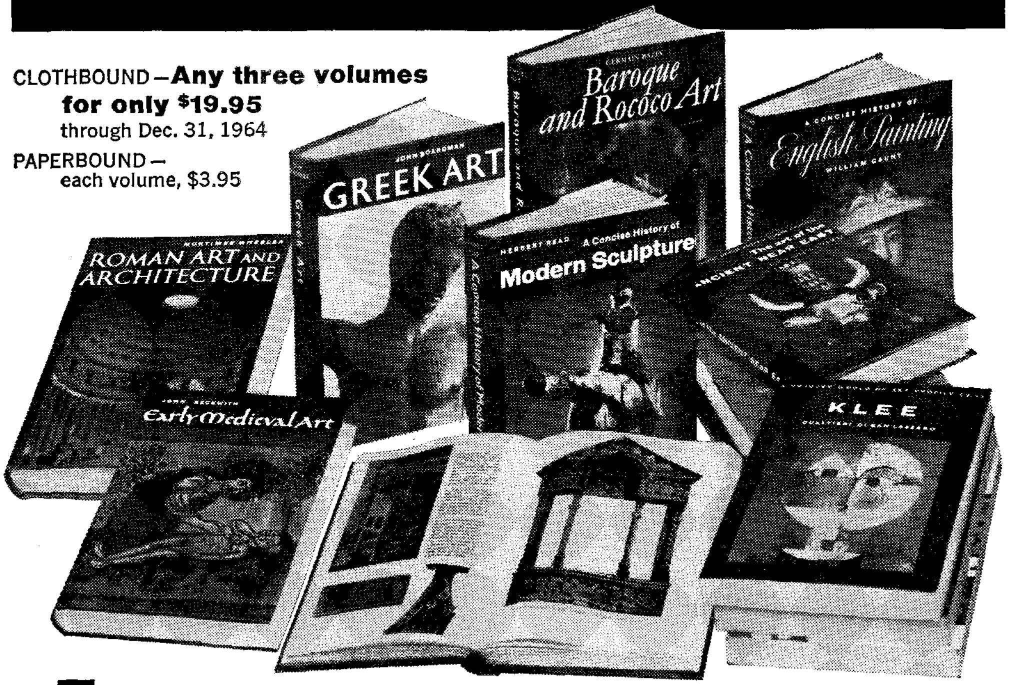
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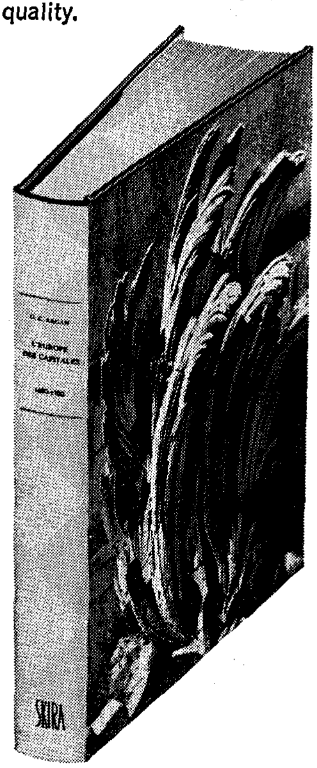

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A History of French Civilization, by Georges Duby and Robert Mandrou, translated from the French by James Blakely Atkinson (Random House). This satisfying volume will not replace textbooks—it doesn't name every king and prime minister—but it supplies what they do not: the quality of past life. The authors halve the book—M. Duby does France to the Renaissance, and M. Mandrou picks up there—concentrating on questions like these: If you were a peasant in the Ile de France in 1200, what did you eat? Or, when did the average Frenchman begin to hope to own an automobile? Who wore what clothes? What did anybody read? What did he know? What did he believe? In short, the book is the sum of a civilization as experienced through a millennium by its makers. The work's success is only slightly marred by the translator's decision to use the historical-present tense, which is common enough in French but pretentious in English.

Diary, 1928-57, by Julian Green, translated from the French by Anne Green (Harcourt, Brace & World). Mr. Green, a French writer of American ancestry who has lived most of his life in Paris, kept this diary with the intention of publishing it. It therefore contains no big scandalous, or even small indiscreet, passages (though there are some irritating references to necessary omissions). It consists largely of good writing on several interesting themes, such as the author's sense now of his Frenchness, now of his Americanness; his religious conflicts (he begins as a skeptical Catholic and struggles his way into belief); his work as a writer; and his relations with such eminent friends as Gertrude Stein, Father Couturier, and Jean Cocteau. The record of his friendship with Gide, who, like Green, was changing over the years but also staying essentially the same, is especially fascinating.

The Sphinx and Her Circle, by Violet Wyndham (Vanguard). A

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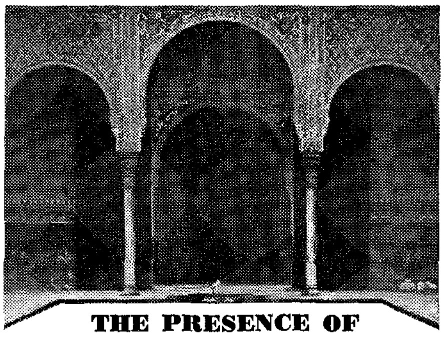

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE MONGOLS AND OTHER PIECES, by Arthur Waley (Barnes & Noble). An engrossing miscellany by Mr. Waley, including translations, articles on Oriental subjects, and some original stories and poems. Among so much that delights, a few things doubly delight: the excerpts from "The Secret History" (it was to be kept secret from the Chinese, lest they think the Mongols barbarians) dealing with the exploits of Chingis Khan; a beautiful comparative study entitled "Blake the Taoist;" and "Notes on Translation," in which Mr. Waley quotes Lin Shu's wonderful explanation of why he translated Dickens into ancient rather than colloquial Chinese—"Because ancient Chinese is what I am good at."

THE THIEF'S JOURNAL, by Jean Genet, translated by Bernard Frechtman (Grove). This book by the author of "Our Lady of the Flowers" tells of the years that Genet spent among beggars, prostitutes, thieves, and homosexuals in the jails and streets of Spain, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Yugoslavia, and France. Since Genet himself was a young beggar, male prostitute, thief, and homosexual, the book is mostly about its author, and the writing falls into two broad categories: autobiographical episodes and philosophical commentary. The episodic writing is superb; the philosophical commentary is dull.

THOSE CURSED TUSCANS, by Curzio Malaparte, translated from the Italian by Rex Benedict (Ohio University). Nowadays, in nations that are too small for solitary survival, regional nationalism is quaint or pitiful—or at least not persuasive. But the late Curzio Malaparte's prose poem in praise of his native Tuscany is completely convincing. Though he

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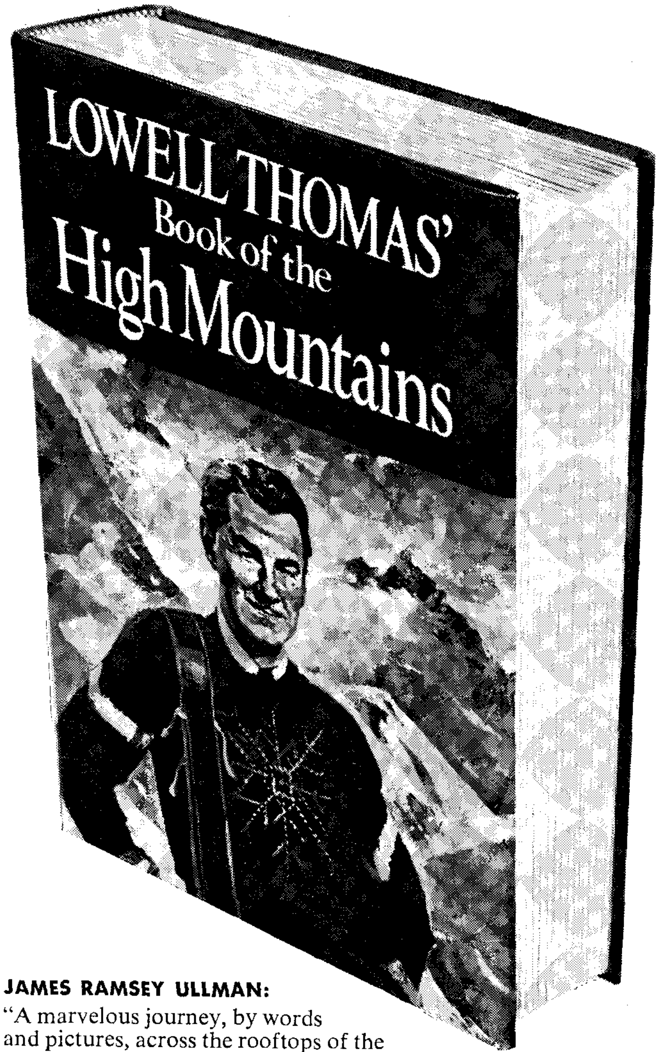

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lauds the Tuscans for such unpleasant qualities as waywardness and rudeness, his roster of great names, beginning with Dante, and beautiful places, beginning with Florence, do persuade the reader that this small area was—and maybe is—unique in Italy and in the world.

EUROPE: A NATURAL HISTORY, by Kai Curry-Lindahl (Random House). The second volume in the handsome Continents We Live On series. It surveys, in many fine photographs and a running text, the plants and animals that may still be found in the multitude of climates that cover the great area bounded by Portugal, the Ural Mountains, Iceland, and the islands of the Mediterranean. The text is detailed—its treatment of species and habitats is almost encyclopedic—and it has the authority not only of wide and perceptive study but also of long first-hand observation, for Mr. Curry-Lindahl, a Swedish ecologist who is the director of natural history at the Nordiska Museum, in Stockholm, has travelled throughout the wildlife areas he describes. The tone, on the whole, is elegiac. Except in Scandinavia and certain mountain areas, mid-twentieth-century Europe is a land of spreading dunes, drying marshes, vanishing woods, eroded hills, skeletonized mountains, and dwindling wildlife—a land like so many others in which the axe, the goat, and the pesticide are triumphant. The photographs—nearly three hundred in all, about half of them in color—are the work of more than a dozen well-known photographers, including the author, and there are numerous maps by Kenneth Thompson. Sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

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Lumber manufacturers have developed a new engineered 2x4 for home construction which is smaller than the old 2x4 yet combines engineered and technical research to do a better job. It will soon be on the market.—*Nutley* (*N. J.*) *Sun.*

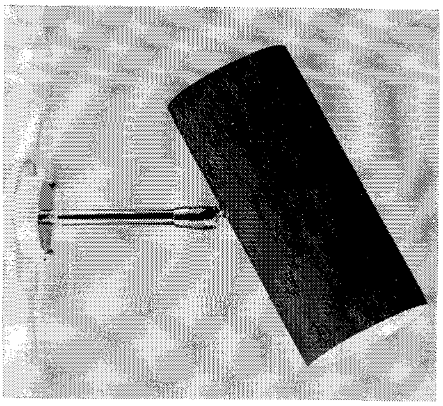
Along with the new eight-pack of beer that contains only seven bottles for easy carrying.

•

Capt. Lindholm and other officers emphasized that women should call police if they are accosted, or think they see or hear a prowler.

"We'll be there the next night," he asserted.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Refreshed after a good sleep.



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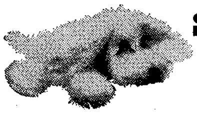

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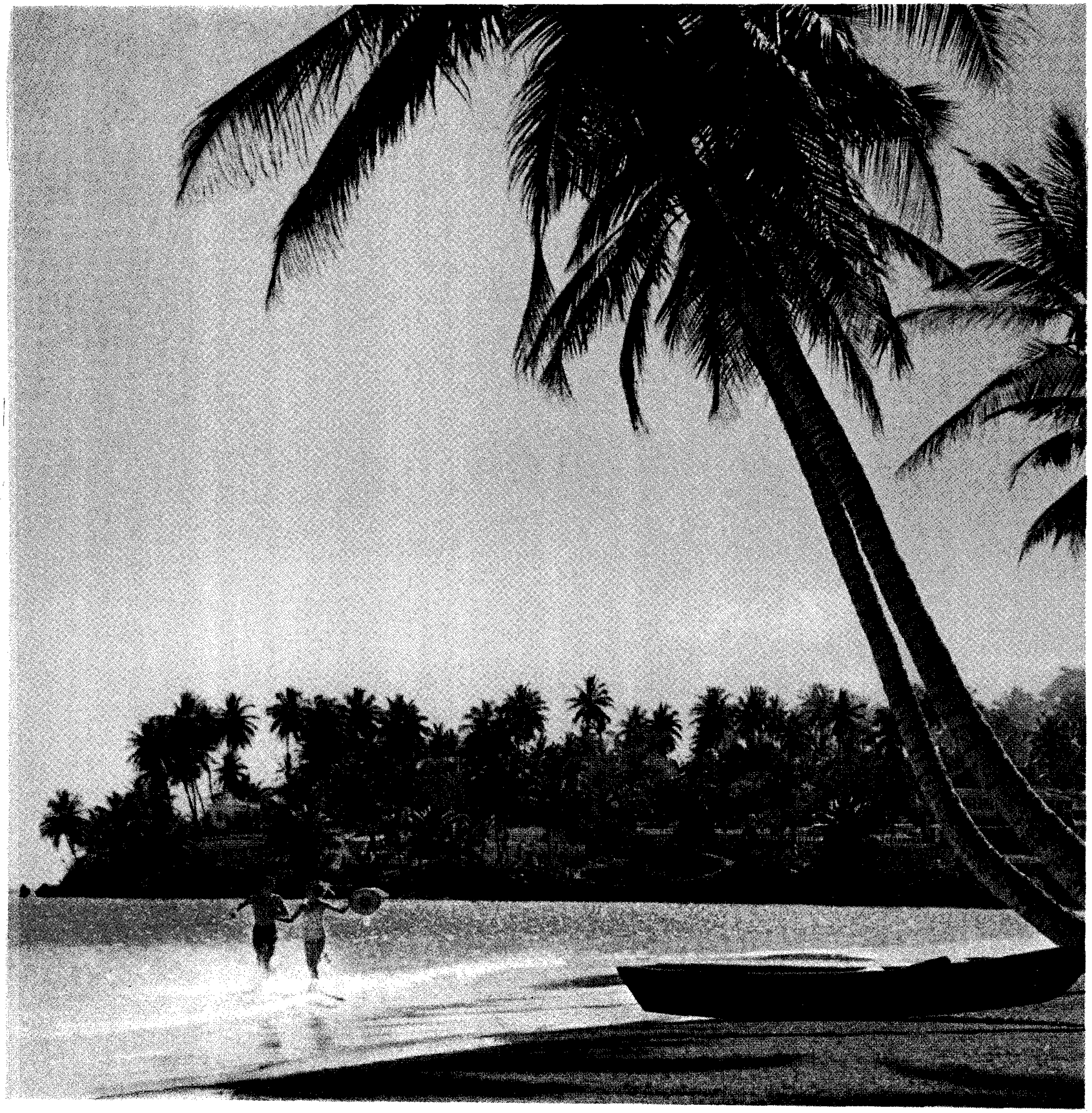

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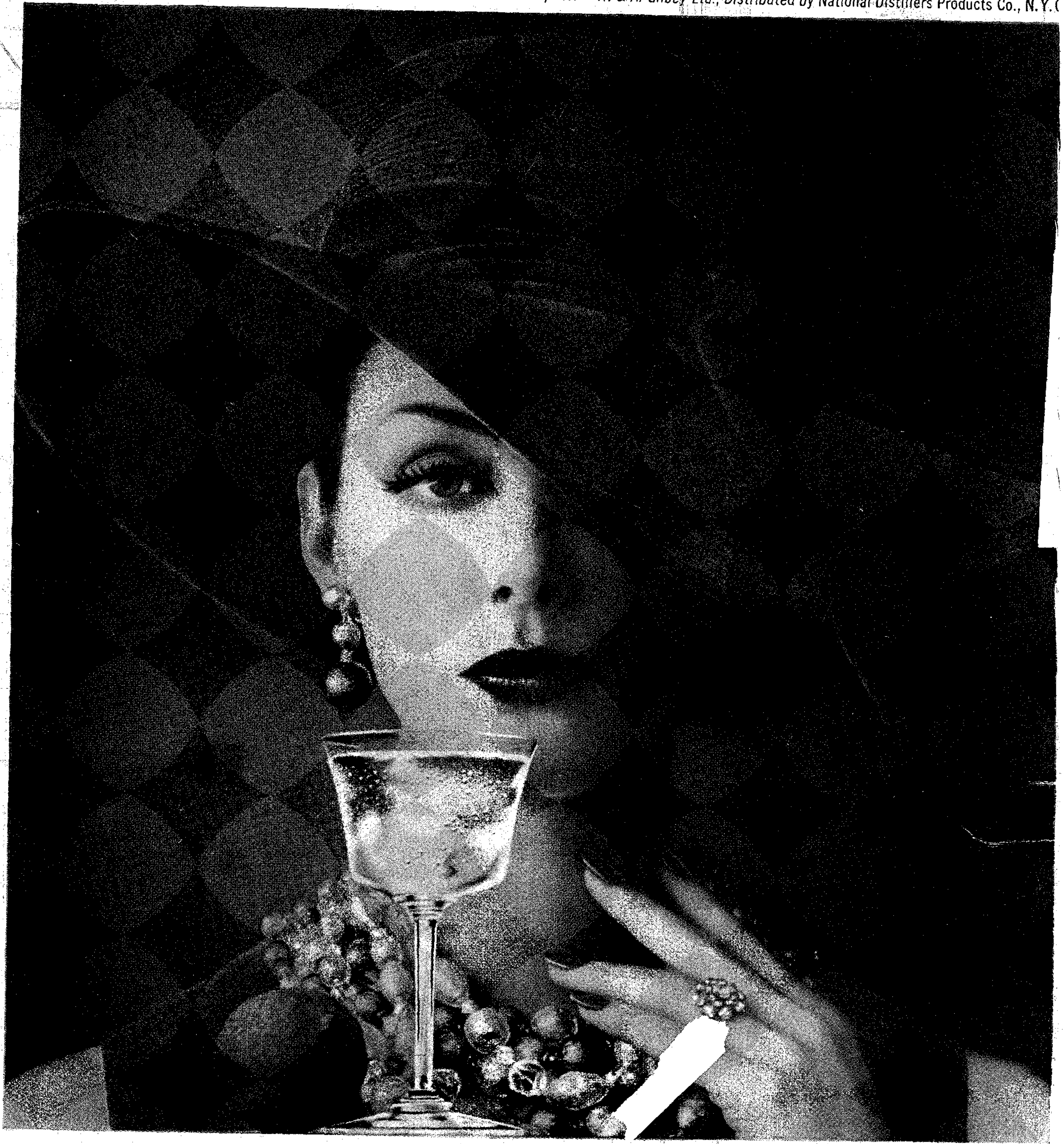

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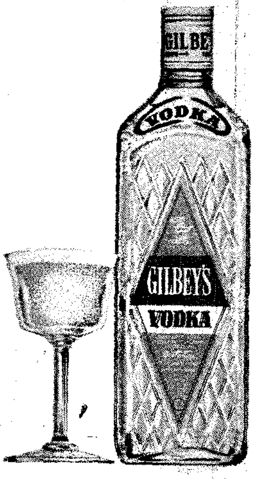

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1 part prepared lime juice.
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